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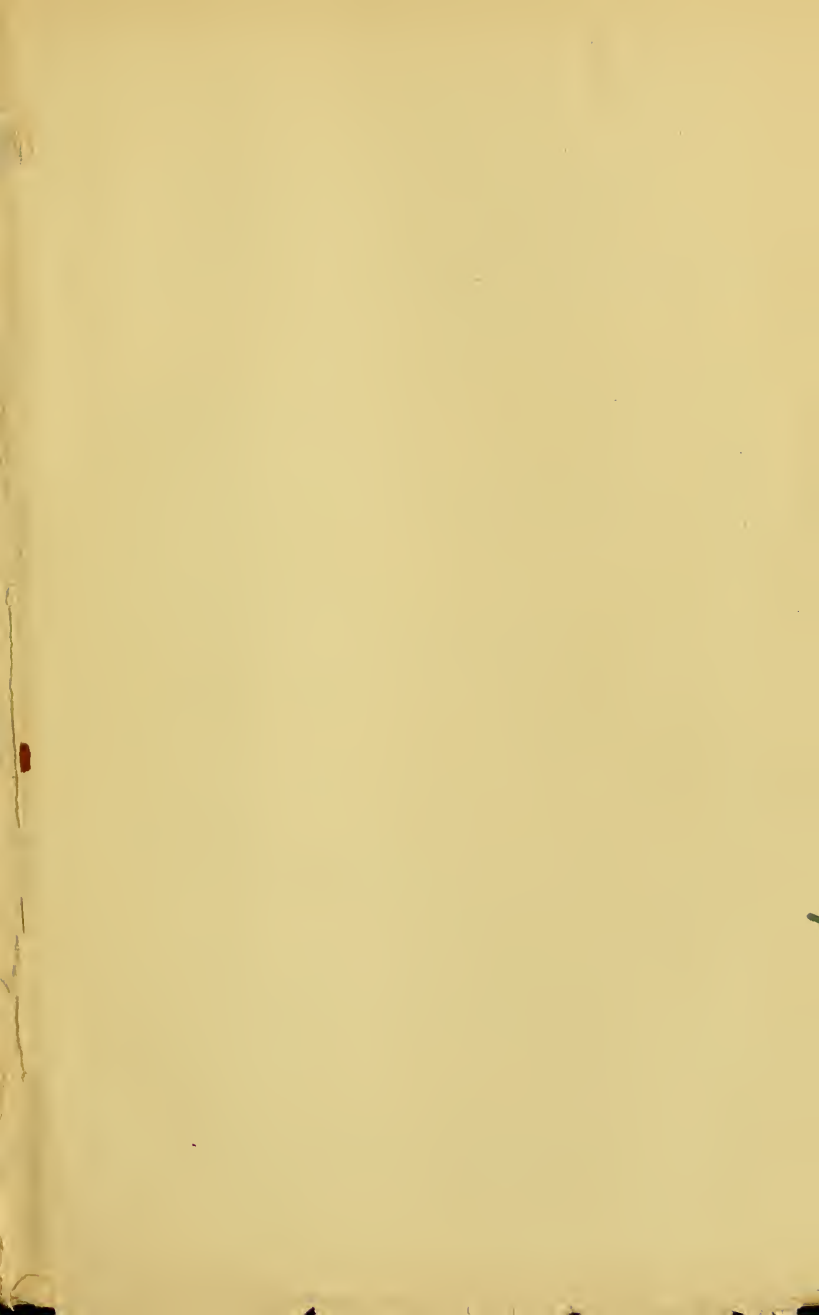
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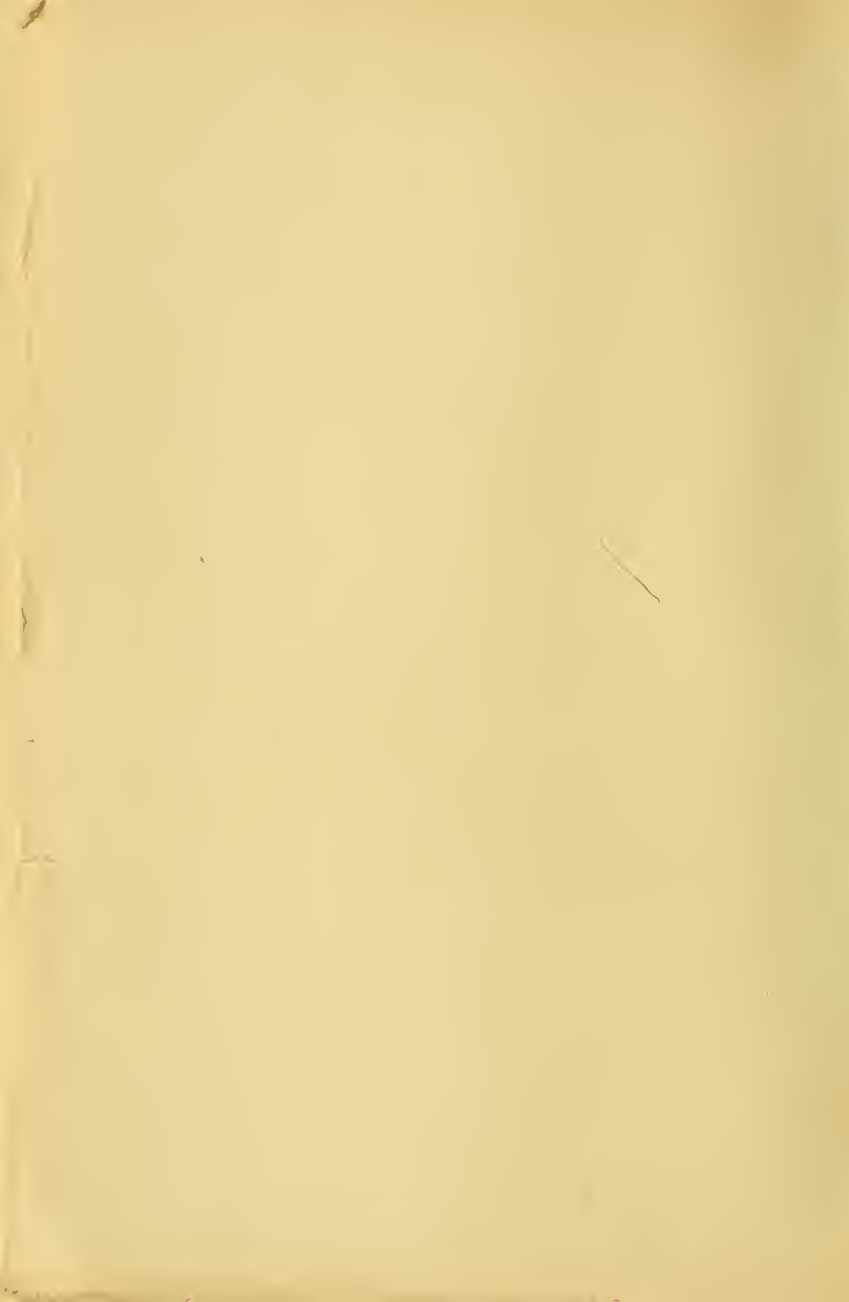
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INDEX TO VOLUME I.

Six Hundred and Twenty-five Illustrations.

	PAGE
A Gentleman of Muscle. EDGAR FAWCETT,	105
A National Hero in Private Life,	26
A Summer Day in the Life of an Actress,	411
A Week in the Life of a Woman Reporter,	425
Ada Lewis as the "Tough Girl,"	274
American Seashore Girls. CHARLES STONE,	323
American and Foreign Music-Hall Stars. VINCENT CRAWFORD,	345
An Appeal. WILL BURTON,	417
An Artist's Model Posing as <i>Trilby</i> ,	192
An American Girl's Success,	163
An English and American Beauty,	33
Artists and their Models. C. C. ROUX,	169
Bicycle and Gymnasium Work for Women. MARION DARE,	252
Coaching in New York. CHARLES OGDEN CARD,	363
Dancers of the Month. HENRY BELL,	41
Dashes of Fun,	122, 216, 305, 393, 480
Eames and Melba,	20
Eccentric Dancers. VINCENT CRAWFORD,	201
Football Brutality,	23
Four Matinée Heroes. J. F. BURTON,	16
From Lackaye to Svengali. C. M. HURST,	336
From the Baby Show. MARION DARE,	359
Green Room Glimpses. GEORGE L. WILSON,	279
How He Won Her. <i>Story</i> ,	116
How Mr. Potter Wrote " <i>Trilby</i> ." PHILIP S. STETSON,	235
In New York Studios. WILLIAM CHAMPNEY,	441
In a Woman Sculptor's Studio. ROBERT MIDDLETON,	327
Interlopers on the Stage,	21
James Gordon Bennett,	104
June's Warblers. <i>Poem</i> ,	376
Kuehne Beveridge in her Studio,	56
Letty Lind, the Famous English Dancer. BARTON CLARKE,	438
Lillian Russell and her Imitators,	101

INDEX TO VOLUME I.

	PAGE
Living Pictures and the Nude in Art. J. MALCOLM TENNEY,	73
Living Picture Classics. DEAN HOWELL,	153
Men and Women of the Month, 94, 182, 261, 377,	433
Miss Diana of Madison Avenue. ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY,	209
Miss Nellie Ganthony,	273
Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Wilde,	181
My Love. <i>Poem</i> ,	296
National Types of Beauty. GEORGE L. WILSON,	369
Newport's Summer Colony. ARTHUR HARLAND,	465
New York's Athletic Girls. MARION DARE,	145
New York Society and the Wheel. JOHN S. CLARKE,	448
One Honeymoon,	302
Opening of the Racing Season,	271
Platt and Strong,	260
Prince Bismarck,	242
Reformation of Society Women. CECIL MAY,	28
Sensational Ministers of our Day. J. L. BRATTON,	355
Sensational Dancers. HENRY BELL,	65
She Wasn't Meant for Me. ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY,	278
Stage of the Month, 58, 108, 383,	454
Stage-Struck Girls. GRANT B. GORDON,	297
Stronger than Sandow. J. D. LENZ,	451
Sybil Sanderson,	89
The American Chorus Girl. J. MORTIMER CRANDALL,	173
The Curzon-Leiter Marriage,	358
The Gould Children,	165
The Living Picture Craze. J. MALCOLM TENNEY,	2
The Lone Woman in New York,	475
The Masqueraders,	102
The Night Life of New York. JOHN THOMAS GOODDALE,	158
The New Harrison Portrait and its Painter. HENRY WARREN NEWTON,	418
The Prince of Wales at Ascot,	27
The Water Carrier,	191
The Three Vanderbilts,	18
The Tombs Angel,	168
Three Modern Samsons,	36
Time Tells its Tale in the Glass,	162
Trilby Craze in Posing. FRANKLIN M. CHASE,	245
Two Costumes of Society Women,	161
Two Favorites of Royalty,	92
Two Famous New York Lawyers. DAVID H. DODGE,	330
Two Mannish Girls,	24
Two Personalities,	243
Views of a Rehearsal. RALPH MCBURNEY,	341
Which Will Win? H. C. ROSS,	446
Women Cyclers as Dress Reformers,	38
Zuleika. <i>Novelette</i> . ALAN DALE,	49



LIVING-PICTURE MODELS WAITING TO GO ON.

Metropolitan Magazine.

Vol. I., No. 1.

FEBRUARY, 1895.

THE LIVING-PICTURE CRAZE.



HERE are few questions that have occupied the attention of the public more continuously during the past year than the living-picture craze. The question of

they have been looking at anything shocking or demoralizing until some rabid reformer calls their attention to it. In America it is worth noting that the greatest leaders in thought, in literature, in art, and in science invariably hold the same view on the question of the propriety of the nude in art as that embraced in Europe. But this enlightened contingent is a very small proportion of a very tempestuous and violent whole.

Lithographs of women in tights have been suppressed in various parts of the country by reformatory societies, and

what constitutes indelicacy or indecency in art is an old one, and in this country it usually settles down to a question of personal opinion. There are certain canons governing art matters which are accepted in Europe, but the younger country tosses these beliefs to the wind and insists upon forming its own opinion for itself. In France, Austria, and Germany discussion over the nude in art, which is always so rampant in this country, excites nothing more than a smile of contempt.

The older civilizations of the world have long since decided that only prurient and bestial minds see suggestion and wickedness in classical studies of the nude. Hence pictures in which the feminine figure is treated clearly and plainly, as Nature designed it, are so numerous everywhere that children grow up to accept such pictures as a matter of course, and do not discover that



ONE OF KILANYI'S ORIGINAL MODELS.



KILANY'S PICTURE OF "LAW."

newsdealers have been prohibited from selling art publications on the ground that they corrupted the morals of the community, even in such cities as Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chattanooga, and Memphis. But the climax of this moral wave which has been sweeping over the civilized earth was reached when a well-known society in Belfast ordered a picture of a Durham bull to be taken from the walls of a public gallery because it was "indecent." This painting was a celebrated one, made by the

world-renowned Academician Watson, and when the reformers reached such a point that they could see indecency in a great picture of an animal, reproduced exactly as God created it, the sober sense of the public was stirred profoundly, and a reaction set in in favor of less intolerance and more sense in the determination of public questions.

These things are touched upon briefly, as indicating the curious moral wave which has swept practically over all the English-speaking world, and which



"PRIAPUS' MAID."



"CUPID AND THE BUTTERFLY."

was started in London by Mrs. Chant, who has become famous as the "prowling prude." She put on a big bonnet and an unobtrusive dress, and for several weeks prowled around the disreputable quarters of London, including the music halls and dance houses, which have long been known to be pest spots in the big British metropolis. Then she secured the co-operation of a number of re-



"THE WOODLAND NYMPH."

form agencies, and organized a vigorous war against what she considered crime and indecency. In the course of time the war involved everybody in London, and resulted in the abrogation of the licenses of some of the most prominent music halls, and lifted innumerable self-seeking reformers into the public eye and made them famous overnight. The stock in trade of these women re-



LIVING-PICTURE POSING IN THE WEST-FIRST SERIES OF LIVING PICTURES EVER EXHIBITED IN CHICAGO.



PRACTICAL LIVING-PICTURE MAKING—PREPARING THE PICTURE FOR THE AUDIENCE.

formers was principally the living pictures. They made a curious attack upon them, and though the war was carried on in every possible direction, it is to be noted that, after the expenditure of tons of ink and the development of public discussion to a degree of acrimony and bitterness unparalleled in recent years, the living pictures are still being exhibited in London, just as they are in New York and other cities of the first rank

throughout the world. The sober second sense of the authorities in all modern cities is distinctly to the effect that the pictures are educational in the main, and that they reach people who seldom visit the picture galleries, and have a refining influence upon the minds of the beholders. So enthusiastic a reformer, for instance, as Anthony Comstock, in New York, though besieged by nearly all the agencies looking toward the im-



PRACTICAL LIVING-PICTURE MAKING—PUSHING THE PICTURE INTO VIEW OF AUDIENCE.

provement of the morals of the world by legislation, has absolutely refused to interfere in the living-picture craze.

The history of the craze in America is interesting, because it shows that, despite all the talk that is constantly put forth about the proneness of the mind of man to indecency and vulgarity, the public mind is, as a matter of fact, very clear of prejudice, and far more likely to be diverted into channels of decency

and propriety than toward the sewers of filth. While a few notoriety-seeking women were bitterly denouncing theatrical managers for presenting vulgar and indecent pictures on the stage, the theatre-goers themselves saw nothing but beauty and charm in these pictures, applauded them liberally, and made the fortunes of the managers who had the temerity to risk public opinion and stage the pictures.



Copyright, 1894, by J. Eckhouse, N. Y.

"THE FLOWER GIRL."

Mr. Kilanyi was imported from Europe for the purpose of establishing the pictures in New York. His first experience at the Garden Theatre was peculiar. He brought his models over with him, and they proved to be a troupe of professional artists and models who were admirable in form, clean-limbed, slim and youthful, and whose figures were not of a beefy and voluptuous type, but rather of artistic character. Mr. Kilanyi had invented an elaborate and costly machine for presenting these pictures. In the middle of the stage there was a huge round platform divided into four compartments. The platform worked upon a rotary axis, so that each compartment was turned in succession toward the audience. A huge gilt frame fitted around the edges of the compartment, so as to give the effect of an oil paint-

ing from a front view, and the people in the theatre sat in their seats and looked



"GREEK GODDESS."



FOUR OF KILANYI'S ORIGINAL LIVING PICTURES PRODUCED IN NEW YORK.



AN AMERICAN LIVING-PICTURE MODEL.

When Mr. Kilanyi gave his first rehearsal a number of men well known in prominent circles in New York were invited to be present. The majority of them were delighted with the pictures, but a few were abashed and amazed, and insisted that the police and the reformers should stop the exhibition at once. So earnest were they in their denunciation that the managers insisted that Mr. Kilanyi should drape his figures, and, after a great deal of expostulation and nights of endless trouble, the figures were draped to the satisfaction of the purists. Artists, sculptors, and men acquainted with art insisted that the draping of the figures added to their suggestiveness immeasurably, but it was deemed wisest to present them in this fashion. When they were finally produced it was predicted that all the women in the house would leave as soon as the exhibition began. As a matter of fact the women applauded

at the frame. The curtain was pulled aside, exposing the picture; then the curtain was dropped almost instantly, and pulled aside again, exposing the second picture, and so on through a series of eighteen or twenty pictures. The great rapidity with which these exhibitions were made excited comment, until it was learned that a force of assistants were constantly at work behind the scenes, preparing the models in the different sections of the circular disc, getting them ready to be swung into view in rapid succession. The background of the pictures was painted with fidelity and care, and with a thorough appreciation of the requirements of the artistic pictures represented, so that it was impossible at times to tell whether the picture in front of the audience was an oil painting or only a representation of that painting by actual living figures.



"IN THE CAVE OF PYRAPYNNE."



"CELESTE."

the pictures enthusiastically throughout and the theatre was crowded to the doors at every performance. A host of competitors started, and living pictures were made a part of the entertainment at no less than eleven different play-houses.

There is one feature of the living-picture business with which the public is but little acquainted. This is the personality of the models that are engaged to pose for the various figures required

for the proper delineation of the subjects. Women who pose in such pictures as "Venus," "The Three Graces," "Aphrodite," "Cupid," and many other famous and well-known subjects, must of necessity be possessed of splendid forms, as most of these pictures are nudes or semi-nudes and anything approaching mediocrity would be ridiculous. In many cases professional models pose in these pictures and find it much more remunerative than ordinary



"SPRITE OF THE WAVE."

posing for artists, who cannot afford to pay more than a small amount for each sitting. Managers with an eye for the

artistic are sometimes able to select from their choruses young women who have the requisite amount of grace and rounded plumpness, but the average chorus girl is hopeless for living-picture purposes where anything like perfection is sought after.



"THE FOREST MAID."

Not long ago a dramatic agency in New York advertised for living-picture models. The result was that their office was besieged the next day by as motley a gathering of femininity as ever stormed a theatrical agency. There were small girls, big girls; young women, middle-aged women; girls that were fat and girls that were lean; blondes and brunettes; graceful, gazelle-like creatures and coarse, ungainly women without a single line of grace in their figures. All these wanted to be living-picture models, and each and every one of them was quite sure that Nature intended that she should show the expectant world just how perfect the female figure divine could be. Hardly ten per cent of these

women were acceptable as models, which goes to prove that the requirements of the business are more severe than most people imagine.

Still another dramatic agency advertised some weeks ago for living-picture models who were willing to go around the world with a vaudeville company. About two hundred applicants applied for the half dozen positions open, and ten were selected. Out of these ten, only five were left after the third rehearsal, and when the time for sailing arrived only two were on hand to keep their contracts, the remaining three having made up their minds that they would rather be chorus girls at home than living-picture models abroad. So it is very likely that that particular



A GREEK MODEL.



"THE SNAKE-CHARMER."—Copyright, 1894, J. Schloss, N.Y.

company will have living pictures made up from the ranks of the company without much regard for artistic excellence.

It is a significant and impressive fact that living pictures are at present shown at only three theatres in New York, and at these three places the pictures are more artistic specimens of art than any that have preceded them. A number of the cheaper theatres took as models chorus women or dancers from their companies, and presented pictures which were always coarse, never artistic, and often objec-



"THE REED PLAYER."



"NESTRINA."



"THE WATER CARRIER."



"THE GOURD GIRL."



"CUPID AT WORK."

tionable on many grounds. These exhibitions at one time threatened to kill the popularity of the real living pictures, but the usual good sense of the public decided the matter, and the cheap, dowdy, and sensational imitations were neglected and abandoned, while the thoroughly artistic shows maintained their popularity.

The year 1894 will long be remembered by theatrical managers. It inaugurated an entirely new era in the entertainment world, and the results have been more important than many people are willing to admit. Those managers who have tried to uphold the dignity of the drama, and have always spurned the meretricious aids that less con-

servative managers have adopted, have been obliged to acknowledge that the living pictures have cut wofully into their revenues. The manager who could in some way introduce living pictures into his performance was sure of having his receipts almost doubled, while many managers who would give only legitimate dramatic entertainments found it hard to pay expenses; and there is no doubt that the living pictures were the drawing attractions with the successful managers, for often their houses would be almost empty at the rise of the curtain, but would be filled to overflowing at the advertised hour for the appearance of the pictures. The inference is plain. The public want living pictures and are willing to pay for them, and those managers who bow to the inevitable are the ones who make money.

There have been many new phases in theatricals in recent years, but nothing has approached in widespread interest or in novelty the living-picture craze.

J. MALCOLM TENNEY.



Copyright, 1894, by J. Schloss, N. Y.

"MAID OF ATHENS."

FOUR MATINEE HEROES.

THE intuitions of women are as keen in theatrical as in every other kind of criticism. It has long been admitted that the great prominence and success of music as an entertainment is due to the accurate discrimination shown by women between the good and bad in that art, and it would seem that the influence of women upon the theatre is almost as cogent. The theatrical managers who have made the most pronounced successes are nearly always those who have carefully considered the claims of feminine theatre-goers, and the much-debated "matinée girl" has made the reputation and fame of many an actor who but for her admiration might have gone begging all his life for celebrity.

It is probable that John Drew, Richard Mansfield, and Nathaniel Goodwin are the most popular actors among the women in this country. It is also worth

noting that they are the most successful stars in our own theatrical world. Nobody knows exactly what quality it is in these actors that appeals to the women, but it is incontestable that these three men are the most able, inventive, and entertaining members of their profession at the present time, and if we admit that they are matinée heroes it would

have to be admitted also that the judgment of the "matinée girl" is not to be despised.

Perhaps the element of novelty has something to do with the great popular-



JOHN DREW.



NAT. GOODWIN IN "IN MIZZOURA."



RICHARD MANSFIELD IN "PRINCE KARL."

ity of these actors. While other comedians and character-actors go on year after year producing plays of a single grade or ringing the changes on a single string, each recurring dramatic season shows signs of fresh endeavor and ingenuity on the part of Mansfield, Goodwin, and Drew in providing novel

Goodwin, who played the part of a man-about-town last year, has since given us a marvellous study of Southern life in his play "In Mizzoura," and has gone from that to so renowned a classic as "David Garrick."

The women who make actors popular display the same discrimination on the

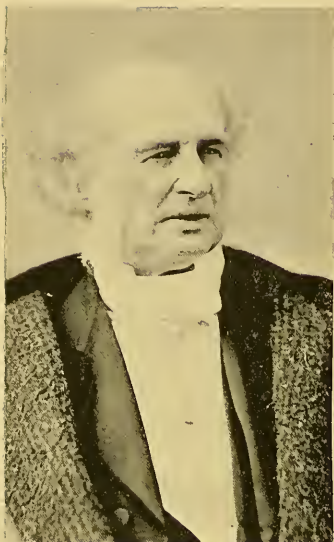


POL. PLANCON, THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE BARITONE.

entertainment for their patrons. Mr. Mansfield has produced in a short time such curiously different plays as "Prince Karl," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Richard the Third," "Napoleon," and "Nero," while Mr. Drew jumped this season from a light and frivolous rôle in "The Butterflies" to the leadership in a strong and impressive drama, "The Bauble Shop." Nat

lyric stage. M. Plancon, who came here last year almost unknown, has been lifted to an exalted plane among the matinée heroes by half the school girls of New York.

This broad-shouldered singer has a baritone voice of singular power and softness, and, despite the homage bestowed upon him, he is a painstaking and faithful artist. J. T. BURTON.



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, THE STURDY FOUNDER OF THE VANDERBILT MILLIONS.



HIS SON, WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT.

THE THREE VANDERBILTS.

It is not so many years ago that Cornelius Vanderbilt was a deck hand on a little steamboat which carried freight between New York and New Brunswick, N. J. A great many people still remember him, for he was an amiable, good-tempered, and industrious man, who was willing to lend a hand anywhere in pushing freight on the boat, and who, a short time after he began work as a deck hand, had qualified as seaman and navigator, and had command of the boat in a remarkably short space of time.

He married in his own rank in life, and it is a well-known fact that his children were refused admittance to a fashionable school in New Brunswick because they were not considered of sufficient social importance to be al-

lowed to associate with other young girls in that establishment. It must be said that now there is not a principal in any private school in America to-day who would not almost give half a year's salary for the privilege of having one of Commodore Vanderbilt's grandchildren in her school. All this had not the least effect upon Cornelius Vanderbilt, for he was a man who always recognized conditions as he met them. He went on building up his fortune, and when he died he was not in any sense in society.

His son, William H. Vanderbilt, was a sturdy, broad-shouldered, plain-spoken, and taciturn man, who followed exactly in the footsteps of his father. He could never be drawn into any discussion upon the subject of society, and, as a



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, THE YOUNGER.

matter of fact, he did not care for social honors. But he saw the inevitable trend of his family, and as he advanced in years he made up his mind that his descendants should have whatever opportunity in a social way they might covet. He called into consultation three of the most famous architects in New York, and said in a terse, brief fashion that he had observed that the only people who held undisputed social sway in America were those who had great houses for the entertainment of their guests. This was the first step toward the creation of the magnificent string of Vanderbilt houses along Fifth avenue.

On one corner he built his own house

and on the adjoining corner a house for his son-in-law, Elliott F. Shepard. On the corner north of this he built a magnificent palace for his second son, William K. Vanderbilt, and two blocks further northward twin palaces for two other sons-in-law, Messrs. Sloane and Webb. A few blocks north of this, at 57th street, was erected a magnificent town house for William H. Vanderbilt's oldest and favorite son, Cornelius, whose picture is printed above.

Cornelius to-day is the legitimate head of the Vanderbilt house, and he is precisely of the same type of faithful, earnest, and industrious business man as were his father and grandfather before him.



EMMA EAMES, THE AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.

EAMES AND MELBA.

ONE of these famous women was born in Australia and the other in Salem, Mass. They both went to Paris and studied music under Marchesi, and after many years of work they were accepted at the Paris Grand Opera, at St Petersburg, in Berlin, in London, and finally in New York, where for two successive seasons they have been playing to enthusiastic audiences at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Both are women of tall and commanding figure, and it is to be regretted that both are a little bit heavier than the laws of æstheticism require. But then, pri-

ma donnas have always grown fat, and probably always will for several reasons. Chief among these reasons is the fact that they are afraid to take exercise for fear of getting overheated and subsequently taking cold and ruining their voices forever.

Melba and Eames are as totally different in temperament as two women could possibly be, but that they are the reigning queens of song at the Metropolitan Opera House will not be denied by those who have noted the enthusiasm with which they are greeted on each appearance.



MME. MELBA, THE FRENCH PRIMA DONNA.



INTERLOPERS ON THE STAGE.

A Study in Dramatic Art.

THE extraordinary success which has followed the introduction upon the stage of notorious persons of recent years alarmed some of the most astute and well-informed students of the theatre. There seems to be an insatiable demand on the part of the public for the opportunity of seeing notorious persons in flesh and blood. Theatrical managers discovered this, and the result has been that the demand has been supplied to the exclusion of the better class of actors whose thoughts run in intelligent channels and who express noble thoughts in dramatic form.

Such men as Edwin Booth, E. L. Davenport, Forrest, Kean, Macready, and Fechter were treated with profound distinction, not only by the public, but by the newspapers as well. In a similar way Charlotte Cushman and Laura Kean were received in the most exclusive houses in the land, were entertained

by people of social importance, and had for audiences people who appreciated the finer qualities of the player's art. To-day we have no actors who can be classed with the great ones of the past, with the exception of Mme. Bernhardt, Mme. Duse, and Mr. Irving. Even the latter is obliged to present his tragedies with such sumptuousness of scenery and mechanical effects that it is always in doubt whether the genius of the actor or the length of his purse in putting on his plays is the most admired. These are three exceptions. As a general rule, however, the year just closed has been remarkable for the utter indifference of the public at large to stage genius and talent, and the endorsement of the notoriety seekers who have gained access to the stage.

John L. Sullivan, an ex-prize-fighter and barroom rowdy, and a man who has been arrested frequently for dis-



turbing the peace, is accepted as an actor and enthusiastically endorsed by the public.

Corbett, another famous prize-fighter, insists that he is an actor, and goes about his work with the solemnity of a great genius, though none of the other earmarks of capacity for the player's art are to be found on him.

"Bob" Fitzsimmons, who recently killed a fellow-pugilist in Syracuse, finds it an easy and comfortable way to make money by going on the stage; and it is announced and accepted as an actual fact that a Bowery divekeeper named Brodie, who is illiterate and ignorant, has made more money in four months as an actor than Edwin Booth ever did in a similar length of time. Brodie has nothing to recommend him to theatre-goers beyond his record as a bridge-jumper and as the keeper of a low saloon. He is utterly lacking in all the qualities that go to make an actor, and yet he is a successful star.

"Tom" Gould, another notorious New York divekeeper, has also become an actor, and George Appo, a greengoods swindler and the son of a Japanese convict, has also been accepted by the public as an actor and is making money rapidly in the various theatres where he appears. Gould's case is perhaps the most aggravating of all. Gould has a bad record in New York, where he has been arrested a number of times for assault and other crimes, and it was only a few years ago that his manager was killed in front of his dive on Sixth avenue, New York.

Added to these are reformed bank burglars, such as "Spike" Hennessy, and such creatures of public scandal as Madeline Pollard.

It is, of course, useless to rail against the stage or against theatrical managers for the exploitation and success of these notoriety-seeking examples of criminals. Whatever the public demands the managers are quite certain to supply.



Photo by Hemment.

GETTING READY FOR THE SLAUGHTER.—PUTTING THE BALL INTO PLAY.

FOOTBALL BRUTALITY.

AFTER all the denials and the continued verbal scrimmages of the collegians, it is at last perfectly evident that the football rules will have to be revised before the next season begins. Football as played by the leading colleges for the last three years has developed into a game of brutality utterly unrivalled in the whole history of sport. The extraordinary number of twenty-one men died from the effects of playing football in a single year. A year ago the outcry was so great that the leading football colleges made a new code of rules, which they claimed would have the effect of eliminating rough play in future contests. Dispassionate critics of the game were horrified, however, at the continued savageness of the play exhibited, and there was a well-defined and vigorous public protest against the continuance of the sport in its present

form after the Springfield game between Harvard and Yale. The collegians claim that if the sport is modified it will be ruined. In other words, they consider broken collar bones, arms and legs, wrenched ankles, gouged eyes and shattered jaws and noses, necessary to the future success of the sport.

The discussion that has ensued between sensible critics of the game on one hand and its college supporters on the other was marked by an extraordinary amount of acrimony and abuse. Finally the parents of students who play football took a hand in the sport and began to forbid their sons playing, at such a wholesale rate that the collegians were forced to accept the situation; and though they still appear somewhat sulky about it, it is inevitable that we shall have this sport cleansed of some of its abuses.



Photo by Sarony



Photo by Sarony

JOHNSTONE BENNETT IN TWO OF HER FAVORITE ATTITUDES.

TWO MANNISH GIRLS.

THE most widely discussed women in public life at the present time are the ones who pull out from the deep and well-populated ranks of their sisters and achieve celebrity by exhibiting something new in the way of attire. The man who makes a list of the most famous women in the world would be astonished to see what a small part science or the arts play in lifting women into the ranks of the most widely known ones in their sex. It does not make any difference whether the woman in question wishes to reform costumes according to Lady Henry Somerset's plans, or whether she wishes to abolish evening gowns after the suggestion of Mrs. Grannis. She has but

to touch the question of attire to gain the ear and attract the eye of the multitude.

Miss Johnstone Bennett is an illustration of this theory. Nobody has ever claimed that Miss Bennett is a great actress, and it would no doubt be easy for any capable dramatic critic to select the names of a hundred other women on the American stage who are as abundantly endowed with good looks, genius, and experience in their profession as Miss Bennett; and yet when the lady goes to a hotel she is interviewed by reporters of the leading daily papers, her portraits are published in every section of the country, and her views are continuously exploited, though as a

matter of fact they do not contain anything of startling or striking import. The secret of it all is that Miss Bennett does not wear clothes cut in the same fashion as those of millions of other women. She wears a hat which is feminine in size and shape but rather mannish in suggestion, and her hair is worn short after the fashion of a boy. When

boots are not high-heeled, but made on the flat-bottom principle, and she walks along with an easy swing because she is not hampered by tight lacing and voluminous skirts.

It is of interest to know that one other woman has been impressed by the ease and by the methods which have distinguished Miss Bennett's rise to the



"JACK BENNETT'S" FRENCH IMITATOR

she goes into a room where it is warm she takes off her hat and puts it down beside her. The sensation aroused by this entirely sensible proceeding is little less than riotous among the women who are present. Instead of enormous puffed sleeves and laced-in waist, Miss Bennett wears something very like a masculine short box-coat, and she wears two-button gloves instead of gloves of five times that number of buttons. Her

pinnacle of celebrity, and in Paris she is starting in as an humble but enthusiastic follower of her model. She is a Frenchwoman, but, like many of the other of her countrymen, she finds it difficult to forego all at once the smaller fancies and frivolities of feminine attire. She is mannish in everything thus far except her bang, but that, too, will go in her further evolution toward the ideal type.

A MATINEE HERO IN PRIVATE LIFE.

In the whole school of romantic actors there is probably no man who so thoroughly typifies the schoolgirl's idea of a lover as William Faversham. He is slim, of poetic build, of an intellectual type of countenance, graceful and

stage, and there is no better standard by which to judge an actor's popularity than by the number of his photographs that are sold.

This is a portrait of Mr. Faversham which is not on sale, and it depicts Mr.



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AND HIS WIFE.

sinuous to a remarkable degree. His following among theatre-goers is known to be extraordinary by the vast number of his photographs which are sold along Broadway to the army of enthusiastic young women who are supporters of the

Faversham with his wife. There is also a substantial young Faversham of the masculine gender, but he is not in evidence in this picture, though very much so in real life. His mother says he is to become a great actor like his papa.



Photo by Herment

THE FUTURE KING OF ENGLAND ENTERING THE PADDOCK AT ASCOT, ENGLAND'S FAMOUS RACE-COURSE.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ASCOT.

A MAN follows horse-racing in Great Britain, not because it is a fad or because men of great social or political prominence are interested in the sport, but because his forefathers for many generations believed that there is nothing so noble as the racehorse, and they devoted their time to improving and breeding racers and in carrying on the sport of kings.

It is often said that if we could interest the great millionaires of this country in racing it would take the sport away from the gamblers and bookmakers who are now so prominently identified with it. But the great millionaires of this country love to dabble in

stocks and bonds, and racing, if they pay any attention to it at all, it is merely as a side issue.

The two most prominent men in Great Britain to-day are the Prince of Wales and the Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery. Either one of them would travel all night and day to see a horse-race, and their absorption in the sport is so complete that the public has selected them as typical English racing men. People who wish to know exactly how the Prince of Wales looked as he was going into the paddock at Ascot at the last meeting can judge from the cut at the head of this page, which is an actual snap-shot from life.



THE REGULATION FULL DRESS OF THE SEASON.

and struck out in a new line for herself.

The theory which Mrs. Grannis works upon is new in the sense that it has not been touched upon during the current year, though it is old, and in point of fact familiar to all students of history. It was just about this time that Lady Henry Somerset began her agitation against the living pictures, and Mrs. Grannis, who is a fellow-laborer against the personal liberty of people in this world, announced flatly that Lady Henry's talk was composed in a very large measure of nonsense, and that it was preposterous trying to stop the exhibition of living pictures when society women appeared in public

REFORMATION OF SOCIETY WOMEN.

THE name of a new reformer was added to the list during the holidays, and a great many thousand people now know the name of Mrs. Grannis who had never heard of it before. Mrs. Grannis has also succeeded in getting her picture in nearly all the papers in the country, and if she cared to go upon the lecture platform or stage she would find much of her fame already made. This is because she stepped in at just the right moment when the public was in a state of considerable excitement over the doings of other reformers,



CLASSICAL STYLE IN FULL DRESS.



ARE THEY IMODEST? PORTRAITS OF TWO WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY WOMEN WHO ARE PROMINENT FIGURES AT THE HORSE SHOW AND OPERA.



A WELL-KNOWN FACE AT THE GREAT SOCIETY BALLS OF THE SEASON.

in gowns which left nothing to the imagination except the belt. Mrs. Grannis said she did not speak from hearsay, but that she had been to the opera for the express purpose of verifying her suspicions, and she had come to the conclusion that indecency was rampant in the boxes to a degree that put the living pictures completely in the shade. The only effect of this was that all the living-picture models in town addressed enthusiastic letters of thanks to Mrs. Grannis, and that lady achieved for herself a niche in the Temple of Fame. It does not appear that society women have raised

the height of their dresses in the slightest degree, and the most impertinent newspaper reporters have been unable to induce ladies of social standing to discuss Mrs. Grannis' crusade. But Mrs. Grannis insists that the low corsages of the women indicate nudity, suggestiveness, and sin. She does not believe that women's shoulders or any portion of their bodies should at any time be visible to the world, and derides in general terms the nude in art.

The nude in art is a very fertile theme of discussion. But the discussion has little effect upon artists, and just as little upon the bulk of the people. Painters and sculptors continue as ever to represent the loveliest object in the world—the human body in its highest development; and the public continue to appreciate their achievements in this direction. The nude in itself is not indecent. It is not in itself suggestive. A woman's



SHE TAKES A PARDONABLE PRIDE IN HER SHOULDERS.

figure may be painted naked, and yet be as chaste as the driven snow thrice winnowed by the northern blast. It may be painted in full dress, and yet radiate a very atmosphere of voluptuousness. A lifted skirt, the artful gleam of a mere inch of throat, the pose of the body, a glance of the eyes, may be infinitely suggestive. The

Of course there may be persons who cannot look at the Venus of Milo without having filthy fancies. These are the same people who find it impossible to look upon a good woman in evening dress without rushing off to the newspapers to complain, and insulting that woman by making the assertion that she has given rise to lewd and sugges-



THE WIFE OF A CELEBRATED NEW YORK ARTIST, WHO DOES NOT THINK HIS WIFE IMMODEST.

Venus of Milo—our Lady of Beauty, as Heine called her—may be seen in the Louvre at Paris. She is stark naked, but we pity the man who could look at her with an impure thought. In a healthy mind that noble figure—the work of a splendid, unknown Greek artist—could only excite admiration and reverence.

tive thoughts. But these are abnormal cases, and such persons should be taken in hand by a physician and should not be allowed to run about the world and exploit their ideas to sound and healthy people. The low corsage is a question of custom, just as every other attribute of woman's attire is in this and other countries. Women have been brought up



AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S IDEA OF FULL DRESS.

for centuries in the belief that they should wear their gowns low when they go to the opera, and it is accepted as a matter of course. In a similar way they have been taught that there is no indecency in showing their legs as high as the knees when they are in bathing in the summer. There are prudes and purists who burst into type during the bathing season every year with talk about the "indecent" of women's attire in the surf, but they are not worthy of any more attention than women of the Mrs. Grannis type who object to the regulation evening costume. It is, as a matter of fact, a question which can be left to the good sense and instincts of propriety, which governs the conduct of all decent women in public. If they think it is proper for them to wear low gowns, no self-constituted reformer can force them to assume any other style of attire. CECIL MAY.

THE NEW WOMAN.

She comes to the fore—the New Woman—

Unmoved by our jibes and our jeers;
If her style isn't thoroughly human,
She's proof against terrors and tears.

She smokes cigarettes while divesting
A sweater or shirt from herself;
She poses for comfort while resting
Her two dainty feet on the shelf.

She doesn't object if you joke her,
And shows that she's plenty of sand;
At billiards, or bowling or poker
She's reckoned a pretty good hand.

She'll look at a mouse without flinching,
And calmly go out in a storm;
She opines that "Joe Choate" needs a
lynching
For bucking the Only "Reform."

But though she's as brave as another,
And knows how to put on the gloves,
She'll ne'er have the joys of a mother,
And there isn't a soul that she loves.



A NEW YORK WOMAN WHO IS NOTED FOR HER BEAUTIFUL NECK AND SHOULDERS.



LILLY LANGTRY,
ENGLAND'S FAMOUS BEAUTY.



Copyright by Sarony, New York.

LILLIAN RUSSELL,
AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS.

AN ENGLISH AND AN AMERICAN BEAUTY.

If the extraordinary publicity which has followed the careers of Mrs. Langtry and Lillian Russell has had no other effect, it has certainly proved that women who choose to take care of themselves can prolong their years of attractiveness far beyond the limits admitted by novelists to include the

best years of a woman's life. We are violating no secret when we suggest that neither Miss Russell nor Mrs. Langtry will ever see their thirty-fifth year again. Yet to-day these two women are at the very height of their popularity, and it would be a very sour critic who would decide that either of

them has lost any attractiveness during the past five or six years.

Both of these women have led lives that have been full of trouble, worry, work, and excitement. Other women

who occupy so prominent a place in the small talk of the day, both in Europe and America. If the careers of these two women, in a physical sense, teach anything, they teach the absolute value



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LILLY LANGTRY FIVE YEARS AGO.



LILLIAN RUSSELL FIVE YEARS AGO.

who were in their bloom ten years ago in private life, but who have led a pampered existence, are now yellowed, seared, and dyspeptic. They must look with envy at the two buoyant actresses

of exercise, caution in eating, and innumerable baths.

In this latter-day world of ubiquitous interviewers there is nothing in the private life of a celebrity which escapes



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THE LILLY LANGTRY OF TO-DAY.



Copyright by Morrison, Chicago.

THE LILLIAN RUSSELL OF TO-DAY.

the public eye. Hence we have known for ten years how assiduously Miss Russell and Mrs. Langtry have fenced, taken calisthenic exercise, plunged into cold baths in the morning and taken hot baths before retiring at night, and with what enthusiasm they have ridden

lowly and ponderous person. For many years, however, both of these women have exemplified in the highest degree the value of physical training, and they certainly have their reward in the fact that though they have been professional beauties for ten or fifteen years contin-



LILLIAN RUSSELL, AS SHE APPEARED IN "THE QUEEN OF BRILLIANTS."

the bicycle, taken interminable walks, slept in cool rooms, and eaten food prescribed by trainers for athletes. Both of them had a dread of getting fat at one time, and it was only by the exercise of extraordinary perseverance and faithfulness in her training that Miss Russell avoided developing into a bil-

uously, no new aspirants have ever succeeded in rivalling them.

A comparison of the types of beauty of the two women shows distinctly national characteristics. Mrs. Langtry fulfils the English idea in every detail, and Miss Russell is unquestionably a typical American woman.



MLLE. CAPITAIN, THE FEMALE SAMSON.

THREE MODERN SAMSONS.

THERE is so much talk going on about the new woman and the muscle and brawn in the feminine members of the human race, that there may come a time when women will compete with men in an athletic way, as they do in every field in which mentality figures. According to keen judges of the spirit of the times, the American girl is becoming a bigger and stronger animal than the American boy. She is playing tennis, riding horses and bicycles, playing cricket and golf, sailing and rowing

boats, and winning laurels in various pastimes, while the brother sits in the clubs smoking cigarettes and drinking absinthe. It is held, by people who know, that the human animal grows far stronger on exercise than on absinthe, and after a few more generations have passed over our heads we may become accustomed to women who are square-shouldered and six feet tall, and not be in the least surprised that men are under five feet, narrow-chested, and rather addicted to indolence and ease.



MULDOON, IN AN HEROIC POSE.

Mlle. Capitaine, who is a well-known performer, has a frame which is covered with a network of sinew and powerful muscles. She can lift weights and handle her own body, as far as a trapeze and horizontal bars are concerned, and would astonish even Sandow if he ever saw her.

Mlle. Capitaine is a petite French-woman with pretty features and a wealth of jet-black hair. Her figure is trim and does not at all betoken the strength of its owner. In the house and on the street Mlle. Capitaine would be taken for a demure little home-body who would find difficulty in manipulating a five-pound dumbbell, instead of a woman who could give the average man points on all matters where strength is required.

Sandow has developed all of his muscles by exercise, until he is altogether a

knotty-looking person. He does not spend as much time lifting weights as he did formerly, and his time is apparently taken up of late in getting himself photographed.

Another strong man, Muldoon, is not a bit more embarrassed than Sandow in front of the camera, and both of them exhibit almost the full development possible of human strength.

Muldoon made his reputation as a wrestler years ago, but of late he has posed as a strong man and claims that he is more powerful than Sandow.

Of Capitaine, however, it is hardly fair to judge, as she is naturally averse to posing as men do for the benefit of the public. It is claimed by experts in these matters that the woman has more absolute strength in proportion to her weight than either of the celebrated men whose portraits are presented here.



Photo. by Sarony.

SANDOW, THE STRONG POSER.



A GIRL OF THE PERIOD IN AN UP-TO-DATE
CYCLING COSTUME.

WOMEN CYCLERS AS DRESS REFORMERS.

THE bicyclist has solved a problem which all the science and agitation of a half-century have failed to accomplish. Science has shown repeatedly that a woman would vastly increase her strength if she discarded her skirts and put on breeches whenever she took outdoor exercise. No one has ever denied successfully that science is wrong. Then the women agitators took up the thralldom of women in skirts, and for years they have urged their sisters to follow in the footsteps of men in the matter of attire. No end of associations, dress-reform movements, and women's leagues have been built up into prominence on this basis, but still women wore skirts and shook their heads. Then came the bicycle, and nowadays

literally thousands of women wear knickerbockers and leggins, and are apparently greatly benefited in health and spirits.

Mrs. Langtry, who at first bitterly denounced the costume as unbecoming, went over to Paris on a visit and saw that the parks were filled with women who wore knickerbockers and knee breeches and lost none of their charm, and, after smiling contemptuously for a while, she adopted the bicycle and the costume and has been an enthusiastic wheelwoman ever since.

The most exclusive and proper society women of Newport took up bicycling last summer, and, in spite of all the guying of the men and the opposition of the prudes, adopted knickerbockers, and they are now to be seen on clear mornings carrying the fashion into the very heart of New York. Women who formerly went into Central Park riding horseback in tight-fitting and uncomfortable habits, are now to be seen there astride of their wheels; and so common has the sight become that passers-by no longer stop and stare, but accept it all as a matter of course.

In all the small towns and villages of the country where there is a progressive spirit women bicycle-riders are moving along toward knickerbockers or have already adopted them. Very often they wear knickerbockers and leggins, and then put a skirt over it as a sort of sop to prejudice, but after they get clear of the town they strip off the skirt, roll it up in a small parcel and strap it on to the handle of the wheel, and then speed on in untrammelled freedom.

The bicycling suit has unquestionably proved the opening wedge of an absolute dress reform for women.

The "Bloomer Club" has lately been organized in New York City. The members pledge themselves to wear bloomers on all their trips awheel and to induce other women to adopt that



THREE MEMBERS OF THE "BLOOMER CLUB" OUT FOR AN AFTERNOON'S SPORT.



A FRIENDLY LITTLE BRUSH.

costume. The club contains about fifty members and has its meeting place in an uptown bicycle-riding academy. The club holds weekly runs during the

riding months of the year, and, as there are no dues and no officers, the club prospers and its members have nothing to worry them.



FALLING BY THE WAYSIDE.



DANCERS OF THE MONTH'

EVERY season we have a dancing divinity in New York, and this year she has happened to be English and of the skirt-dancing variety. The most severe

critics of American civilization claim that we have not yet reached so advanced a condition of culture that we can appreciate the ballet. France has



A DAINY SKIRT-DANCER FROM PARIS.

reached that point and England is approaching it, but America has not the patience or knowledge, if the critics are correct, necessary to interpret and enjoy the elaborate ballets so common in France. There an entire story is told

poems of the drama are explained by the rhythmical movements of the dancers' bodies. The dancers do not lift their feet from the floor, but explain their emotions and interpret the rules by the swaying of the arms and



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CISSY FITZGERALD, THE LATEST DANCER TO MAKE A SENSATION IN NEW YORK.

in pantomime of the dancers, and the audience sit and enjoy it for hours, and apparently understand every gesture and movement, though not a word is spoken.

They have reached a point even further than this in the extreme East, as far as dancing is concerned. They have gone beyond the ballet, and whole

movements of the body. The extreme East looks upon France as still in a barbarian state because it clings to the ballet, and France assumes the same attitude toward America. It must be admitted that London is a little further along, because in London they support at least three big ballet theatres, while in New York the public yawns when



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A GROUP OF GAIETY DANCERS FROM LONDON.

the ballet comes on, and the managers of the Metropolitan Opera House have reached a point where they no longer go to great expense and care in producing elaborate ballet performances.

Some years ago Miss Letty Lind came over here from London with the Gaiety Company, and her dancing was by long odds the most successful, from a public

standpoint, that had been seen here in recent years. She practically introduced skirt-dancing in America, and from that beginning came the great army of skirt-dancers who have since amused and delighted the public. After Miss Lind had gone back to England there was nothing startling in a dancing way until Loie Fuller, an American girl, secured

the recognition in Paris which had been denied her in America, and pushed her curious and spectacular "serpentine dance" into prominence. Then there

we did not, and when Miss Cissy Fitzgerald came dancing down to the footlights with a wave of filmy skirts, an amiable little grin, and an ability to



LETTY LIND, THE MOST FAMOUS OF ENGLISH DANCERS.

was a run of "serpentine" dancers for a while, after which we went off into a silly worship of the absurd "Midway dance" and pretended that we understood all about it. As a matter of fact

kick higher than her head whenever the whim seized her, it was evident that we were ready to go back at once to our first love, the skirt dance.

The comic opera companies playing in



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ONE OF SEABROOKE'S BALLET-DANCERS IN "THE ISLE OF CHAMPAGNE."



SOME AMERICANIZED-FRENCH WHIRLERS FROM "THE PASSING SHOW."



A LEADER OF THE DANCING AMAZONS AT
A NEW YORK MUSIC HALL.

New York and throughout the country generally carry with them a corps of dancers, more or less proficient, but always pretty enough to catch and retain the ardent glances of the youth of the country. One of these dainty trippers appears on page 45. She is dressed as a full-fledged ballet-dancer, and is in the act of rehearsing before the mirror—which, by the way, is a very common and very sensible method of practice among the dancers of the day.

"The Passing Show" dancers are about as Frenchy as to looks and methods as could be expected from an aggregation of Simon-pure American girls, whose only claim to France as a birth-place lies in their black hair and decidedly brunette complexions, and their ability to do a somewhat naughty little dance with considerable gusto, and that ingenuous air of simulated innocence

which the Frenchwoman knows so well how to assume.

There is no man in this country who has brought out more dancers than Mr. E. E. Rice, and no manager in America is a better judge of the abilities of a dancer and her chance of success with the public than this same Mr. Rice. That is why he is always besieged by ambitious young dancers who are anxious to appear in one of Rice's numerous burlesque companies.

We present herewith two dancers from Rice's "1492" company, each of whom, by the way, is as much noted for her shapely form as for her ability to trip gracefully and successfully before the footlights. The young lady seated cross-legged with the mandolin on her knee is a great favorite among the college boys of New Haven and Cambridge, who, when she plays in



A PRETTY DANCER IN RICE'S "1492"
COMPANY.

their cities, send her enough flowers to make even a Lillian Russell vain.

France undoubtedly leads both England and America in the excellence of her ballets, but America can hold her own in the matter of young and pretty

dancer has only to do something a trifle unconventional to win their undying admiration. Your college boy is not a stickler for conventionality, and he loves to be startled. Theatrical managers who have made a study of the



SUSIE RANDALL, ANOTHER OF RICE'S PRETTY DANCERS.

dancers, who, however, it must be admitted, are not up to the standard of the Moulin Rouge dancers—for which, no doubt, we should be devoutly thankful.

The college boys throughout the country are keenly appreciative of anything that approaches the *risque*, and a

college boy discovered this fact long ago, and have been profiting by this little idiosyncrasy ever since. As the college youth generally pays generously for his entertainment, the manager's work in his behalf cannot be said to be entirely a labor of love.

ZULEIKA.

A Complete Novelette by

ALAN DALE.

HARRY LINLITHGOW was *ennui*-ing himself in the most desperate manner as he sat in his blue-velvet box at the Aureola and watched a feverish variety performance that was neither better nor worse than others of its kind. He was suffering from a sort of indigestion of contortionists, horizontal-bar "artists," crow-voiced singers dubbed "eccentric," and topical balladists from the pores of whose skin the coarseness and vulgarity of the day seemed to exude. Mr. Linlithgow heaved a whole series of sleek sighs which caused the white piqué partition that hid his masculine bosom from the gaze of the plebs to rise and fall—as surely as did the empire that Mr. Gibbon has so prosily discussed. It was genuine *ennui*, too, that made a martyr of young Mr. Linlithgow—no spurious imitation of the style affected by the *blasé* drummers and the elegantly fastidious counter-jumpers.

Harry was a thoroughbred, as the saying goes. He sat there alone, because congenial spirits were rare. He knew that he was particularly nice, and he felt creamy contempt for the crowd of youths who were enjoying themselves in such a greedily eager fashion all around him.

The performance had reached its zenith. Two uneasy-looking youths in chocolate-cream tinted liveries had just put in place two placards, bearing the legend "No. 7," at each lower side of the proscenium arch. Mr. Linlithgow watched them with a sorrowful gaze and published another sigh, quite equal in volume and tone to any of its predecessors. Then he consulted his programme, and saw that Mlle. Zuleika, "terpsichorean artist," was about to appear.

"Evidently some ambitious nobody," remarked Mr. Linlithgow mentally.

"They don't tell us where she hails from. Anybody that's worth anything comes from the Folies-Bergere, the Ambassadeurs, L'Horloge, the Empire, the Alhambra, or the Canterbury. Zuleika has probably been ushered in from some low resort on the Bowery. Perhaps she pays for the privilege of appearing before a select up-town audience—the silly little fool! I hate a fool. There is nothing on earth so exasperating."

The buzz of conversation ceased suddenly. Men and women prepared to regard the stage—determined to have their money's worth at any rate. A blue calcium light directed from above threw itself recklessly on the centre of the heavy curtains falling upon the stage, and Mlle. Zuleika appeared. Mr. Linlithgow sat bolt upright, as though he had unexpectedly swallowed a poker, and into his face crept the first semblance of interest that had been seen there that night.

Mlle. Zuleika was lovely, with a sinuous, blanched loveliness that was quite unusual. Her features were small and regular, and their cameo prettiness was beautifully displayed by clouds of golden hair that fell like a fluffy cataract around her head. It was presumably a wig. It must have been a wig; but it was none the worse for that. There are more despicable things in this world than wigs—when they are not too wiggy. That worn by Mlle. Zuleika was delightful because it was so naturally unnatural, so artistically abnormal.

She was unconventionally tall, and her irresistible *embonpoint* was abdominal rather than pectoral—as with Sarah Bernhardt. Tradition insists that in the bosom lies woman's chiefest charms, but tradition gets very fatiguing at times; besides, it is frequently all wrong. Mlle. Zuleika was more fascinating than the ordinary woman, yet she wore a dress

the waist of which began two inches below her armpits. The dress was a marvel of white lace spangled in stars. It looked diaphanous and unreal, and through it the lights shone in an almost ghostly manner. The *decollette* bodice revealed a neck of bluish whiteness; the bare arms were strong but shapely. Zuleika was odd but most enchanting. Her dance was simply a series of gyrations in which the skirts played no inconsiderable part. Zuleika was emphatic, agile, and astonishingly graceful. Some of her movements created as much of a furor as the vocal gymnastics of Melba. At the conclusion of her performance there were cries of "Bravo!" The dancer was called to the front several times. She seemed awkward and uncomfortable when inactive, but she smiled affably and withdrew.

Harry Linlithgow arose from his seat and left his box with considerable alacrity. He was tired of the music hall, with its jaded women and young-old bald-headed men who flitted about like butterflies whose wings had been clipped. His torpid blood was now coursing pretty rapidly through his veins. Zuleika had supplied the motor power. Mr. Linlithgow had a large acquaintance among the artists of the vaudeville and comic opera ranks. These acquaintances were easily made, for the young man, in addition to possessing graces that always went a long way with the opposite sex, spent his money with an abandon that was sometimes startling. He had so much of it that he was not obliged to consider ways and means. He was a "good fellow." It is easy to be one with a well-filled pocket. You and I could be good fellows on just half the income spent semi-annually by young Linlithgow.

Harry went straight to the office of the Aureola's business manager. He knew that individual very well, and had sometimes permitted his name to be used in the list of "young blood present" at any particularly seductive performance. Mr. Claubury smiled as

Linlithgow entered his den. He knew tolerably well why he had come, and he was quite prepared for the emergency.

"Who's Zuleika?" asked the young man, unceremoniously, as his eyes roamed among the rows of photographed ladies on the walls, their faces arrayed in the entertaining smirks that are reserved exclusively for the camera.

The business manager smiled again.

"A mystery," he said provokingly.

"You've had so many of them, old man," retorted Linlithgow, not at all disconcerted. "They are all mysteries at first. Seriously, Clanbury, tell me about this woman. I'm really interested, and you'll lose nothing by it."

"There is nothing to tell," responded Mr. Claubury apathetically. "Zuleika came to me, asked me to give her a trial, danced for the benefit of the proprietors, was accepted—that's all. This is her first appearance. She is quite unknown, and—well, really, Mr. Linlithgow, take my advice and do not bother about her. She is not worth it. Anyway, I can tell you nothing."

Harry Linlithgow was seriously annoyed. He was not fond of being thwarted. He asked for so little from his fellows that he felt he was slighted when he didn't get it. He cursed Mr. Clanbury in his mind as he left the office, but he had not the faintest idea of refraining from the pursuit of Zuleika. His interest in women was growing tepid; he had run the gamut of the sex, and now that his heart had once again entered upon the palpitations of its earlier days, he thought that it would be almost reprehensible if he failed to respond to its demands as well as he could.

The night air was cool and moist, and there were cold, white stars in the sky. Linlithgow, however, was proof against cool nights and white stars. He didn't care a snap about them. He was so exceedingly up-to-date that he hung on to the tail of the century. In fact, he was just the kind of young man that we



"THE MUSIC HALL, WITH ITS JADED WOMEN AND YOUNG-OLD BALD-HEADED MEN WHO FLITTED ABOUT LIKE BUTTERFLIES WHOSE WINGS HAD BEEN CLIPPED."

are willing to meet on occasions, but would not care to use for domestic consumption. He was a Tarquin and every pretty woman was a Lucrece.

He had not placed a hundred yards between himself and the Aureola when he heard footsteps behind him, and, turning quickly, discovered the friend of his bosom, Leonard Easilee. The discovery was evidently not coveted by

the friend of his bosom. Mr. Easilee stopped suddenly, and the expression on his face was ludicrous in its discomfort. There was no excuse for mistaking it.

"Why, Leonard, dear old boy," cried Linlithgow, "what's the matter? What have I done? You've been away for three weeks, attending a diseased uncle, or a decomposing aunt, or some-

thing of the sort. You never let me know when you get back, and when I meet you by chance you look guilty. Have you murdered the diseased uncle or assassinated the decomposing aunt?"

Mr. Easilee quickly recovered his equanimity. He was a large, handsome, well-developed young fellow, with dark eyes, dark hair, and a sort of generally dark elegance. His movements were loose and graceful, and if a feminine novelist had been dealing with him she would have called him a Greek god. Greek gods are supposed to be the *ne plus ultra* of masculine beauty. They need no other adornment than that furnished by an attitude of heroism and a fig leaf.

"Dear old Harry," said Mr. Easilee, thoughtfully, "I have only just returned to the city. I—I was going to communicate with you. I just dropped in for a minute to the Aureola, and—"

"And you saw Zuleika?" eagerly.

"No," was the reply. "She had just finished her 'turn.'"

"Then you could only have been there for a minute. I've been at the Aureola, and I left after Zuleika's turn. Had a five minutes' talk with that fool, Clan-bury—and here I am. Why did you go there so late?"

"Don't cross-question me, Harry," said his friend quietly. "I went to the Aureola just to see who was on the programme. I found that nothing worth seeing remained."

"Leonard," continued the other solemnly, "I saw to-night the perfection of a woman—a dancer that has quite aroused me to fervor. She came upon me as a surprise, and I shall be obliged to know her. I cannot resist the spell that she has cast around me. Meet her I will. Come with me to-morrow night and we'll have another peep at her on the stage."

Mr. Easilee threw away the cigarette. "Thanks," he said, "but—well, old man, I've got to return to Boston to-

morrow morning. My poor uncle is worse, so they telegraph me. I can't very well get out of it, because—well, to put it vulgarly, it is a question of dollars and cents—legacy, and all that sort of thing."

Harry Linlithgow knew Mr. Easilee very well indeed, and something in his tone made him suspect that the usually veracious Leonard was not absolutely limiting himself to the plain, unvarnished truth.

"Pardon me, old man," he said, "but I can't quite believe in this sudden uncle who has arisen with the force of a Mrs. 'Arris. I believe you have got yourself entangled, you idiot, and don't want to confess this twenty-third liaison. Be candid, old man; I'm your friend. You know that."

"There is no entanglement," responded Leonard Easilee. "I'm past that sort of thing. I'm out of my swaddling clothes, and I'm dead broke. Money is the adhesive power that you place on the woman for clinging purposes. Without it she falls away from you. I've no more of it. No; I know what you will say. I won't borrow another cent. I'll write you one of these days. Now I must really be off. Good-night, old fellow. *Au revoir* and *bonne chance*."

"Give me your address, and I'll tell you how I prosper with Zuleika."

A dark look of almost savage amusement danced in the sombre depths of Leonard Easilee's eyes.

"Damu Zuleika!" he said, with a hissing *z*, and turning on his heel away he went.

* * * * *

Night after night of the following week Harry Linlithgow haunted the Aureola. His friends saw him there minus his *blasé* air, and they wondered what had happened to him. He had evidently leased a new stock of animation, for his face was flushed, his eyes were keen and alive, and he applauded nearly everything—or they thought he did. Zuleika's success was emphatic,

but it had not as yet been taken up by the newspapers. Evidently it was the intention of the Aureola's management to keep the artist quiet for a little time, and rely upon the advertising that the patrons of the house spread among their friends. But Linlithgow was glad of all this. He had already felt the pangs of jealousy, for this latest passion had come to him after a very long *entr'acte* during which he had vegetated deplorably. His heart had almost forgotten the delightful sensations that Zuleika had awakened. He sent her notes—like the foolish little college lad to whom the stage is a fairyland. He forwarded flowers to her dressing room with almost managerial fervor. The notes were unacknowledged. The flowers were accepted silently. The situation was really galling. It was absurd, Linlithgow told himself, for a man of his age to be such an arrant fool. Such proceedings are eminently correct on the part of budding adolescents, but for the almost extinguished Linlithgow, who had long ago closed in upon his maximum of destability—*quelle bêtise!*

At last he decided to put an end to the whole thing. He would follow Zuleika, discover where she lived, call upon her, and—the devil take the consequences! She was probably some unsecluded concert-hall person who was trying to win success by mystery. After all, there is just as potent a charm in being unknown as in being known. Only one must be artistically and not conventionally unknown. Zuleika was certainly artistically unknown. So far her tactics had been decidedly clever. "Still," he remarked mentally—some people revel in that phase of mentality—"I should appreciate it more if I were not the victim. I should think her shrewd and commendable. As it is, I could slap her for her little game of hide and seek. Hang her! Zuleika, my queen!"

He waited at the stage door that night after "Mlle. Zuleika, terpsichorean artiste," had appeared. He stood in the darkness of an alley like a cheap spy

or a third-rate detective, and he loathed himself. A carriage was there for her—an ordinary so-much-per-hour affair. He suddenly remembered that he could not follow the carriage on foot, so he hailed a cab, and, emerging from the blackness, he sat in it and gazed at the stage door. He had not long to wait. The tall, handsome form, that he now knew so well and was willing to love so ecstatically, issued from the grimy archway and walked quickly to the carriage. Zuleika was veiled—of course. Where would half the mysteries in this world be without veils? Veiled women are as necessary as ladies with pasts.

Zuleika's cabman whipped up his horses, and the disreputable old hacks—poor hard-worked beasts—did what they could to convey the vehicle swiftly away from the scene. Linlithgow in his hansom followed easily and luxuriously. There were doubts in his mind, though. Suppose Zuleika were, after all, a lady—or what the scribblers of to-day call cheaply a "society woman"? Suppose that her appearance at the Aureola were merely a freak? How unfortunate if her carriage deposited her at some good old brown stone mansion! Linlithgow bit his lips until the blood came. He felt he could love her just as ardently even if she were eminently respectable. Respectability would certainly be a terrible obstacle in Harry Linlithgow's path, but surely it could be overcome. He had known one or two "society women" who were not to be sneezed at.

The carriage and cab, however, were soon beyond the limits prescribed by fashion. Through Twenty-sixth street Mr. Linlithgow was propelled. The pavements were rough and uneasy. He kept his seat with difficulty. Every bone in his body was shaken. He could not help wondering how Zuleika's bones were in the vehicle ahead. Perhaps she had no bones. He could not associate his queen with an unromantic, every-day skeleton. They had crossed Eighth avenue. There was squalor in all directions.

Frowsy women with shawls over their heads, dirty-looking men, emaciated children, a few negroes, a *soupeçon* of Chinamen—all made part of the general uncombed appearance of the neighborhood. It was with a shock that he saw Zuleika's carriage arrest itself in front of a dingy, fifth-class French "pension" with a sign in front that indicated "*Chambres à louer. Diner avec vin, 40 cents.*"

Bah! It was horrible. He was furious. Zuleika in a nasty French room and living on six courses of French horrors with blue wine as an infamous accompaniment! Yes, she had bones. She undoubtedly had bones. Poor girl! How easy it would be for him to approach her! How unreluctantly she would go with him to fairer—and decidedly cleaner regions!

The front door stood open. To the right was a restaurant in which a number of people were supping. He could see the soiled, coarse tablecloths, the stained knives and forks, the chipped crockery, the thick, uncouth glass. He was ultra-fastidious and the sight gave him a pang.

Zuleika alighted from her carriage and ran lightly up the steps. He followed and stood at the door of the restaurant. She tripped nimbly up a flight of stairs and opened the door of a room directly opposite the front entrance. He could see "No. 28" written largely and whitely on the door. She was discovered at last! He heaved a sigh of relief.

He sat down at one of the dirty tables and forced himself to swallow an absinthe. Then he hailed the *patron* of the establishment.

"Who is the lady in No. 28?" asked Linlithgow, trying to seem unconcerned.

The *patron* shrugged his shoulders. "We have no lady there," he replied.

"But I just saw one enter," cried the young man impatiently.

"Monsieur was mistaken," was the retort, while the little Frenchman's eyes twinkled maliciously.

"I tell you I saw a lady enter just now. I swear it. I followed her here. I ought to know."

"There is no lady in this hotel, *cependant*," reiterated the *patron*. "I would not dare to let my rooms to women. You know that M. le docteur Parrkhourst has been in this neighborhood. I assure you that monsieur is mistaken."

"If you will take me up-stairs and permit me to knock at the door of No. 28 you will find that a lady will respond to the knock."

"I refuse," declared the *patron*, but he smiled most incomprehensibly.

"Look here, *mon bon homme*!"—Linlithgow felt quite pleased at his French—"I am very much in earnest. This is a very serious thing to me. I'll give you this fifty-dollar bill," and he crumpled a clean, crisp note before the little, pink-rimmed eyes of the Frenchman, "if you will escort me to that room."

There was a look of avarice in the Frenchman's face. It thickened. Very soon no other expression was visible there. He motioned silently to Linlithgow and preceded him up the staircase to No. 28. A loud knock brought no response. Another met with a similar treatment. Then Linlithgow, thoroughly incensed, took up the battle and rained blows upon the door.

It was softly opened, as though with considerable reluctance. A candle was held in the hand that Linlithgow saw before him. It was raised suddenly and its rays fell with startling certainty upon the face of—Leonard Easilee.

"You here—you!" gasped Harry Linlithgow, almost falling upon the *patron* who stood behind him. "You! And you call yourself my friend! You have deceived me, lied to me, treated me as though I were a cur! I have befriended you. I have tried to help you. I confessed to you my feelings for this woman, and—you—you—"

The blood rushed into his face and temples, and he made a spring at Leon-

and Easilee, who stood there white as alabaster, yet desperately and fearfully calm. He avoided Linlithgow's sudden rush, opened the door wide, and admitted the furious Lothario. The *patron* in the meantime, deeming that he was no longer needed, and with the fifty-dollar bill in his pocket, went below.

"Where is she?" cried Linlithgow, as soon as they were alone. "Where is she? Ah! fool that I was. I might have known from your manner the other night that she was not for me. Where is she? Zuleika, let me look at you once more, and I swear I will leave you."

Leonard Easilee forced the exhausted man into a chair. "I'm sorry for you, poor old chap," he said, "but"—pointing to a long black cloak and a veil—"there is all that remains of the beautiful Zuleika. Her clothes, and her wigs, and her war-paint are all at the Aureola. The contents of those clothes you see before you in the person of your friend, who is grateful for all you have done for him, and who is still your friend Leonard Easilee. Old man, three

weeks ago I was kicked out of my rooms in the Mowbray, on West Fifty-seventh street. I hadn't a penny. The governor in Chicago failed a month ago, and there was no more to be expected from that quarter. I couldn't work; I couldn't write; I couldn't do anything—but dance. So I resolved to make the best of my abilities in that direction—abilities that had always been admired. Do you wonder that I couldn't confess to you? There is something contemptible and shameful, to my mind, in what I am doing. Nothing but dire necessity could have driven me to it. But I've made a hit, and—*j'y suis, j'y reste*. Forgive me, dear old boy. Oust me from your list of friends, if you will, but believe me that I would have cut off my right hand rather than have been guilty of treachery to you."

Ten minutes later Harry Linlithgow was in a Turkish bath, and he promised the attendant a fee of five dollars on the condition that he was punched black and blue.

He was punched black and blue—with some green and red thrown in for good measure.





from Photo. by Hemment.

MISS BEVERIDGE AT REST IN HER STUDIO.

KUEHNE BEVERIDGE IN HER STUDIO.

FOR the past three years the newspapers of New York have found Kuehne Beveridge a fruitful topic for discussion, and all this discussion has not been very pleasant to Miss Beveridge, because of the causes that have led up to it.

During the Presidential campaign of 1892 Miss Beveridge, then an almost unknown young sculptress, made a bust of Grover Cleveland that caused the critics to look wise and predict great things for the young artist. In a few days she found herself one of the famous young women in New York's art circles. She made rapid strides in her profession, and soon found that, although scarcely more than a child, she had in a few months achieved a position that it had taken others many years of labor to attain. Her studio was literally a workshop, for she had all the orders she could conveniently fill, and a particularly bright future seemed open to her.

About this time Charles Coghlan appeared on the scene. Coghlan, who is acknowledged by the majority of critics to be the best leading man on the English-speaking stage, was nearly twice the age of Miss Beveridge, but the impressionable young woman was fascinated by the elegant manners, the studied suavity, the insinuating insouciance of the man. Coghlan was perfectly willing to be thought a little god by this bright young woman and to be loved by her with all the ardent passion of her enthusiastic nature. Of course the mere fact that he had already married a very estimable woman in England and had a daughter quite as old as Miss Beveridge did not trouble him in the least. He married Miss Beveridge, and for weeks the papers were full of stories about Mrs. Coghlan No. 1 and Mrs. Coghlan No. 2.

Mr. Charles Coghlan, actor, gentle.



MISS BEVERIDGE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
TAKEN THREE YEARS AGO.



CHARLES COGHLAN, IN HIS FAVORITE
CHARACTER.

man, and heart-breaker, soon found that public opinion was very much against him. Even his own sister, Miss Rose Coghlan, expressed herself in unmistakable terms regarding her talented brother's latest escapade. In order, therefore, to regain the position he had lost, he nonchalantly and with his usual careless elegance proceeded to rid himself of his new entanglement. This, of course, left Mrs. Coghlan No. 2 in a pitiable plight, but Mr. Charles felt that

he had vindicated the good name of Coghlan, and he was happy.

Miss Beveridge is now devoting herself to her art with her old time assiduity, and bids fair to once again make for herself the place among her brothers and sisters in art that at one time was almost within her grasp. She has forsaken the stage, for which she once had a decided predilection, and wishes to be known only as Kuehne Beveridge, sculptress.



SYBIL SANDERSON, THE YOUNG AMERICAN PRIMA-DONNA, NOW SINGING AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

THE STAGE OF THE MONTH.

It is doubtful if any one event of this year of grace 1895 will fire the imagination of the American young girl more completely and thoroughly than the appearance of Sibyl Sanderson as the prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera House. She is the youngest of all the great prima donnas of the world,

and she has come back to her own country after winning laurels in every great city abroad. The conditions which confronted her entry upon a musical career were similar to those which every young girl of enthusiasm and high art ideals protests against. She was the daughter of a judge of the



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THE INDEFATIGABLE SARAH BERNHARDT.

Supreme Court of California, and has been brought up carefully and strictly. Her voice, which is a light and brilliant soprano, had received some cultivation, but it was not thought that she had the physique, vocal power, or ability as an actress to take up a theatrical career. Her father sternly and persistently opposed it, and even her friends laughed

at her and called her a stage-struck girl. But the young woman knew that she had a divine spark of genius, though she could not convince others. For two years it was the familiar story of an impassioned and earnest girl on the one side and the unrelenting parent on the other. Finally Miss Sanderson broke all her social and domestic bonds and



FOUGERE, THE NAUGHTY FRENCH MUSIC HALL SINGER.

chose an artistic life, parted from her father, and went to Paris. She was not particularly encouraged there the first year, but after that she began to attract the attention of composers and musicians in the French capital, and during the next five years she worked on with indomitable and unswerving perseverance. Finally she secured an appearance at the Grand Opera House in Paris, and subsequently captured St. Petersburg, Belgium, Vienna, and London. It was only after her triumph had been established beyond question that she returned to America to sing with the greatest opera company in the world, triumphant and of an assured position. She has brought to a full realization the dreams of thousands of American girls who have marked out a similar career for themselves, but this is one success among

the thousands of melancholy failures.

Sarah Bernhardt's years are particularly a matter of conjecture. It was known long ago that she was a grandmother, and contemporary historians have been busy with her name for several decades. Yet to-day she is playing in Paris with such marvellous success in "Gismonda" that it is believed she will remain there for at least two years to come. She has not grown any stouter, but her fluctuations in weight have seemed to have no particular effect upon her success. It is a marvellous illustration of the mental tonic supplied by continuous work, for of all the women in the world Sarah Bernhardt is un-



ELEANOR MAYO, THE YOUNGEST AMERICAN COMIC-OPERA STAR.



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DELLA FOX, AS SHE APPEARS TO-DAY.

doubtedly the most indefatigable and industrious.

Another of the great Bernhardt's countrywomen has made up her mind to become an American, though she has not mastered the slight formality of learning English. She has played here for the past three years, and it is likely that Fougère would be described as a distinctly typical French music-hall singer. Probably she is, too. She has very little voice, but a vast amount of vivacity and a degree of veiled wickedness which is not always veiled completely.

Eleanor Mayo sang in New York for three weeks, and the critics said that she was the coming prima-donna of this country. The managers read the criticisms and went on telling one another what enormous receipts they had played to the previous night. But they did not go to see Miss Mayo, simply because she was unknown. After she had waited in vain for an offer from the New York managers, she accepted one from a Philadelphia composer, and built up a reputation in six months that is almost without parallel in comic opera. Now she receives a salary of \$500 a week, is en-



From Photo. by Sarony.

DELLA FOX, AS SHE APPEARED EIGHT YEARS AGO.

gaged to a millionaire, and does not care whether school keeps or not.

Another American girl who has mounted the ladder with remarkable swiftness is pictured in this article as she was eight years ago. It is not likely that the majority of theatre-goers would recognize in the demure and quiet young girl in an old-fashioned gown who appears in one of these pictures the plump and radiant personality of the present Della Fox. She was brought out under the tutelage of De Wolf Hopper, and has at last branched out as a star. This year New Yorkers have idolized her, and she will probably play successfully here for perhaps two years more. Then New York will grow tired of her,



FRANCIS WILSON, IN HIS LATEST COMIC OPERA, "THE DEVIL'S DEPUTY."

as it did of Lotta, Maggie Mitchell, Fanny Rice, and all the other soubrettes of that school. But Miss Fox will probably always make money on the road while her youth and voice last.

Francis Wilson is in some respects the most thoroughly equipped comedian on the comic-opera stage. His methods are polished, he has an exhaustive knowledge of the technique of stage art, and he is an athlete and swordsman, a student of book knowledge, and familiar with every branch of the comic-opera business. He has succeeded in singing successfully in comic opera for five years without a vestige of voice, and for this, if nothing else, he should be placed in the gallery of fame.



THE ALMOST FORGOTTEN MRS. LESLIE CARTER.

Mrs. Leslie Carter was at one time the most widely discussed woman in this country. She is now, curiously enough, out of the public eye and yet in

it at the same time. After her divorce scandal she studied with great assiduity, and, despite the strong feeling of antagonism against her, she eventually won the recognition of the managers. During the past two years she has resolutely kept her name out of the papers where it was possible, but she has by no means retired from the stage, for one of the ablest dramatists of this country, Mr. David Belasco, announced during the holidays that his next play would include a leading rôle for Mrs. Carter, and that, despite all the talk to the contrary, he considered her one of the most brilliant and promising actresses on the American stage. A number of managers are bidding for Mr. Belasco's next play, but



THE CALM AND COLLECTED MR. KENDAL.

whoever produces it will have to give Mrs. Carter the principal rôle.



MME. REJANE, MESSRS. ABBEY, SCHOEFFEL & GRAU'S LATEST IMPORTATION.

Mr. Kendal's position as an actor in the affections of theatre-goers is far more firm and fixed than that of his somewhat talkative and decidedly sharp-tongued wife. For three or four years the Kendals were enormously popular because Mrs. Kendal insisted upon saying nice things about American men and women whenever she got the opportunity. Then she produced a play in New York which caused her to be scored by the critics, and she immediately turned around and sailed into us in a fashion that was certainly ill-advised, ill-bred, and decidedly unpleasant.

Rejane is the latest of the importations into this country of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau. These gentlemen are specialists and dealers in foreign theatrical attractions. Their agents scour Europe and they

have a chain of theatres in this country. Whenever anybody attains eminence in the operatic, theatrical, or musical world of the old countries, Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau get after them, and they are eventually sent around their chain of American theatres for

bring her back again three or four times more.

Odette Tyler's fame does not rest upon the fact that she was engaged and disengaged again to Mr. Howard Gould, for aside from her exploits she is an actress



ODETTE TYLER, WHOM RUMOR HAD MARRIED TO HOWARD GOULD,
MOUNTED ON HER CHARGER IN "SHENANDOAH."

the delectation of the public at three dollars a seat. Rejane is still a question as far as success is concerned, but she is unquestionably an artiste, and if we do not take to her warmly this year Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau propose to

of remarkable ability. She is not always on horseback, but was photographed in this position and on this particular horse so as to give the public an idea of how she gallops across the stage in "Shenandoah."

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TWO OF THE YOUNGER MEMBERS OF THE BALLET.
(See "Sensational Dancers.")

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

A BALLET DANCER,

RESTING AFTER THE PERFORMANCE.

A DANCER IN TIGHTS.

MLLE. JARBEAU,

IN HER COSTUME FOR PAGE DANCE.

MODERN TYPES OF NEW YORK CHORUS-GIRL DANCERS.

CISSY FITZGERALD.

SENSATIONAL DANCERS, BY HENRY BELL, 65

LIVING PICTURES AND THE NUDE IN ART, BY MALCOLM TENNED, 73

SYBIL SANDERSON, 89

TWO FAVORITES OF ROYALTY—

THE CZAR'S FAVORITE, 92

THE SULTAN'S FAVORITE, 93

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE MONTH, BY H. M. GLENN, 94-100

LILLIAN RUSSELL AND HER IMITATORS, 101

THE MASQUERADERS, 102, 103

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, 104

A GENTLEMAN OF MUSCLE, BY EDGAR FAWCETT, 105-107

THE STAGE OF THE MONTH, 108-115

HOW HE WON HER.

STORY OF AN AMERICAN ACTRESS ABROAD, 116-120

DASHES OF FUN, 121-128



A YOUNG BALLET DANCER RESTING AFTER THE PERFORMANCE.



A DANCER IN TIGHTS.



MLLE. JARBEAU IN HER COSTUME FOR PAGE DANCE.





MODERN TYPES OF THE NEW YORK CHORUS-GIRL DANCER.



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CISSY FITZGERALD, THE SUCCESSOR OF LOTTIE COLLINS AS A SENSATIONAL DANCER

Metropolitan Magazine.

VOL. I., No. 2.

MARCH, 1895.

SENSATIONAL DANCERS.

BY HENRY BELL.

DANCING, in the United States, is the visible indication of joy. In the older civilizations of the world they look upon dancing as a means of expressing every

that, no matter what the conditions in the East are, nobody in this country cries over the efforts of the dancers. If the dancer is pretty, graceful, and agile, applause is instantaneous. If she is uninteresting and ungraceful, the people leave the theatre and do not go back again.

Miss Cissy Fitzgerald, who is the most widely discussed dancer at the present time, has a series of extraordinary and distinct smiles, which she turns upon the spectators at various times during her performance. The more Cissy smiles the louder the audience applauds, and it has at last been discovered that



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CISSY FITZGERALD IN REPOSE.

emotion of the human heart. There is no limit to the amount of imagination which the dancers and fomenters of dancing in the East put into their work. Not one of them would hesitate to put a ballet on the stage which would illustrate their own conception of Darwin's theory of evolution.

It is recorded that the dance, in the East, is sometimes of so melancholy and poetic a nature that the spectators burst into tears, and as long as the dance continues the more soul-breaking and melancholy are the sobs of the spectators. We have always looked upon this as being a trifle forced, and it is certain



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CISSY FITZGERALD IN ACTION.

her smiling has as much to do with her success as her heels. There is nothing about her dancing that is wicked, and in this she differs from Mme. Valtî, who



VALTI,

A FOREIGN dancer who has been showing New Yorkers how daintily a French music-hall ditty can be sung.

is a Frenchwoman of protuberant personality, and whose dancing is distinctly sinful, and designed with that end in view. We have not yet got over our fondness in America for skirt-dancing, though women occasionally come out on the stage and dance in tights with more or less success.

The skirt dancer still holds sway, and

holds it without an effort. Occasionally the public reaches a point where it takes dancing so seriously that the minor points of the performance are eagerly and earnestly discussed. Such an instance occurred when Miss Mabel Clark was at the height of her popularity in New York. It was carefully explained to the public that the most diffi-



MARIE STUART,
AN American imitator of the French school.

cult feat a woman could perform in the skirt-dancing line is what is technically known as the "back kick." Kicking straight up in front was as common as anything well could be, but kicking out behind was generally regarded as verging upon the miraculous. Miss Clark was not particularly graceful, but she had lots of agility, and at the end of her dance she would come out on the stage, turn her back to the audience, and kick back in the fashion portrayed in this issue of the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE. It was not a particularly graceful gesture, but the audience understood the difficulty of execution, and the applause was always deafening.

Dancing in pairs is distinctly French. Dufour and Hartley are the only two French people who have succeeded in winning success on the American stage

in this style of dance. Fougère is another French visitor, and she keeps the people talking about her extraordinary antics on the stage. She has returned to us again, after a visit to her dear Paree, and once again we can treat ourselves to the spectacle of a woman who can turn her clothes inside out practically, dress and undress before an audience, and do various other things with a *sang-froid* and a rapidity that take away one's breath and leave the weak-minded in a state of total collapse. There would be a panic should she turn herself loose before an audience in Skowhegan, Maine, but the New York music-hall patron has become accustomed to things that are unconventional, and



MME. D'VEITTE
ONE of the most famous of French ballet dancers.



MME. ETKACZKY, ONE OF THE FEW WELL-KNOWN RUSSIAN DANCERS.

beyond an occasional nervous twitch at one of her suggestive verses, Fougère is accepted in New York as a matter of course—not to say a coarse matter.

Marie Stuart is an American girl. She does not, however, believe that American dancing is sufficiently up-to-date for nineteenth-century audiences, and for that reason she is an imitator of the French school of dancing. Some

people call her the "American Fougère," and nothing pleases her more than this. During the winter season she is a somewhat demure woman who occasionally goes beyond the bounds of conventionality in her performance, but always with a deprecating air, as if she must do it but really doesn't want to. During the summer, however, when she makes a circuit of the roof gardens, she



MABEL CLARK, THE AMERICAN DANCER, DOING HER FAMOUS BACK KICK.



DUFOUR AND HARTLEY,

A duo of French dancers who are familiar to American music-hall patrons.

is as venturesome and giddily fascinating as high kicks, moving winks, and skirt-jugglery can make her.

Mme. Etkaczky is to-day the most famous dancer in all Russia. She is a Polish woman who married a soldier in the Russian army. He deserted her, and she followed him to St. Petersburg in the hope of being able to induce her inconstant spouse to return to her. She found it a difficult matter to find her husband among the thousands of soldiers that are always stationed in the Russian capital. She was penniless and without friends. She bethought herself

of the fact that her neighbors had always said she was a most graceful dancer. Why not go on the stage? She applied for a position, was accepted, and inside of a month was the sensation of St. Petersburg. Her husband was one of the first to see her in her dance, and again fell a victim to her charms. It was her turn this time, however, to do the spurning, and M. Etkaczky had the pleasure of seeing a certain Count Eppaloff, a member of the imperial household, carry off the prize that a few weeks previously might have been his without the asking.



EUGÉNIE FOUGÈRE,
The naughtiest of French dancers.

Elvia Crox has come prominently before the public principally because she married Thomas Q. Seabrooke, a comic-opera comedian of considerable talent. Miss Crox is a tall, not over-graceful woman who can sing well and dance a great deal but very badly. Off the stage Mrs. Seabrooke wears glasses and looks much more like the traditional New England school-marm than a comic-opera soubrette.

Rose Aubert is a French ballet dancer

who eloped from Paris with an Austrian and took up her residence in Vienna. But, her Austrian husband did not have as much money as she had supposed and she found it necessary to go on the stage again. She attracted the attention of Emperor Francis Joseph, and she finally had the honor of being a dancer at the Imperial Court. Her husband, too, was made a Count Something-or-other, and is very glad indeed that he had the good sense to elope with



ELVIA CROX,
(Otherwise *Mrs. Thomas Seabrooke*)
Who dances through a comic opera with her husband.



ROSE AUBERT,
A DANCER of the Imperial Court at Vienna,
whose fame, however, is not confined to one continent.

Rose Aubert. All of which proves that it must be a mighty pleasant thing to have an emperor for a friend.

Constance Melrose and Millie De-

vere are not as well known in the East as they are in the Western States. Miss Melrose danced herself into popularity at a charity ball in Chicago two years ago.



CONSTANCE MELROSE,
A CHICAGO dancer.



MILLIE DEVERE,
A SKIRT dancer from St. Louis.



THE YOUNGEST LIVING-PICTURE MODEL IN NEW YORK.

LIVING PICTURES AND THE NUDE IN ART.

BY MALCOLM TENNEY.

NOBODY thought a year ago that the pioneer education of Americans in the highest type of art would be accomplished by means of the theatre. Painters, art critics, and students of the beautiful in general admit now that the awakening of the public intelligence to the great beauty of the nude figure treated artistically is due wholly to the curious exhibitions which were known as "living pictures." The result is all the more astonishing because it cannot be said that as a rule the living pictures were in every sense artistic. There were a few instances, notably such productions as those of Kilanyi, Kerwin, and Hammerstein, where the background was painted with careful fidelity, and the picture which was produced was so arranged that the perspective did not offend the artistic eye. In a great many other instances, however, the background of the picture was so clumsily painted that the figure was out of all proportion to its surroundings. The sense of proportion was

nearly always lost when three or four figures were introduced into one picture. Despite this, however, there was a gradual awakening to an appreciation of the real beauty of the subject, and it has manifested itself in the increased attendance at the art galleries, an enormous demand at the picture shops for copies of famous figure paintings, and the multiplication of the world's famous pictures of this particular kind in the magazines and periodicals of this country. People who held up their hands in horror at the suggestion of a nude figure a year or two ago, were at last taught that the vulgarity of the matter was all in their own minds and not in the creation of the painter. It has always been held that a true appreciation of the beautiful in art was purely a question of education, and it was pointed out that where exhibitions of the nude were made as a matter of course to the public, as in Germany and France, the children grew up not only to see



ONE OF KILANYI'S LATEST SERIES OF
AMERICAN MODELS.

nothing suggestive or indecent in them, but they learned to appreciate the finer points of the creation, and what to the vulgar mind was suggestive and indecent was to them a source of delight, education, refinement, and an acute and polished intelligence. A handful of men who were interested in the advance of art in America have contributed fortunes from time to time to endow national picture galleries and museums, and have established prizes for art workers, and to encourage in every way an appreciation of art among the people. They have most of them received the credit which goes in the abstract to the philanthropists, and their continual agitation of the cause of art has been received with polite indifference. It is generally understood that these men meant well, but that their ideas were distorted by an overwhelming appreciation of their subject. But what all the creators of art museums and the founders of picture galleries throughout the country failed to do by the aid of lectures, articles, agitation, and the expenditure of millions of dol-

lars, has been accomplished in the course of a year through the vulgar medium of the showman's device to attract dollars to his pocket. The living pictures were not put forward by theatrical managers with any idea of teaching the public the respect due to one of the noblest of living arts. It was a catch-penny device with them, and they were fully aware that their efforts would appeal in some instances to the more vulgar instincts of the multitude. They expected men to come to their show in shoals, and were surprised when women and young girls became the most enthusiastic admirers of their pictures. The taste of the public is more exact than that of individuals in such matters. The instinct of woman for the beautiful is inherent. She saw none of the indecency which loud-mouthed reformers saw, or pretended to see, in the living pictures, but admired the beauty and grace of the tableaux and evinced an appreciation of the artistic side of the exhibition. Everybody was going to reform the living pictures,



FROM DAUBIGNY'S CELEBRATED PAINTING,
"AN EVENING SONG."



"LOVE'S FIRST DREAM,"
As produced by Kilanyi in New York.



"AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS."

ONE of the most artistic of non-classic living pictures.

from Lady Henry Somerset to the chiefs of police in the different cities in which they were exhibited. Indeed, it is on record that many towns barred out the living-picture exhibitions as pestilential and as an evil which could not under the circumstances be tolerated. They might as well nail up the shutters of their art schools and forbid all art publications from being sold in their territory. Any movement which begins at the bottom is sure of a substantial establishment, and the admiration of the public at large of the living pictures is the most encouraging sign of art appreciation. The living pictures have struck a responsive chord.

It is well known that one of the most difficult problems with which the promoters of living pictures had to deal in this country was the question of models. A prejudice existed against women who exhibited their figures in artists' studios for pay. They were nearly always regarded as persons of loose character, and young girls whose figures were really beautiful and admirable in every way for artistic purposes were deterred from earning a living in this way by the common prejudice which existed against models. It was in vain that painters and art students who had lived in Europe explained that no disrespect resulted from the girls



BETWEEN PICTURES.
ARRANGING a living picture at a New York theatre.



A LIVING-PICTURE MISHAP.

THE model has been mounting to the frame, has become dizzy, and is falling back into the arms of a stage hand.

posing in any way, and called attention to the very large class of people who posed regularly for artists in Europe and whose characters were above reproach. Only women of mature years, and occasionally foreigners, could be induced to pose for the sculptors and painters in America. Hence the great preference which artists show for doing their work in Europe, where models could be had in great variety and at

reasonable prices. The first women who posed in living pictures in this country were imported from Europe because of the difficulty of getting sufficiently attractive models in this country who would make the necessary exhibition of their figures. But after the living-picture excitement had got fully under way another change came about. The managers, instead of experiencing a dearth of models, were be-



"TANNHAEUSER AND VENUS."
As produced by Oscar Hammerstein in New York.



BEFORE AND BEHIND THE SCENES WITH A LIVING PICTURE—REAR VIEW.

(See also opposite page.)

sieged by applicants, and women attracted by the high pay, which was of unusual importance in these hard times, were eager to earn their living by posing. Posing in living pictures on the stage to posing for artists was only a step, and on the books of the Art Association in New York may now be found the names of literally hundreds of attractive and successful models where formerly only dozens could be found.

The models have learned that posing is a business, and the prejudice against the work has been entirely broken down. Much has been done, as the living-picture exhibitions increased in number, toward improving the quality of the representations. The stages have been set with great attention to detail, important improvements have been made in the method of lighting, and many mechanical devices have been in-



BEFORE AND BEHIND THE SCENES WITH A LIVING PICTURE—FRONT VIEW.
(See also opposite page.)

troduced to add to the realism of the pictures. Thus in the celebrated painting of the Aphrodite the model stands erect, as though just rising from the waves, and the stage scene itself is so constructed that actual water washes about her feet; the spray falls over her shoulders and trickles downward, giving an extraordinary and realistic appearance to the picture. Curiously enough, it does not take away the idea

of a painting at all. Water has been painted in many instances with such accuracy that it looked real to the observer, and in this case similar conditions prevail. The realism is apparently due to the painter's art rather than to mechanical effects, although a good deal of ridicule has been cast by certain critics on the apparent incongruity of mixing movement and a still representation on canvas.



"THE ARCTIC SPRITE."

A NEW Boston living picture, in which electric lights are introduced.

From what I have said, then, it is easy to understand that there is no little competition to pose in certain pictures at the music halls. The rush, for instance, to secure prominent places in the large picture showing Diana and her maidens, although not considered a fact proper to retail to the dramatic reporters, was nevertheless a very frenzied rush, and no less than seven severe quarrels among the ambitious maidens

resulted from disappointments. The picture in question, as is well known, is one that shows to peculiar advantage the shapeliness of the figures in the foreground, spread out at full and three-quarter length in easy attitudes of repose. It was for such positions that the maidens clamored. Also, still fresh in the public mind are the amusing incidents connected with the applications of women of all ages who wanted to



AT THE BATH.
From the famous painting by F. M. Bredt.



AN AMERICAN MODEL WHO HAS POSED IN SOME OF THE
MOST FAMOUS NEW YORK PICTURES.

pose as "Trilby." It will be remembered that an advertisement was placed in the morning papers by a New York manager who wished to choose, from as large a number as possible, some girl suitable as a model for Du Maurier's heroine. The response was instantaneous and hearty, not to say overwhelming. Before the manager finally made his selection he had to interview a throng of women, some of whom, he stated, would most certainly have been successful in asking for engagements as freaks in a dime museum.

It has been already shown that, thanks to the impetus given to posing as a profession by the introduction of living pictures, it is now possible to choose models from young and graceful girls

instead of being confined to the ranks of matured and indifferent dames. But that youth is not an absolute essential will be admitted by all artists; but, as it often stands for enthusiasm, it is a good thing to have in a model, and young girls—as young as is compatible with the necessary amount of development—are eagerly sought for both by painters and managers giving living-picture shows. For this very reason the young girl whose picture heads this article carries with her a certain amount of fame—not a deathless fame, but a not undignified kind of notoriety. In the subject of youth as an acquisition for models, it may be said that American girls are far and away ahead of their British "cousins." The usual London



TWO MODELS CHATTING IN THE FRAME BEFORE
THE CURTAIN GOES UP.

AN actual study from life.

model, when young, is too frivolously self-conscious to inject any personal feeling into the part she represents, and it is only when she has posed for a number of years that she realizes that her safest method is to cultivate stolidity; the result is that only the older women make much money, and the younger ones eke out a very scanty livelihood indeed. At home, however, the case is quite different, for girls of all ages find it possible to pose for the most difficult parts, owing to the greater dramatic instinct of the American girl.

Reverting once more to the "Trilby" episode—meaning the horde of young

women who answered the call for a model to pose as "Trilby"—it was reported that a good many of them, after being refused an opportunity to disclose the beauties of their feet, earnestly requested permission to show their knees, or their necks, or their profiles. One maiden volunteered the information, Katisha-like, that she was noted for the superexcellence of the back of her head, and was forcibly withheld from expatiating indefinitely thereon. But some beautiful arms were exhibited, and this is not extraordinary, as the American girl is celebrated for her arm. It is for such a picture as "Love's First



"CUPID."

Dream" that a model with a fine arm is required, and, of course, an equally beautiful neck and bosom.

In staging such pictures as "Tannhäuser and Venus" and "At the Bath," which require nude subjects, great care has necessarily to be taken in the selection of models. They are, of course, not nude, as their bodies are covered, from their shoulders clear down to the soles of their feet, with flesh-colored tights, made into one garment and termed stockinettes, but the effect is one that conveys the appearance of nudity on account of the closeness with which the garment fits the body and the way the flesh color catches lights and shades in the same way as does the human skin. The material of the stockinette may be either cotton or silk, but the manufacturing thereof must be careful, as such a thing as a rent or a "gaping wound" would be fatal to the seriousness of the picture. In case it be supposed that no manager would permit an

exhibition in which one of the models appeared with a torn stockinette, it may be mentioned here that the crime has been committed more than once, or twice, or thrice. Living-picture models have various devices for hiding accidental tears in their wardrobes, and an exhibition of a hole of not minute proportions was recently made by a daring girl on a wager. In all probability the discussion on the morality of presenting "nude" living pictures, or, indeed, the nude in art generally, will continue as long as the English language is spoken. This fastidiousness is essentially Anglo-Saxon. We have no record of any contemporaries of Tubal Cain (who most undoubtedly wrought nude human pictures in brass), Phidias, Zeuxis, and so on up to Gérôme, indulging in pharisaical "Oh mys" and deprecatory outstretching of the palms when their eyes fell on the masterpieces of these masters; but with the progress of civilization—an art-



MODELS BEHIND THE SCENES WAITING FOR THEIR TURN TO APPEAR IN THE PICTURES.



"IVERNA."

FROM L'Estrange's well-known statue of the same name.

ist will tell you, by the way, that civilization is only another word for getting out patents—a new sense has sprung up, a false modesty, which is as different from the real as a china egg is from a hen's, and Bouguereau and Jan Van Beers must be rendered unpronounceable names to the "maiden of bashful fifteen." It is not the purpose of this article to inveigh against the good people who think that a pictorial representation of the naked human body, living or on canvas, is immoral and debasing, but rather to show a *raison d'être* in behalf of the nude in living art, and this, I think, has been accomplished.

Occasionally an accident happens behind the scenes, but not often. The real motive power of the machine is, of course, altogether away from the machine itself, or some of the girls who flock thereabouts would probably come to an untimely end, though sometimes the accident is the fault of bad management.

The theatre-going public is now pretty well acquainted with the mechanical details in moving the living pictures, and a glimpse at the illustration "Between Pictures" will but serve to remind them of the huge cylindrical apparatus, with separate enclosures, in each of which a pictorial effect is staged.



SYBIL SANDERSON,

THE young American prima donna at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, who created so much discussion during the opera season.

SYBIL SANDERSON, THE YOUNG AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.

MISS SYBIL SANDERSON, of California, enjoys the distinction of being one of the most widely photographed women in America. She is fond of having her photograph taken, poses admirably, and her figure and features are particularly well designed for photographic reproduction. Six months ago she was known only to the few people who have followed the triumphs of American women abroad in the operatic world, but now her features are familiar in every city and town in this country. It goes to show how quickly fame can be attained by means of the photographic art, and, incidentally, it brings attention to the

much-discussed question of the value of good looks to the public artist. It is commonly said that Bernhardt is a homely woman, but that her genius and fame have forced the public to believe that she is beautiful, the argument being that a homely woman, if she has genius, will be quite as successful as a beautiful one. There are very few people who will accept this theory, and it certainly appears that Miss Sybil Sanderson's case is not one that enters into this discussion. She is an admirable artist, thoroughly trained, with exquisite taste, and has a voice of great purity and sweetness, though of rather limited strength. It would not be



SYBIL SANDERSON AS A GRECIAN MAIDEN.

difficult for anybody conversant with operatic matters to pick out at least a dozen women who have these attributes on the public stage, but the public does not know them. That is because the photographers do not take kindly to them. They have raved over Sybil Sanderson, photographed her in almost every conceivable pose, and America has been flooded with her portraits taken in Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, London, and New York. It is a question now whether the greater part of her fame is not due to her good looks rather than to her abilities as a singer. Miss Sanderson's gowns have been the

subject of much discussion during the operatic season, and among the women her sartorial achievements seemed to have been of fully as much importance as her singing. Her gowns in "Manon" were widely heralded, before the opening performance, as marvels in the dressmaking line. The opinions of the audience and critics were so divided that Miss Sanderson received much free advertising. Some people contended that her dresses were poems in laces and silks; others called them frights. They, probably were neither the one nor the other, but they certainly were better press agents than a whole staff of puff writers.





SYBIL SANDERSON IN ONE OF HER FAVORITE CHARACTERS.
The satin band around her waist is inlaid with precious stones.



MADAME PUGY,

Who has captivated the heart of the Emperor of Russia, and who is coming to this country to appear on the stage.

TWO FAVORITES OF ROYALTY.

ONCE in a great while the western world is interested in the personality of some woman who suddenly shoots out of the ranks of the millions of her sex in Europe and becomes a figure of international consequence. Such women come up, perhaps, at the rate of one or two a year, and the whole of Europe discusses them with interest and earnestness. Novels and stories without end have been written upon this curious phase of European life. The woman may be a dressmaker, a public dancer, a circus rider, or a barmaid. Indeed, in recent instances the favorites of royalty have been drawn from exactly these callings. A month before she catches

the eye of some weakling of the royal house she might find it difficult to attract the attention of a postman or a fireman to her beauty. An hour after a man of royal blood has compromised himself with her the whole machinery of the state is in motion, and ambassadors, ministers, and diplomatic agents are in a flurry, family counsels are held, and the wires between various countries are kept hot with correspondence. Sometimes the woman is shrewd enough to secure a high-sounding title, a magnificent estate, and a fortune before agreeing to the wishes of the royal heir. Sometimes she is merely a careless, indifferent, or flippant woman who is clay in the



THE YOUNG FRENCHWOMAN WHO REIGNS OVER THE HAREM OF THE
SULTAN OF TURKEY.

hands of shrewd outsiders. Such seems to have been the character of Mme. Pougy, who was a favorite of the present czar. It was said that he married her, and that the czar who recently died annulled the marriage a few days before his death. She was a light, flip-pant, indifferent woman, and her facial beauty may be judged from her portrait in the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE. The czar's advisers gave

her \$100,000 to leave Russia. She took the money with a grin, went to Monte Carlo, where she lost it in gambling in three nights, and is now posing as a living picture in a Parisian theatre. The other portrait is that of a Frenchwoman who was formerly a modiste and who has risen from that modest position to be the favorite of the sultan. She wields a power second to that of no other woman in the East.



LILLIAN THURGATE,

Who took Cissie Fitzgerald's place in "The Twentieth Century Girl" at the Bijou Theatre, New York.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE MONTH.

It is a curious thing that what the people talk about during the month in New York is nearly always women, and in nine cases out of ten these women are concerned with the stage. The papers insist that the public is interested in such mouldy, cumbersome, and uninteresting personages as Richard Croker, Thomas C. Platt, Senator Pepper, and Jerry Simpson, but public attention is far more apt to drift to the lighter side of life than to bother with these alleged heavy-weight statesmen. Statesmen and politicians come and go, but the Langtrys, Potters, and Lillian Russells remain with us forever. There is a fearful apprehension that some of them will remain with us a little too long, by the way, and it cannot be denied that Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Potter, and Lillian Russell are no longer in the first dewy flush of girlish innocence. They are, in fact, a trifle shopworn, and there is not much about them that

we have not been told over and over again a thousand times. Yet we discuss them, nevertheless, more frequently and with greater interest than we discuss any trio of women who could be named offhand. All of these famous women were treated exhaustively in last month's issue of the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE, and this month we turn to some of the younger people of contemporary life. Everybody, by this time, has heard of Cissie Fitzgerald, who is the legitimate successor of Lottie Collins as a dancer. Miss Fitzgerald has to her credit an entirely novel performance. She expected to dance in a new play produced at the Bijou Theatre, but she had a row with the management, exchanged bitter and sarcastic remarks, and was



LITTLE EGYPT,

The exponent of the Midway dances, who has been creating a sensation in the Southern States.



NINA FARRINGTON.

Who has given up her unsuccessful imitations of *Fougère* to lead the *Anacrons* at a New York theatre.

promptly dismissed. A young woman named Thurgate was engaged in Miss Fitzgerald's stead, and everybody looked for a bitter outbreak of animosity and hatred on the part of the discarded dancer. But when the first night's performance came Miss Fitzgerald sat in the most conspicuous box in the theatre and applauded her rival with overwhelming earnestness. The more Miss Thurgate danced the

harder Miss Fitzgerald applauded her, and she finally ended up by throwing bouquets and kisses at her successor. She almost tore the flowers from her hat in order to show her homage to the woman who had supplanted her in the cast. Nobody knows why she did this, but it was so extraordinary that it made Miss Thurgate famous over-night, and started the whole town talking about Miss Thurgate and Miss Fitzgerald, the



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HELENE HELMICK.

A SOUTHERN society girl, who recently made her début in "Oliver Twist."

latter of whom, by the way, seems to be as shrewd as they make them. Little Egypt is a dancer exactly the reverse, in every detail of costume and action, of Miss Thurgate. The latter wears skirts and dances by kicking above her head continually. Little Egypt keeps her heels together on the floor, and dances after the Midway fashion by twisting her body into all sorts of curious attitudes. A statuesque and impressive figure in the company in which Miss Thurgate appeared in a recent New York production is that of Miss Nina Farrington. She cannot act and cannot sing, and yet her fame has spread throughout the land. That is the reason she appears here. Neither the critics nor the public take her seriously,

but for some reason or other she is put forward at the end row of the chorus in every prominent spectacular play, and she continually figures in the papers in some episode or other with which a scandal is involved. It is a notable but not an isolated instance of a woman obtaining fame upon the stage without possessing any dramatic or vocal gifts.

Much of the interest of the younger generation is centred in the recruits of the stage. It must be said that of recent years there has been a woful falling-off in the quality of genius and good looks brought to public notice through the medium of the theatre. The favorites of to-day are the women who were talked about ten years ago,

and only at rare intervals is public interest aroused by a fresh and pretty face accompanied by a unique personality and decided dramatic gifts. Boston and New York have both been talking in a desultory way during the month about two débutantes whose portraits are shown here. One is Miss Helen Helmick, of New York, and the other is Miss Ashley, of Boston. Neither has thus far displayed extraordinary dramatic gifts, but their faces hold forth promise, and that is about all that even experienced students of the drama look for nowadays.

Of the men of the month probably Messrs. Woodruff and Lackaye will demand the lion's share of the talk. Mr. Woodruff has made his reputation without the aid of dramatic art, while Mr. Lackaye has won his



HARRY WOODRUFF,

The blonde young actor who was jilted by Miss Anna Gould for the Count Castellane.



WILTON LACKAYE,

Who has been playing the snake-like *Svengali* in "*Trilby*."

way to the top by thoroughly legitimate and brainy methods. The one is an actor who is talked about outside the stage, and the other is an actor whose admirable intelligence, invention, and ability have given life to innumerable rôles, and who is at present creating the part of Du Maurier's *Svengali* in the forthcoming production of "*Trilby*." Mr. Woodruff did not attract any particular attention outside of the matinée girls until a wealthy young woman named Miss Anna Gould fell in love with him. Mr. Woodruff is fair to look upon, and of rather dainty exterior. He is a manly chap, and when he found that Miss Gould was in love with him, and that she had without doubt about \$20,000,000 of her own, he gave up the stage and went to Yale to study law. Miss Gould thought she would prefer to marry a lawyer rather than an actor. Everybody bade Mr. Woodruff an affectionate good-by, and he was congratulated upon his good luck in securing for a wife



WHY JEAN DE RESZKE, THE FAMOUS TENOR, WEARS A HAT.

one of the richest heiresses in the world. Then Miss Gould changed her mind, and threw young Woodruff over to engage herself to Mr. Harriman,



LUCILE HILL,
THE prima donna who has had a little fuss with Signor Ancona and Mariani.



MRS. LESLIE CARTER,

Who has been the subject of theatrical litigation, and who is soon to appear in "Heart of Maryland."



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MINNIE ASHLEY,

THE new Boston débutante about whom the papers have been talking.

who was subsequently discarded for a Prince of Battenberg, and then the Prince was thrown over for Count Castellane, who at the present hour is supposed to be engaged to the youngest of the daughters of the late Jay Gould. Meanwhile Mr. Woodruff has given up the study of law and is going back on the stage. Among the other men of the month are Jean de Reszke, who has added to his great fame by two original

creations in opera. A portrait is also given in connection with this article of Miss Lucille Hill, who comes from Trenton, N. J., and who divides with Miss Sybil Sanderson, Miss Emma Eames, and Mme. Nordica the honor of representing the women on the American stage. We may not produce great actresses, but American girls lead the entire world as prima donnas of grand opera.





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THE REAL SARAH BERNHARDT.



THE IMITATION SARAH BERNHARDT.



THE REAL LILLIAN RUSSELL.



THE IMITATION LILLIAN RUSSELL.

TWO FAMOUS ACTRESSES AND THEIR IMITATORS.



ACT I.—DAVID REMON (HENRY MILLER) DIRECTS COPELAND'S ATTENTION TO SIR BRICE SKENE (WM. FAVERSHAM) AND DULCIE LARONDIE (VIOLA ALLEN).

"THE MASQUERADERS."

THE play which has been most generally talked about this season in New

York City is "The Masqueraders." It is a drama by Henry Arthur Jones, and one of the most extraordinary productions of recent times. There is nothing about it that seems at all real or natural, and it is full of the most extraordinary situations and incidents. It starts off in the first act with an auction scene. A barmaid agrees to auction off one of her kisses to the highest bidder, for charity. An astronomer and a young peer bid against each other. The astronomer bids \$2,000, which is quickly raised to \$15,000 by the peer. This strikes most hard-working and industrious Americans as a trifle above the American price of a barmaid's kisses, but it is only a detail of the performance, for after the peer has paid his \$15,000 he marries the girl, and in another act the astronomer and the peer begin to gamble about the woman. In this scene the astronomer puts \$1,000,000 on one side, and the peer puts up his wife, the ex-barmaid, and her child on the other. Then they cut cards for the stakes. The astronomer wins the wife and child, and the peer does not win the \$1,000,000. The



ALICE FISCHER AND THE UNKNOWN IN THE THIRD ACT.

ridiculousness of the situation is that of the best work in the whole course of it is acted with such consummate their careers.



ACT III.—DAVID REMON WINS SIR BRICE'S WIFE AND CHILD IN A BET AND NEARLY THROTTLES THE BARONET IN THE BARGAIN.

force, and snappiness that the audience is absolutely carried away by the scene, and six or eight recalls are frequent. In fact, the spectacle of a man staking a million dollars against a wife and child whom he already practically owns, and who are his for the asking, seems to be quite in the natural course of events. Henry Arthur Jones has produced some remarkable plays. He is the best and most original of English playwrights, but it is doubtful if he will ever again produce such a purely artificial drama as is represented in "The Masqueraders."

This play of Jones has had the advantage of having been produced by as competent a company of players as Charles Frohman could gather together. Mr. Frohman does not believe in paying a big price for a play and then putting it in the hands of an incompetent lot of players. Henry Miller and Viola Allen, who played the hero and heroine respectively, have long been favorably known to New Yorkers, and in "The Masqueraders" they did some



HENRY MILLER AND VIOLA ALLEN IN THE THIRD ACT.

DAVID REMON, who is about to leave for Africa, drinks to his return and future happiness.



JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

From his latest photograph, taken in Paris.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

MR. BENNETT has as much modesty as most of the editors of a great newspaper. Anybody who starts out to compare the photographs of Charles A. Dana, Joseph Pulitzer, Whitelaw Reid, and James Gordon Bennett—who, by the way, are the only four great editors hailing from New York—will experience considerable difficulty in getting modern, up-to-date portraits. The fact cannot be concealed that though the editors of New York City may be open to charges of every conceivable kind and quality, and of all the crimes in the calendar, they are not vain. Not one of them is a fop; they never pose in public, and they move about their various ways in the most retiring fashion.

If you see Mr. Dana, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, or Mr. James Gordon Bennett at the theatre, they are not sitting in a box, surrounded by flags and posing for the benefit of the multitude, but in an inconspicuous seat in the rear of the house, enjoying themselves in a thoroughly democratic and unpretentious fashion. Mr. Bennett is particularly shy where the public is concerned, and this portrait of him was taken only at the request of an old attaché of the *Herald* office, to whom Mr. Bennett knew it would be a most appreciated present. It subsequently found its way into circulation, and it is to-day the best portrait extant of the editor of one of the most remarkable journals in the world.

A GENTLEMAN OF MUSCLE.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

HE was born with a handsome face and a body of splendid vigor. His father, when he was a boy of ten, looked at him with pride, and said, "I am glad he is so manly. I wanted him, above all things, to be manly. They say at school that he can thrash any boy in his class. I like that. I was plucky and muscular myself when I was his age, though not, I confess, half so superb a little Hercules."

"But are you not afraid," some one ventured, "that he may become a bully?"

"Not he! Why, he's far too generous and brave for that. Only cowards are bullies."

"Not always, I think. However, does not this extreme 'manliness' hurt him as a student?"

"Oh, I dare say. But still he's no fool at his books, by any means. Besides, when it's time for him to enter college he'll have cooled down, of course."

When it was time for him to enter college he had barely acquired learning enough to slip beyond its portals. But this university, like so many others of the present day, owed its renown chiefly to the athletic exploits of its disciples. Envy whispered that the professors dealt lightly with him at examination; they had heard of his fine physical capacity for baseball and football and his wonderful stroke as an oarsman. Then he had such a frank, noble bearing. Beyond doubt he would prove a credit to the establishment.

In a certain way he did. It was openly declared, during his Sophomore year, that a certain boat race with a rival university would never have been won but for his extraordinary prowess and nerve at the finish. In other sports, games, contests, he was always easily victor. Men twice his age treated him with deference. Lovely girls and exclusive young matrons petted and

flattered him. His popularity was a kind of kingship. The faculty of the college were so proud of his brawn that they forced themselves to forget the unscholarly dulness of his brain. He breathed for many months the atmosphere of an incessant adulation.

Toward the end of his Junior year new men had appeared in college whose bodily strength and endurance began to divert the tide of admiring tribute which he alone had received. This nettled him, and he bore the change with a bad grace. Moreover, he had dipped, of late, into dissipation. Drink brought out in his nature a certain brutishness that no one had ever before observed. Moods of sullen and imperious kind had come upon him in his cups. Tales were circulated concerning him that soiled with dark blots his former chivalrous name. It was roundly affirmed of him that more than once he had played the swaggering despot. Not a few stanch friends began to fall away from him. He was finally graduated from college almost at the foot of his class, and, though still popular, he no longer held the shining place which had once been granted him with such glad acclaim.

Just at this time his father suddenly died, leaving a fortune sadly thinned by recent financial reverses. Our young athlete found himself forced to face the world with an income far more meagre than he had dreamed of inheriting, and with tastes and habits expensive and luxurious.

What should he do? His collegiate career had fitted him for no occupation requiring the slightest serious mental effort. It bored and distressed him beyond measure to apply his mind to any conceivable pursuit. Indeed, his mind was almost a nullity. He represented merely a conglomerate of passions and emotions and whims and caprices, added to a noteworthy muscular develop-

ment. There was nothing about him trained or disciplined except his thighs and sinews.

He thought himself a gentleman, and he wanted to increase his slender store of money by some gentlemanlike means. But gentlemen, as he now clearly saw, do not fill their purses by boxing, or wrestling, or throwing a small India-rubber ball or kicking a much larger one, or "pulling" in a wherry. It occurred to him, however, that they very often gamble in Wall Street. He went into Wall Street and gambled there.

At first the life pleased him. Not that he proved a successful gamester. For several years his gains were slight and his debts abundant. Meanwhile he had been elected to an exclusive club and had secured in society a somewhat prominent place. But high-bred women began to gaze at him askance. His face and figure still attracted them, but his manners had acquired a flavor of free-and-easy rowdiness. Tales floated about concerning him that he had associated on terms of equality, and also during the very small hours, with reveling prize-fighters and besmirched turfmen. It became known that he had two distinct sets of companions and friends. The more select set grew rather contemptuous of his company on this account. Now and then he would stroll into his club near midnight very plainly intoxicated. At such times his behavior was often surly and aggressive. Next evening, perhaps, he would be seen there dining with three or four men of the best position, clad with perfect correctness and altogether looking a picture of decorum.

One day, through an unforeseen rise in stocks, he made about fifteen thousand dollars. Few people knew how large or how small the sum really was. He went abroad and remained there five or six months. A little of his time was passed in London, a very great deal of it in Paris. Just before his return a shabby story was wafted over the Atlantic concerning him. He had got

into a brawl one night at some café with a fiery little Frenchman, whom he had unmercifully beaten. The Frenchman had challenged him to a duel, but he had refused to fight, saying that he was an American and disapproved of duelling. But too evidently he had not disapproved of using his fists—and with very little provocation—in the style of a professional "slugger."

The bad odor of this scandal naturally clung to him. No doubt his consciousness that it so clung made him testy and peevish. One evening, at his fashionable New York club, a certain gentleman referred banteringly to this Parisian episode. He replied by flinging a glass of whiskey-and-water into the gentleman's face and then daring him to "come outside and fight it out." The other went, and was pommelled with great science and savage cruelty. His assailant returned to the club and drank more whiskey there. But this was the last visit he ever paid within its walls. The authorities, with angry promptitude, expelled him from their association.

He suffered terribly from the blow. Like most men who have once been pampered and petted because of their muscular superiority, he was morbidly and childishly sensitive. Very little of his money now remained, for he had spent it with reckless and idiotic speed, after the manner of all who make it without a shadow of trouble or toil.

Certain ladies whom he had respected and admired openly cut him. A good many men, though they did not cut him, deported themselves as if they could have done so without a qualm of remorse.

His next two years in Wall Street were dismally unprofitable. He sank once more into debt. A few friends (most of them persons either justly unpopular or by force of ill luck made so) adhered to him with open amity. He haunted o' nights the modish restaurants. Occasionally he quitted these

for resorts of a grosser kind. His old suavity now flickered where it once had shone with steadfast ray. At times he bore himself with a metallic hardness, an arrogance overweening and grim. This would rouse spleen in others, and quarrels not seldom ensued. He was nearly always an easy conqueror in such affairs, but each one (happening as it did in some barroom after midnight) helped to make dingier his already tarnished name.

All the folly and absurdity which had gone to form the travesty and burlesque of his education told fatally with him now. He had no real pride left except pride of muscle. In sober moments this was too often a smouldering sort of self-contempt. In bacchanal moments it became a hectic and hysterical insolence. One winter dawn, on his homeward route from a Cerele de l'Harmonie ball, he was rebuked by a policeman for singing a noisy and ribald song. He answered the remonstrance with a blow, and would have done still direr damage if two fellow-officers had not chanced to see the peril of their mate. Dragged to prison with his head horribly bruised by clubs, he appeared, that same morning, before a judge, who was merciful enough to fine him heavily and spare him the shame of imprisonment.

Mortified beyond words, confined to his room for weeks, assailed by all sorts of newspaper ridicule and odium, he passed through an interval of severest depression and pain.

Afterward he made a resolve to abstain from all intoxicants for a year. This resolve he broke in about thirty days. How could it now have been expected of him that he would do otherwise?

Still a small clique of friends did not desert him, and even gave him their sympathy besides their pecuniary aid. There are some men in this queer world whom scarcely any crime would alienate from a fellow-man whose biceps and thorax they have once grown to revere as phenomenally fine.

He tried Wall Street again, and with fair success. He had now lost caste irredeemably, but it got to be said of him that he was really turning over a new leaf, trying again, and all that. The judge in the police court had warned him that if he committed another assault his case would be hopeless. "And he *will* commit another," a few worldly-wise observers had said, "unless he throws drink to the dogs now and for evermore." He stands to-day a living proof of the vicious mode in which mere muscle is adored and coddled and overestimated among the youths of our country. He had fine stuff in him—the makings of a true, brave, honorable citizen. But the very society which now ostracizes and sneers at him is responsible for his present imminent ruin."

Their prophecies were right. After two more years he was arrested for a brutal assault upon a man of wealth and influence, who had chosen to speak candidly to his face of the rich and bright chances he had flung away.

There was no hope of pardon now. He languished miserably in the Tombs till his time of trial came. The plaintiff had nearly died from his blackguardly fisticuffs. This was his second offence. Conviction soon followed arraignment. He left the court condemned to seven years in Sing Sing. On the morning of the day that he was to be taken there they found him dead in his cell at the Tombs. Just how he obtained the toxic little vial that saved him from a cropped head and a striped suit, no one really knows. But some people claim that a veiled lady had stood before the bars of his cell and talked with him on the day preceding his trial, and that this veiled lady (now married and a social leader in another city) would once gladly have given him her hand and the big fortune that went with it, back in those earlier times when he was worshipped as the peerless young athlete by many a maiden as fair and foud as she !



MR. AND MRS. BEERBOHM TREE.

Who have been appearing during the past month at Abbey's Theatre, New York, and whom some critics have loudly praised and others roundly abused.

THE STAGE OF THE MONTH.

THE condition of the American stage is not particularly encouraging at the present time. There is a steady decadence in the quality of the acting, the enterprise of the managers, and particularly in the genius of American playwrights.

It is the custom of essayists and writers on this side of the water to rail against the English and French actors who come over here and who achieve great pecuniary and artistic successes, but as a matter of fact the abuse of the people does not fully cover the case. Nor does it do any good to steadily cavil at the taste of the American people because they prefer Henry Irving, the Kendals, Beerbohm Tree, Coquelin, and Réjane to Thomas Keene, Richard Mansfield, Nat Goodwin, John Drew, and E. H. Sothern. The public is in no way to blame in the matter, for it

acts on the principle that it is entitled to get the best that the market affords for its money.

Mr. John Drew, for instance, appears in only one play during the season. He stretches out a long run in New York, extending over two or three months, with a light and flippant comedy, and then he takes this comedy on the road and plays in it an entire year throughout the country. His company consists of eight or ten people. All New Yorkers now know that Mr. Drew or Mr. Sothern, or whoever the actor may be, can be depended upon to put on only one play, and whether successful or not he will bang away with it through a long season in New York simply for the purpose of having a New York run to assist him in his tour in the country, where American actors make their greatest gains.



ANNIE LEWIS, THE REAL STAR OF "WESTWARD HO!"

THE comic opera the managers of which were afraid to present their piece to New Yorkers.

The American theatre-goer balances his \$1.50, or whatever he may choose to pay for his seat, in his hand and considers.

On the one hand is the American actor with his single play, which may or may not be a success. It may be a flippant comedy, and the theatre-goer may not care for comedy. On the other hand it may be a sentimental drama which does not appeal to the theatre-goer, who per-

haps wants something melodramatic or powerful. Then he turns to English actors like Beerbohm Tree or Henry Irving. He finds that in the course of six or eight weeks they will present a dozen or more plays, and often change the bill two or three times a week. Every play is put on with extraordinary care, the company numbers sixty or seventy people, the minor roles are carefully and intelligently wrought out,



DELLA FOX IN ONE OF HER LATEST POSES.

and the range of plays runs from light comedy or one-act sketches to the heaviest melodramas and the gloomiest of Shakespearean tragedies. It offers a large field for the theatre-goer to select from, and as a matter of course he goes where his money commands the best performances. It is simply a question of trade, and all of the bitterness and

hostility that the American actors show are thrown away in view of this.

Let Mr. Goodwin, who is unquestionably one of the most gifted and brilliant actors in the English-speaking world, emulate the tremendous energy of Wyndham, Coquelin, Tree, or Irving, and he will find that the public will crowd his theatre just as it does the



LILLIAN RUSSELL AND HER FIRST HUSBAND, EDWARD SOLOMON, WHO HAS JUST DIED IN LONDON.

theatres in which these foreigners play. Like everything else in this world, it is in a very great measure a question of work.

By way of variety we have this month presented a series of portraits of people of the stage who have been talked about and are not particularly eminent. The picture of Miss Annie Lewis in "Westward Ho!" indicates what we may expect in the future if the New Woman has her way and the revision of woman's costume goes on much further. Miss Lewis is better known on the road, where she has been starring for some years, than in New York and the other large cities of the East. In "Westward Ho!" she wears a very jaunty man-

nish suit, consisting of knickerbockers, starched shirt waist with four-in-hand tie, and a crush hat that sits very becomingly on her kinky locks. She is shown in the picture in this issue with her hand in her pocket. While on the stage in that character no one noticed whether she sang or spoke, so persistent was she in emphasizing the fact that the New Woman will know how to use trousers pockets when they finally arrive for her sex.

Lillian Russell, it is announced, is to star again in London next season, but she will never see Edward Solomon again. The death of this young composer caused sincere mourning in this country among his many friends



Two English music-hall women who have just come to th's country and who sing topical songs in classical costumes.



THE UP-TO-DATE CADETS FROM "THE TWENTIETH CENTURY GIRL,"
The new piece that was recently produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York.



MADAME HERRMANN

(Wife of the celebrated magician, Professor Herrmann.)

MADAME HERRMANN has just evolved a new dance that she thinks will create the greatest sensation since the introduction of the serpentine.

It is a glimpse of the past to see a photograph, such as we have presented in this department, of Miss Russell as she appeared just after her marriage to Mr. Solomon. At that time she was in the zenith of her career. Her name was then untarnished by scandals and matrimonial difficulties which have since made her the most widely discussed woman on the American stage.

Another public entertainer who has been extraordinarily successful this season is Mme. Herrmann, the wife of the celebrated magician. Madame is not a

prestidigitatress, notwithstanding the fact that she is Professor Herrmann's wife. Her husband's performance consists of sleight-of-hand, while her entertainment is confined almost entirely to sleight-of-feet. In other words, she is a dancer. She has just invented a sensational dance, which she has patented, and which will be presented to the public in a short time.

Maud Hobson and Sylvia Thorne have gained renown mainly through the extent to which they have been photographed. Miss Hobson is a member of



YOLANDE WALLACE, ONE OF THE MOST SYMMETRICAL GIRLS IN RICE'S FORCES,
WHO IS NOW APPEARING IN "1492."



MAUD HOBS N. WHO IS MAKING A
HIT WITH "THE GAIETY GIRL"
ON THE ROAD.



SYLVIA THORNE, WHO LOOKS LIKE
LILLIAN RUSSELL, AND QUEENS
IT IN "THE PASSING SHOW."

the "Gaiety Girl" company that has been touring the country for the purpose of showing Americans how they produce musical comedies in England, and, incidentally, to gather in dollars. Sylvia Thorne is the leading lady with "The

Passing Show." Many people have expressed the opinion that Miss Thorne vastly resembles Miss Lillian Russell. Miss Russell has blonde hair, so has Miss Thorne. We candidly say that we see no further resemblance between them.



From Photo. by Sarony.

SCENE IN THIRD AND LAST ACT OF "MADAME SANS-GENE."

(In which piece Miss Kathryn Kidder is now starring at the Broadway Theatre, New York.)
EMPEROR NAPOLEON tears the gold braid from De Neipperg, whom he accuses of being unduly familiar with his Empress, "Madame Sans-Gené" (Kathryn Kidder) appealing to Napoleon.

HOW HE WON HER.

The Story of an American Actress Abroad.

(Black and White.)

"CHOP and mashed, look sharp, waiter!" said the man with the bulging pocketbook. "Tallantire, you always know everything, who's going to win the Derby this year? I want a fiver badly."

Another man, who was stabbing the red stuffed seats with an umbrella, grinned.

"Tallantire's tips! Fatal above the average, by Jove!"

"Oh, I wasn't going to take his advice. I was only asking so that I could strike his 'dead certainty' off the list of possible winners. One less chance of backing a wrong 'un, you know! How do, Dicky?"

They were a group of journalists in a little Fleet Street restaurant, and the newcomer—a young man with strong, rugged features and gray eyes—returned the greeting with a nod. His clothes were seedy, and he looked depressed—with reason, for Mr. Dick Carroll was a free lance in New Grub Street, and things were very bad with him indeed.

"Of course you all know that the *Mayfair Mirror* has sacked Inglefield?" continued he of the pocketbook. "Yes, it's a fact. The rock they split upon was this American singing woman the public is making such a fuss about—Cynthia Charrington. She is eccentric, it seems—won't be interviewed; and because nobody else can get an interview the *Mirror* wants one—wants it badly—would give its ears for one. Well, Inglefield went after it—and failed. She flatly refused to receive him. It wasn't his fault, of course, but the *Mirror* wouldn't see it, and intimated that he was a muff. They had words and wished each other good-morning. Wherefore it comes to pass that there is a vacancy on the staff of the *Mayfair Mirror*, and I guess if anybody could do that interview and supply 'the long-

felt want,' he would stand a very good chance of filling it. Waiter, are you 'raising' that chop?"

"Coming, sir."

"Rawson of the *Mirror* always had a beast of a temper," growled the man with the beard, "but, all the same, a post on his sixpenny rag isn't to be sneezed at. If I had the enterprise of my early youth I would run down to London-super-Mare—she is staying at the Colosseum till the new production on Monday—and try my luck. Yah! you rising generation haven't the *nous* to grasp your opportunities when you get 'em."

The speaker subsided into a corner and the discussion of an *entre-côte*, and Dick Carroll collected every coin he had about him and summed up the total.

"Seven and tenpence," he reflected. "Just the price of a third return to Brighton, and fourpence over to play with. Shall I go, or shall I have dinner? Shall I lose a chance of obtaining a jolly good post, or dine off buns?"

He weighed the idea and the silver dubiously, and decided in favor of boldness and buns.

"If I spent the money on dinner," he said to himself, "I should only be postponing for a day or two the evil moment when I shall possess an appetite without means to satisfy it. Therefore I might as well go hungry to-day and try my luck with the money."

Whereby it may be seen that Dick Carroll was a young man with grit in him, and somewhat of a philosopher to boot.

"Yes, sir?" queried the waiter, with a cordial grin—Dick was an old customer.

"I have just recollected an appointment," exclaimed the journalist genially, for the benefit of his brothers-in-arms; he would rather have died than confess the state of his exchequer. "I

shall not tax the resources of your *chef* to-day. I wish you good-morning, John."

He went, humming, had a bun and a glass of milk at the A. B. C. next door, and walked to London Bridge Station because he could not afford the 'bus fare. When he settled himself in the corner of a compartment, he had nothing in his pockets but three ha'pence and a postage-stamp a trifle the worse for wear.

"If," said Dick, "Miss Charrington is adamantine I shall—what shall I do?"

He shivered as he caught a glimpse of the Thames over the parapet of the bridge—the muddy water suggested unpleasant thoughts.

It was just a quarter past two when he entered the hotel and asked at the inquiry office in the hall for Miss Charrington.

The singer had a suite of rooms on the first floor, and a boy in buttons took his card to her. Dick knew that if he were to mention the word "interview" she would probably refuse to see him; his only chance was to gain her presence in his private capacity and trust to Providence and her good nature for the upshot.

"Say I should be glad of a few minutes' conversation with her on a matter of business," said Dick, and then he waited with his heart in his throat till the "buttons" reappeared with the information that Miss Charrington would see him, and forthwith escorted him up the broad stairs to her private sitting-room.

Dick was not of a bashful disposition, but the nature of his errand killed his *aplomb*. He felt his color rise as she turned from the open window and advanced toward him holding his card in her hand—a tall, elegant woman, with a well-poised head, a somewhat languid manner, and the regular, delicate features which her portraits in the windows of the West End photographers had made familiar to him.

"Miss Charrington?" he said.

She bowed and motioned to a chair; but she did not seat herself, so he remained standing. He saw that she was looking inquiringly at him, and that it devolved upon him to make the plunge. He made it—with misgivings.

"I'm afraid," he began, "that I misled you somewhat when I requested to see you on a matter of business. The truth is that I am a journalist, and, as the public is always interested in the lives of its favorites, I hoped you would be so kind as to grant me a brief interview for publication in the *Mayfair Mirror*."

As he spoke the word "journalist," he saw her brows contract sharply. Now she flashed an inimitable glance of indignation at him.

"I wish you good-morning, sir," she said curtly.

Dick caught his breath, and his head went up with a jerk.

"If I have annoyed you, I beg your pardon."

"If!" I object to being persecuted in this way by the press. I won't have it! The public pays for my professional services, but my private life is my own and concerns nobody but myself, and I refuse to have every detail of it hauled out to satisfy impertinent curiosity. My opinion on this subject is well known, I believe; you showed that you knew it when you gained my presence by such an ambiguous phrase."

"In that case, of course, there is nothing for me to do but relieve you of my presence," said Dick.

They bowed stiffly. He turned away with a queer look on his face. He was wondering how long a postage-stamp and three ha'pence would keep a man from starvation.

She caught the look out of the corner of her eye, and stayed him, brusquely, as she had given him his dismissal. A great artist is privileged to be unconventional.

"You knew I hated being interviewed," she repeated. "You knew it! Why did you come?"

"It was confounded cheek, of course, but a drowning man catches at straws," he said bluntly. "And—I am hungry, if you want to know!"

"Ah!"

He turned scarlet to the eyes; he could have bitten his tongue out. A marvelous change came over the woman—her *hauteur* vanished; she was all subtle feminine sympathy. She held out her hand to him with a gesture of infinite graciousness.

"Forgive me! I would not have been so harsh if I had had any idea—Hungry!" Her glorious voice would have melted an iceberg.

"I'm not hungry!" exclaimed poor penniless Dick, gasping with pride. "Don't you believe it—absurd exaggeration—all rot! I don't know why I said it."

"I do," she said. "You told me the truth on the spur of the moment, and now you're sorry. If you deny it I shan't believe you, so you can save your breath to cool the lunch you're going to have with me. I have been hungry often, in the old days when I was only little 'Cynthy' in Lake Geneva, Illinois, and I know it's bad. Mr. Carroll, do you intend to make me hold out my hand all day!"

He choked.

"I'll take your hand, but I'm dashed if I'll take your lunch!"

"Yes, you shall," she said. "It's rude to contradict a lady. We'll have it all alone here—you and I and Mrs. Ross, my 'companion'; and I'll tell you a beautiful story about myself for the gratification of the good, inquisitive public. In return you shall tell me what put it into your head to come to Brighton."

She was an actress, and the fancy seized her to make this man forget his troubles for a while and live in a paradise, whereof she was the Eve. She exerted herself to that end, and the glamor of her personality conquered his pride and he was a puppet in the hands of the most charming woman he had met.

He ate her lunch and drank her champagne, and before the meal was over she knew all about him and the bun episode.

"Plucky," she thought, and she admired courage in a man, "witty, proud, well-bred!"

She looked kindly at him and smiled—with a moisture in her eyes. Emotional to the core, Cynthia Charrington, and infinitely susceptible to the realism of life, a woman of Moods—spelt with a capital according to latter-day prophets.

"I hope you'll succeed with the *Mirror*," I'm sure you will," she said, when he took leave of her at last. "You must come and see me at Palace Mansions and tell me what you have done; but in case you don't get the post, or there is any delay—"

Dick broke into a gentle perspiration. Was she going to offer to lend him money?

She read the terror in his eyes and refrained. But that evening the postman delivered at Dick's lodgings an anonymous envelope containing a five-pound note. He knew that she had sent it as well as if she had told him so, and returned it to her promptly with a little note of thanks.

She called him names, and made several vague and bitter allusions during the following day to false pride and ridiculous obstinacy. And thought more about him than she would have done if she had met him in the ordinary way and he had been dangling at her skirts for a score of afternoons.

Dick filled the vacancy on the *Mayfair Mirror*, and a chair in Cynthia Charrington's drawing-room on many Sunday afternoons.

"I owe my luck to you," he said to her on the occasion of his first visit to her handsome flat. "I shall never forget your kindness."

She was pleased that her patronage had brought him good fortune, and the knowledge that he was in a way her *protégé* increased her interest in him.

They neither alluded to the banknote episode.

One day she went to the piano of her own accord and sang to him for half an hour. Previously he had only heard her in public, and it seemed to him that her glorious voice had never sounded so well as it did now in the privacy of her home. The man's pulses throbbed and his head swam. He would have liked to throw his arms round her. When she stopped he took up his hat.

"What! are you going already?" she exclaimed in surprise.

He muttered some excuse about "work to do," and left her with his brain on fire. He had suddenly realized a fact that frightened him.

On his way home he bought a photograph of her and hung it up in his sitting-room. He had scarcely done so when he tore it down again with wrath in his eyes.

"I'm a fool—an ass! Because a woman behaves like an angel to me I forget that I am a poor devil of a journalist and she's—Cynthia Charrington."

He made a bonfire of it in the empty grate, and watched it crackle and curl in the tongues of flame, with a fierce delight in his own agony. Then he went out, on a wet night, and bought another to take its place. The little incident was typical of his frame of mind.

For a whole fortnight he never went near her; then flesh and blood could bear it no longer, and he tramped to Kensington one Sunday afternoon.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" she demanded. "I have missed you."

"It is very good of you to say so," he said gloomily.

He was not going to delude himself into thinking that her kindness was inspired by anything warmer than the friendly interest of a nice, sympathetic woman in a struggling man. She shrugged her shoulders and motioned with her hands—a trick she had learnt in Paris. She found him irritating.

While he was there a man he knew

called, and by and by they left together.

"Do you go there much?" asked his companion, after they had turned the corner and lighted up.

"Pretty often," replied Dick, puffing at his cigarette and staring at nothing particular.

"Hum!" said the man. "I thought so."

He smiled. Dick scowled.

"What the deuce are you grinning at?"

"Dicky, you're an ass! You don't deserve your luck. That woman's fond of you, and you're eating your heart out because you can't see it."

"Rot!" said Dick gruffly. But he caught his breath and his eyes glowed.

"You have the ball at your feet and you won't kick it. It doesn't come to every man to have a Cynthia Charrington in love with him."

"I tell you she doesn't care a hang for me in that way. You mistake what is merely a platonic interest for—the other thing. I don't. And I value her friendship too much to let her think me cad enough to sell my self-respect and sink my identity in 'Miss Charrington's husband' for the sake of the flesh-pots of Egypt. You can drop the subject, Amyot."

Amyot growled something uncomplimentary under his breath. But he looked in a kindly way at Dick when they parted, and gave his hand a squeeze that made the bones crack.

"I won't go near her for a month," said poor, proud Dick to himself as he walked home. "I must accustom myself to doing without her."

A week passed—a week of overstrung nerves, of cold dejection, of feverish desire. Then he had a shock. She was ill, she had been ill for several days, and her understudy had taken her place in the opera.

There was something wrong with her throat, reported *The Comet* in the most flowery and grandiloquent of journalism. She would never sing again. Her

glorious career was cut short in the bloom of her youth, the nightingale would be dumb for ever. Then *The Comet*, waxing sapient, painted a "realistic" picture of her probable future. Public performers were notoriously improvident, and, anyhow, she was too young to have saved much. In all likelihood she would sink into insignificant poverty—drag out her days as a snubbed governess or "companion." That, with embellishments, was the gist of the paragraph.

Dick's face went white. He called a hansom and drove to Palace Mansions.

She received him in her boudoir and a tea-gown, and his over-anxious eyes magnified a slight pallor and additional languor into Heaven knows what.

"Is it true that your throat's bad?" he asked her. "I've just read it in *The Comet*."

"Quite true," she said.

He gulped,

"Cynthia, you're a woman all alone. If you would let me take care of you. . . . I wouldn't have asked before, but now that your prospects have changed so disastrously

Hang it! what shall I say to you? I hardly know. When a fellow's poor, and no better than other fellows, he hasn't much to offer to a woman. It just amounts to this, dear: I'm earning a decent salary—thanks to you—and I could make things smooth for you. Cynthia, could you, would you—?"

She held out her hands to him with a charming gesture of surrender. "If you want me, Dick—!"

"My darling, you are so good to me."

"But I think you are laboring under a little mistake," she said demurely.

"There is nothing seriously wrong with my voice. I've only had a bad cold."

"Then *The Comet's* information was incorrect?" he gasped.

"Quite so."

"And—and you do not need me at all?"

"I need you very much," she said. "That's why I worked that paragraph. You see I knew, if I didn't do something, that your horrid pride would spoil our lives. Don't be mad with me, Dick, or I shall cry."

But she blushed instead—for a reason.





SCENE AT AN EVENING PERFORMANCE ON THE GRAND STAIRCASE OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK, DURING THE GRAND OPERA SEASON.



HE HAD BEEN THERE.

THE INNOCENT—Bob, why don't you go into stocks? There's millions in it.

THE BITTEN—Yes; two millions of mine that I know of, and would like mighty well to get it out.

A SPELL of weather—W-e-a-t-h-e-r.

HE ADMITTED IT.

THE baby pranced, with antics glad,
Upon his father's lap,
And mother murmured, "Ain't he, dad,
A plucky little chap?"

"Plucky, indeed!" And tears careered
Down father's cheeks so worn,
At thought of how one half his beard
Had from the roots been torn!

A TRIFLE.

It was only a woman's hair
Of a slightly carmine tinge;
Then why did he lose all self-control
And madness seem to have seized his soul
As though 'twould his mind unhinge?

It was only a woman's hair,
Yet his feelings he scarce could utter
As he frowned and roared with a maniac yell,
When his casual glance on that relic fell
As he helped himself to butter.



FAITHFUL TO HER WORD.

DOLLY—I told my dressmaker this morning that I couldn't pay her anything this month.

CHOLLY—But you told her the same thing last month.

DOLLY—Well, I kept my word, didn't I?

SOMETHING HAPPENED.

"Yes, I had all the fellows in the place for my rivals when I was courting."

"And yet you carried off the prize?" interrupted his enthusiastic friend.

"Well," corrected the other, slowly, if not severely, "I don't altogether know about that, but I married the girl."

KNOW.

He hovered around her and watched her eyes,

And hung on each musical word—

And she was aware of his stifled sighs,

And the throbs of his heart she heard;

And though nothing was said between these two,

He knew she knew that he knew she knew.

TOOK THE CAKE.

"Now, really, what was the most astonishing thing you saw in Paris, Mr. Spicer?" asked Miss Gusher, and without a moment's hesitation Seth answered:

"My hotel bill."

ADOLPHUS HUNT—Don't you think it would be a noble thing for you to do with your wealth to establish a home for the feeble-minded?

MISS RICHE—O Mr. Hunt, this is so sudden!

HE WAS ALL RIGHT.

MAMMA—Don't let that Mr. Wheeler call on you. I hear he is fast.

DAUGHTER—Only as a bicycle rider, mamma.



WHO IS SHE?

"We should say, 'Who is he?'" as it happens to be a person of the male gender. She—we mean he—is an actor who impersonates women, and that is why we ask, "Who is she?"

CORNERED.

HE—I fear that ours is not a marrying age, Miss Passé.

SHE (*flushing*)—Well, I'm perfectly willing to become engage and marry when you think we are old enough.

MISS MASON—Johnston seems to take things easy, doesn't he?

MR. JONES—Yes. You should have seen how easily he took a new hundred-dollar overcoat by mistake for his own antique at the ball last night.

HE—One still hears of people rushing to see John L. Sullivan. Bah, such people make me tired! He's a tough of the lowest kind, and has not a redeeming point.

SHE—Well, he doesn't smoke cigarettes.

AN ENTANGLEMENT.

I LOVED a girl
In days gone by,
And wrote her notes,
Declaring I
Would work and win
Her if she'd wait;
And thought in her
I'd found my fate.

But in the rush
And hum and whirl
Of life I met
A second girl,
Who was to me
A very queen,
Far more than all
The first had been.

And when I'm out
With Number Two
I realize
That proverb's true
Which tells us as
Through life we run
We must take care
Of Number One!

—JACK BENTON.



"CALVES ARE UP."



HAD TO GO IN TRAINING.

SHE.—Don't you think that Mr. de Daubb's water-colors are exquisite?

HE.—They certainly are beautiful, and the strange part of it is that he was never able to paint a creditable water-color until he took the Keeley cure.



THE BEST WAY.

SHE.—Have you read Briggs' article on "How to tell a Bad Egg"?

HE.—No; but if you have anything important to tell a bad egg, my advice is, break it gently.



GOOD REASON FOR BELIEVING.

SHE.—Do you believe in second sight?

HE.—I'm sorry to say that I do. When I first looked at that ballet dame I thought she was a beautiful young sylph. But now my opera-glasses tell me she's a sight.



He came across the raging sea,
One of the British swells;
They winned him down at
Newport town,
And dined him here at
Del's.

But when those same good
hostesses

Met him on Picadilly,
He passed them by with
haughty stare
And scorn that knocked
them silly.



THE TRAMP.
THE American Theatre-goer's Deity to-day.

OH, she has a fetching way,
And a million, too, they say,
With a captivating figure out of sight;
She has suitors by the score—
Lords and dukes and counts galore—
But, ah, somehow at their bait she doesn't
bite.

Now I'll tell you just the reason
Why she's not engaged this season,
Though I hope you will not think the girl a
freak:
She has found a manager
Who will star this amateur
At a cool two thousand dollars, sir, per
week.





CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"Goodness, how you frightened me, madame ! I thought it was my wife !"
 "I'm sure I am quite as much disappointed as you are. I wish to heaven it had been."



THE NEW DIVINITY.

MAID of Athens,
 Ere we part,
 Take, oh, take
 A flying start.
 One more kiss before you
 go:
 Who says cycling girls
 are slow?

Biking dearie,
 Trim and neat,
 How we love
 To watch those feet.
 And those limbs when
 breezes blow —
 Who says cycling girls
 are slow ?

Maid of Athens,
 Loved, admired,
 Are you not
 Pneumatic tired?
 Nestle in my arms, if so.
 Who says cycling girls
 are slow?

10 CENTS. NEW YORK'S ATHLETIC GIRLS. BY MARION DARE. 10 CENTS

THE AMERICAN CHORUS GIRL. BY J. MORTIMER CRANDALL.
LIVING PICTURE CLASSICS. BY DEAN HOWELL.

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

15324 aa'
APRIL, 1895.



FOUR OF NEW YORK'S ATHLETIC GIRLS.

(SEE OPENING ARTICLE.)

ESTABLISHED
100 Years

PEARS' SOAP.



A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

New men and methods, systems, creeds,
New fabrics, nostrums, wares,
Arise and pass as years roll by,
Yet there's no change in PEAR'S;
With princes and with cottagers,
With artisans and peers,
It's been the toilet favorite
Over a hundred years.

The beauties of the ancient days
Of powder, puff, and patch,
Kept faithful to their faithful PEAR'S,
And never found its match;
And when the aged century
Dies out and disappears,
PEAR'S' SOAP will still be foremost
Another hundred years.



A SOCIETY GIRL POSING AS "TRILBY,"
(See page 153.)

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

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No. 3.

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CONTENTS.

FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

A SOCIETY GIRL POSING AS "TRILBY,"	137
A LIVING PICTURE,	139
"CUPID LIGHTER THAN A BUTTERFLY,"	140
A TYPICAL CHORUS GIRL,	141
PIERROT,	142
CAROLINE MISKEL-HOYT,	143
"A DAUGHTER OF THE NILE,"	144
NEW YORK'S ATHLETIC GIRLS,	By Marion Dare, 145
LIVING-PICTURE CLASSICS,	By Dean Howell, 153
THE NIGHT LIFE OF NEW YORK,	By John Thorne Gooddale, 158
TWO COSTUMES OF SOCIETY WOMEN,	Full-Page Illustration, 161
TIME TELLS ITS TALE IN THE GLASS,	" " 162
AN AMERICAN GIRL'S SUCCESS,	163
THE GOULD CHILDREN,	165
THE COUNTESS CASTELLANE,	Full-Page Illustration, 166
THE COUNT CASTELLANE,	" " 167
"THE TOMBS ANGEL,"	168
ARTISTS AND THEIR MODELS.	By C. Charlouis Roux, 169
THE AMERICAN CHORUS GIRL,	By J. Mortimer Crandall, 173
MR. AND MRS. OSCAR WILDE,	181
MEN WHO HAVE BEEN TALKED ABOUT THIS MONTH.	182
"THE WATER-CARRIER,"	Full-Page Illustration, 191
AN ARTIST'S MODEL POSING AS "TRILBY,"	" " 192
WOMEN OF THE MONTH,	193
ECCENTRIC DANCERS,	By Vincent Crawford, 201
MISS DIANA OF MADISON AVENUE,	By Roland Burke Hennessy, 209
DASHES OF FUN,	216



A LIVING PICTURE FROM LIFE.
(See page 183.)



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"CUPID LIGHTER THAN A BUTTERFLY."

(See page 153.)



A TYPICAL CHORUS GIRL.
(See page 173.)



PIERROT.



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CAROLINE MISKEL-HOYT.



"A DAUGHTER OF THE NILE."

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

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No. 3.

NEW YORK'S ATHLETIC GIRLS.

BY MARION DARE.

THE athletic girl has come to stay. By starting out with this assumption I think I can more forcibly impress upon my readers the importance of the New York athletic girl. New York men are becoming shorter and less sturdy with every generation. The women, on the contrary, are becoming stronger, more lithe of limb, larger of stature, and in time promise to change places with the men so far as comparative bodily development is concerned. This is not mere guesswork. Every word of it is proved by health statistics. This state of affairs exists simply because women are taking more exercise every year while the men are taking less.

It is really only during the last five

years that women have become so completely emancipated that they have found it expedient and advisable to indulge in many of the sports that once were believed to belong solely to man. The women of our grandmothers' days, if we are to believe the works of art representing that not so very remote period, were content with their knitting and music, although occasionally some grand old dame appears on horseback. But then horsemanship is very old in history, and can hardly be considered as having much in common with athletics for women. It is likely that the painters of the future will show the woman of the nineteenth century surrounded by dumb-bells, horizontal bars, and have for an especial



AN UPSET AT A NEW YORK CYCLING ACADEMY.



THE EFFECT OF AN OVER-INDULGENCE IN CYCLING.

mark of convincing detail a safety bicycle, and a bicycle, too, without dress guards, which of course implies bloomers.

It is generally acknowledged that the bicycle has had much to do with the advance of women in sport. I am certain that the New York athletic girls owe a great part of their advancement to the fact that the bicycle has become an accepted factor in the world of sport and that it is particularly adapted to their needs. A few years ago your fashionable New York girl attended equestrian riding schools, and looked down with genuine derision on the woman who rode by on a bicycle. Many

hundred women have been riding the bicycle in New York for a number of years, but it did not become popular until a few sensible women of high position rather gingerly took up bicycling. They were somewhat surprised to find that they could manage their machine very nicely and that it was not such a terrible thing after all. Gradually the feeling of prejudice against the wheel in fashionable circles disappeared, and last year at Lenox and Newport there was a remarkable display of riding. Nowadays Miss Knickerbocker attends the bicycle riding school, and the proprietors of equestrian schools in New York are noting



A SMARTLY DRESSED YOUNG WOMAN, WEARING BLOOMERS, ON HER WAY TO ONE OF THE NUMEROUS BICYCLE ACADEMIES UP-TOWN.

with a great deal of anxiety the rapidly decreasing number of their patrons. Society—the society that Ward McAllister made us so fully acquainted with—has its own special bicycle club, that meets and is as exclusive as any of New York's most fashionable social organizations.

The bicycle is also responsible in a great measure for the radical change in sportswomen's costume. It is doubtful if, without the bicycle, bloomers would ever have become an accepted article of attire among conservative women. Bicycling has become so widespread that there exists a positive neces-



WITH BLOOMERS, TOO, COMES THE DESIRE FOR ALPINE HATS, MANNISH COLLARS, AND CUTAWAY COATS.

sity for a garment that will not impede the easy and rapid movements of the legs. Skirts of any kind are cumbersome, and bloomers have supplied a crying want.

The New York athletic girl has taken very kindly to bloomers. They suit her progressive spirit. Besides, to wear bloomers a woman should have a plump ankle, and New York girls are noted for their sturdy limbs. It is no uncommon sight to see a smartly dressed young woman wearing bloomers and riding in a Broadway car on her way to one of the numerous bicycle academies

up-town. Such a sight a few years ago would have made the other passengers stare in amazement. At the present time, however, they may be interested in the bebloomed young woman, but the sight is not so remarkable a one as to make them lose their equanimity. In fact, girls in bloomers are about as numerous in public conveyances as girls in riding costume were a few years ago.

The New York girl in bloomers is not to be despised. She is a fascinating creature, if you will only shut your eyes to her new assumption of mannish-



UNDER THE WATCHFUL ATHLETIC PROFESSOR'S EYE.

ness, and her uncontrollable desire to stick her hands straight down into her pockets as if she were to the manner born instead of her being a bit of a usurper in her own charming way. With bloomers, too, in most cases comes the desire for Alpine hats, mannish collars, and cutaway coats, but you can generally trust the clever New York girl to stop just this side of the ridiculous in all matters of dress. She may be very progressive and want to indulge in all the foibles and eccentricities of the age, but she is quite satisfied to stop at the point of eccentricity in dress.

The young women who attend Vassar and the other great schools of the country are obliged by the rule of the institutions to do a certain amount of work in the well-appointed gymnasiums which of late years have been added to the

college properties. Regularly salaried instructresses attend to the development of the students, and by gymnasium work under their care the most fragile young miss often becomes a clean limbed, lithesome woman. It is not surprising, therefore, that so many of New York's girls should be so thoroughly at home in the gymnasium, even after they have left college, and a number of New York men have found it profitable to open gymnasiums for the exclusive use of women, and in these places many of the women whose names appear in the society column of the newspapers spend the afternoon in athletic work.

The women who frequent gymnasiums have adopted a very sensible dress. It is made after the style of the conventional bathing dress. It consists



A LITTLE WRESTLING MATCH IN THE GYMNASIUM.

of blouse and breeches, and in some cases there is a short skirt that reaches only to the knee. Slippers that are tied around the ankle complete the outfit. Corsets are sometimes worn, but only by those women who think they are continually on parade. Corsets are as useless in a gymnasium as they are in the surf, and are just as uncomfortable.

The male instructors at those establishments are almost invariably splendidly built men who practise what they preach. They are sometimes very handsome men as well. Their work is to show by practical demonstration how the various gymnastic movements and feats are accomplished.

Attached to these gymnasiums are lounging rooms where the embryo gymnasts can sit around and smoke with all the freedom that is enjoyed by men at

their clubs. It is safe to say that this smoking and lounging room is as popular as the gymnasium itself. The women love to be as mannish as woman's limitations permit. After their work on the horizontal bar or at wrestling under the eye of the instructor, it is a relief to sit down in a snug-fitting coat, tilt back in a chair, and puff cigarette smoke reflectively into the air, while discussing the latest society scandal or the latest creation by Félix. Of course this does not make athletes of them any more than bathing suits make swimmers of them, but it is one of the delights of New York's athletic girls, and I would not be the one to say them nay.

A woman who should be mentioned in connection with athletic girls is Miss Nettie Honeyball, who is an English-



"IT IS A RELIEF TO SIT DOWN IN A SNUG-FITTING COAT, TILT BACK IN A CHAIR, AND PUFF CIGARETTE SMOKE REFLECTIVELY INTO THE AIR."

woman with more courage than is possessed by most women. She is captain of an English football team, and she wears bloomers, shin-pads, and earmuffs just like the ordinary male player. It is her intention to introduce football among professional women. I would advise Miss Honeyball to stay on the other side and not waste her time in this country. American girls are progressive and not averse to taking up with any new fangled notion that

comes their way; they will play tennis, ride the bicycle, practise in gymnasiums, and even drive a four-in-hand, but they draw the line at football. They don't mind developing their muscles, but they positively refuse to do so at the expense of their good looks.

Tennis affords, for a large proportion of girls who are not willing to take up with ultra-athletic fads, enough of the exhilaration of out door exercise, combined with the excitement of real tests



MISS NETTIE HONEYBALL.

CAPTAIN of the British Ladies' Football Club, who is coming to America to initiate American girls in the mysteries of football.

of agility and skill, to keep the leaven working.

But there is no doubt that we shall see, and in the near future, whole brigades of whilom tennis- and croquet-playing girls given over to the more vigorous

sports they at one time disdained. Perhaps the world will grow better and wiser thereby; at any rate it may result in relegating that dreadful thing known as "nerves" to the limbo of a puritanical past.

WHAT APRIL BRINGS.

WITH April on the balmy air will float
 The blithesome song of birds; and gentle showers
 Will wake the tender buds; but let us note
 'Twill bring its crop of fools as well as flowers.



"A WAIF OF THE SEA."

The first of the living-picture models selected by a committee of artists.

LIVING-PICTURE CLASSICS.

BY DEAN HOWELL.

It is worth noting that the nonsensical clamor which at first attained such a height about the living pictures has died out and the subject has taken on an art phase. This is the end that was predicted for it by art students and the few enlightened people who are interested in art for art's sake, and it is a source of satisfaction to them that the hysterical assaults of the "reformers" and notoriety-seekers have failed to drive the pictures from the first-class theatres. It is significant that at the present time all the living-picture shows that were established last summer in the first-class theatres, and which were put on the stage by artists and arranged with due regard to the canons of art, are still enjoying an extensive patronage. On the other hand, the cheap, vulgar, and claptrap style of living pictures, which aimed only to show the partially

nude figures of women and pandered to sensationalism, have been driven out of the business. They are no longer an attraction at the cheap theatres, but they are a greater attraction than ever when they are put on in a manner which is thoroughly satisfactory to the artistic intelligence. Perhaps the most remarkable result thus far achieved has been in the improvement in the models. At first it was thought that women whose figures were robust and fully outlined would be accepted by the public as typifying the highest ideal of art. Even chorus women were taken from the stages of the variety theatres and light opera houses, dressed in fleshings, and posed in pictures that were supposed to represent classical masterpieces. In most instances the women were mature and rotund in figure, of the regulation chorus girl type, with thick ankles,



"THE MORNING LESSON."

The second selection by a committee of artists.

ponderous calves, and a waist laced so tight that the lines of the hip and bust were distorted into balloon-like curves. Many of these women were highly valuable in the chorus because of their excrescences and protuberances, which made them a failure from an artistic point of view. It was not until the living-picture craze had run for some time that the directors of these shows began to discover that the audiences usually laughed at the big and cumbersome chorus girls who were posed, while they applauded the dainty, slim, well formed, and delicate-looking girls who posed for some of the minor char-

acters in the pictures. The commercial instinct is strong in theatrical managers, and they study the public carefully. They took out the chorus-girl models, yielding to the wishes of the art directors of the shows, and sought about for models who would fulfil the artistic requirements and whose figures had not been laced out of all semblance to the Venus de Milo, and the outlines of whose figures were pure and clear. The manager of one theatre went to three of the leading artists of New York and asked them if they would pass upon his models and have them arranged for him. The artists went to



THE THIRD MODEL SELECTED BY A COMMITTEE OF ARTISTS, AND
POSED WITH GREAT EFFECT AS "THE VISION."

the theatre, and from the thirty or more young women who posed in the pictures they selected six whom they considered as near the classical standpoint as nature often gets. They impressed upon the manager the necessity of following the paintings which he intended to represent with absolute fidelity in the drapery and background, and instructed the models with great care as to the expression of their faces and the poses they assumed. The manager cleared out all of the old models and selected young women who had been picked out by the three artists, with

the result that his living-picture show became by far the most successful one in town. A number of clergymen were invited to the theatre one night during March, and they had not a word to utter against the pictures as presented on this stage. It is another illustration of the safety which lies in fidelity to art, but the illustration is also of value because it shows how true the sense of the public is in all such matters as this. The public is not led by a few master-minds, as the daily newspapers are in the habit of asserting, but nearly all public questions are decided by the pub-



A GLIMPSE OF ONE OF THE METHODS OF SUPPORT IN A DIFFICULT POSE.

lic itself. The instinct of the great body of the people cannot go far wrong, and in art matters it seems to be absolutely reliable. Most New Yorkers, and many visitors to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, remember when the question of Sunday opening was first broached. For sixteen years a few progressive art enthusiasts in New York agitated the question of Sunday opening of the Museum with continuous and unremitting pluck. They were pooh-pooled, derided, and voted down. Curiously enough, a number of the daily papers took up the case of the bigots and fought savagely against Sunday open-

ing. They pictured hordes of drunken and brutal men rioting in the galleries, and little children being trampled under the feet of the throng, and abandoned women making the Metropolitan Museum their headquarters on Sunday. Finally the public got a chance to make itself heard, and the Museum was thrown open on the only day in the week when the great body of people could get away from their shops and benches for recreation by daylight. The result has been that on every Sunday since the opening was made the great building, with its priceless art treasures, has been thronged from the



"THE WALK AFTER THE BATH."
POSED by a committee of artists.

opening until the closing hours by thousands upon thousands of thoroughly well-behaved, neatly attired, and respectable people, to whom the Museum is not only a never-ending delight, but

an unquestioned source of education and profit. In the work of moulding the artistic tendencies of the people the living-picture shows are supplementing the museums.





AN EARLY MORNING SCENE IN THE SOCIETY WORLD.

THE NIGHT LIFE OF NEW YORK.

BY JOHN THORNE GOODDALE.

THERE is a charm about the night life of New York which has its effect upon men whose lives have been full of travel and experience, and to whom the incidents of city life when the natural light

dies out and the artificial lights spring up are an old and familiar story. Perhaps the millions of lights by which the day is extended after sundown in a great city like New York add so much to the



A PARTING COMPLIMENT.

unreality and artificiality of life that they enable men in a measure to forget the business or professional cares which oppress them by day. A new set of beings apparently populate the town after the gas flares up and the electric lights pop into sight, and the long avenues and innumerable streets are rendered bright by the glitter of artificial lights. The work-a-day world is over, the sordid part of the twenty-four hours has been disposed of, and the men and women dine and go forth to seek amusement. It is this universal exodus after the dinner hour that keeps the town in such a bustle from seven o'clock until after midnight. Women of society do not see daylight except in the very early morning in the height of the season. Nearly every ball of prominence is in

full swing until three or four o'clock in the morning, and by the time the women have taken their hot baths and tumbled into bed the clock not infrequently strikes five. They sleep eight or nine hours and get up at two or three o'clock in the afternoon. Then they have breakfast or luncheon, and if the weather is clear they go out to drive and perform innumerable social duties. On the other hand, if it is cloudy and damp they keep to the seclusion of their houses, and do not venture out until it is time to go to another dinner party, the theatre, opera, or a dance. To them the remnant of the day which they see in the latter part of the afternoon is of no particular consequence. Their thoughts and fancies are wrapped up in the entertainment of the night and the incidents pertain-



A SOCIETY BUTTERFLY.

HER pleasure at the play depends much upon her gown.

ing to social enjoyment. How society women of apparently frail physique can stand the tremendous strain of life imposed during the season in New York is one of the mysteries which physicians have failed to solve. It breaks down the men so rapidly that they become haggard and wan before the season is half over, and most of them get to the point early in life where they must give up society or abandon all efforts to attend to business or professional duties. There is a small class of dancing men who are enthusiastic ball-goers and who form a certain contingent of the night brigade. They stay until a late hour at every dancing party they attend, and they follow the same system as the women and sleep until far into the succeeding afternoon. In

this way they preserve something of their physical strength. But it should be remembered that these men are warmly and comfortably clad, whereas the women are dressed in gowns which are cut almost as low as their waists, and are exposed to a chilling air that would mean certain death to a man. There are reformers in plenty—of the stage, of literature, politics, religion, and about everything else that comes close to the welfare of humankind—but the reformer who should so modify the evening toilets of society women that every change of temperature will not be a menace to life and health would be a benefactor indeed. It is doubtful if such a thing will be brought to pass, but it is perhaps not too much to hope for.



TWO COSTUMES AT A RECENT RECEPTION GIVEN BY A MEMBER OF THE SWELL SET.



TIME TELLS ITS TALES IN THE GLASS.



FROM A FAVORITE PORTRAIT OF MAY YOHE, NOW LADY FRANCIS HOPE, WHO WILL EVENTUALLY BE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

AN AMERICAN GIRL'S SUCCESS.

Two of the latest portraits are presented in this number of the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE of a young woman who was known in Chicago a year or two ago as Miss May Yohe, and who is now Lady Francis Hope and will shortly become the Duchess of Manchester. The story of Miss Yohe's life would be astonishing if there were no such thing as human nature in this world. Viewed in a tranquil and sensible spirit, however, it does not seem, after all, to be in any way remarkable. Lord Francis Hope is the next heir in line to the Duke of Manchester, and he will be a tremendous swell when he comes into the property. This will not

be a very distant contingency, as the present Duke of Manchester is a childless invalid whose small stock of life is dwindling rapidly away. Lord Francis Hope has an extensive acquaintance among the solemn, poky, and angular daughters of the English aristocracy, who do not attract him. He met Miss May Yohe, who was a vivacious, handsome, and attractive American girl, with a good voice, considerable dramatic talent, and the ability to write and speak several languages, and a thorough knowledge of how to take care of herself. His lordship married her, and it would be scandalous if it had not been for the fact that about a dozen



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF LADY FRANCIS HOPE

other lords before him had married chorus girls and music-hall singers, so that the peerage had, in a measure, got used to that sort of thing. But most of the other lords, it should be said, are rather small potatoes to the man who is one day to be the Duke of Manchester.

Dukes and duchesses are a pretty lofty sort of personages, when all is said and done, and the appearance of a small, sprightly, and rather young Chicago chorus girl as a British duchess has in it some of the elements of humor.

STEPS TO SUCCESS.

With agile grace and winsome, sprightly ways,
Full lightsomely she danced herself to fame,
Scarce thinking that the world would some time gaze
Upon a title tagging from her name.

THE GOULD CHILDREN.

THE MOST WIDELY DISCUSSED PEOPLE IN AMERICA TO-DAY ARE THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE LATE JAY GOULD.

WHEN the late Jay Gould was alive he was one of the most widely berated and abused millionaires on earth because he kept the money he made and refused to be a thorough-going sport in any sense of the term. Mr. Gould engaged at an early age in his career in a hand-to-hand battle with destiny, and he won his money by the exercise of superior brains. When he was worth thirty cents he ate lamb chops and drank a cup of tea for dinner, and when he was worth \$100,000,000 he followed out the same course of living. He dressed pretty much the same when he was worth \$100 as he did when he had \$100,000,000, and did not spend any money upon horse racing, yachting, hunting, society, billiards, cards, clubs, or any of the other things which rich men are supposed to support. He was abused because he did not do these things; and when George Gould inherited the larger part of his father's millions a howl went up that this money would still be tied up. But Mr. George Gould rides to hounds, shoots pigeons and ducks, spends several hundred thousand dollars a year in yachting, is going in for a stableful of thoroughbred horses, and made a bid for entrance into society when his sister married the Count Castellane. Not only this, but he paid out several millions to

get the count to marry his sister, and even went so far as to give the count's father \$250,000 for his signature to the marriage agreement. The world in general looked on and was mightily entertained by this adroit movement, and the newspapers were filled for weeks in advance with accounts of the preparations. Even the minutest details were chronicled. Everybody came to know how the Goulds lived, dressed, ate, slept, and entertained. The public got on intimate terms with the titled French family which came over here to attend the marriage of its successful scion with an heiress of Gould millions, and when the bridal party sailed again for Europe pretty women fought at the pier for a parting handshake or a touch of the Countess Castellane's travelling costume. Portraits of the bride and groom filled the newspapers, though few were of as great merit as those accompanying this article. Now, for providing all this social stir Mr. George Gould is abused almost as thoroughly as his father was before him. Yet young Mr. Gould has done everything that his father was censured for not doing. All of this would go to show that it is a pretty difficult matter to be a millionaire and please the public at one and the same time.

GOLD turns, with Carking Time, to dross,
Yet wins, alas, from Dear Love, on the toss.



Photo. by Davis & Sanford.

THE COUNTESS CASTELLANE,
FORMERLY Miss Anna Gould, the youngest daughter of the late Jay Gould.



Photo by Davis & Sanford.

THE COUNT CASTELLANE,

THE dashing young member of the French nobility who won the heiress of Gould millions.



"THE TOMBS ANGEL"

BUSIED WITH HER DAILY BENEFACCTIONS OF GOOD COUNSEL AND SWEET SYMPATHY.

THE realistic picture presented above is a study from life by one of the artists of the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE in the Tombs. The name of the woman, who is known there as "The Tombs Angel," would be printed here, were it not known that it is her earnest wish that her name should never be mentioned. For upward of fourteen years she has visited

the Tombs daily, looking after the spiritual and physical welfare of the prisoners, and spending nearly all of her small income in making their lives more bearable and in leading them toward Christianity as far as lies in her power. She is an instance of philanthropy and charity which is without a flaw.



A WELL-KNOWN MODEL OF ARISTOCRATIC DESCENT IN A FAVORITE POSE.

ARTISTS AND THEIR MODELS.

BY C. CHARLOUX ROUX.

THE Trilby craze which has bitten deeply into the minds of women, young and old, throughout the country—ex-

cepting always Boston, where self-consciousness regarding physical perfections cannot, of course, exist—has



A PORTRAIT POSE.



ON CLASSICAL LINES.



‘ WHEN DEATH CALLS.’

AFTER an heroic figure much sketched in New York studios.

caused a vast deal of discussion and speculation regarding the relations existing between artists and their models.

Not only this, but it has also made many a comely damsel sigh for an opportunity of procuring an authoritative criticism from some one capable of pronouncing an opinion on the fancied charms of her own figure, or at least those members which distinguished the immortal heroine of Du Maurier's pen and pencil.

It is inconceivable, of course, that any modest maiden, sighing with admiration at the revelations of her own glass, should be, even in her inmost fancies,

capable of any curiosity regarding her correspondence to standards suitable for “the altogether.” If she should, a safe and harmless criticism may be formed by herself in the chaste precincts of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and other collections, or in the study of the many really admirable illustrations now published so profusely in the magazines. The ideal fancies of famous artists are based for the most part, of course, upon the perfections of real flesh and blood, those of one model of fortunate mould or combined of several—a shoulder of one, the bust of another, the arm and hand of a third, and so on.



POSING AS THE "DEFEATED GLADIATOR."

Unfortunate, indeed, for the complacency of most of the fair sex, is the accepted opinion of artists who paint the nude that not one woman in a thousand is perfect—that is, where nature leaves off and art or the dressmaker begins. A really perfect model, whose figure could be copied, without the delicate flatteries of the artist's brush, for a Venus, a Diana, or an Aphrodite, for instance, would find no difficulty in earning a livelihood.

Every one remembers the vast amount of discussion and the difficulties involved in securing a suitable model for the silver statue of Nevada exhibited at the World's Fair and afterward in New York, which were finally solved by the selection of Ada Rehan, who posed for the work.

Apart from the question of suitability for a vocation, now so absorbingly discussed, the relations of artists toward models of the other sex has been much misunderstood.

Morality is not by any means the discarded and unpopular piece of studio furniture rumor would have it. A certain disregard of the drawing-room conventionalities is undoubtedly the rule, but the love of the artist for his work does not take in his model also, outside of the story-books.

It is not seldom that, in studios where the serious work of those men whose

names are best known to the art-loving public is conceived, callers are constantly dropping in, sure of a few minutes' cordial entertainment; and many artists share their studios with a companion of the brush, so that there is little occasion or opportunity for contemplation of anything but the serious purposes of their high calling. Even the conversation is limited to the usual formalities required by usages of civilization between employer and employee.

Earnest contemplation of ideals that lift men outside of themselves is sufficient to safeguard the sanctity of the studio. If it were not so it might be enough that, as in everything else, "familiarity breeds contempt." The artist comes insensibly to regard his model from the standpoint of physical proportions that approach more or less closely the accepted standards. The imperfections which would not appear to an untrained eye strike him almost as harshly as though they were deformities. A shade of disproportion, a trifle of imperfect contour, a trace of ancestral coarseness of fibre, but remind him of the discords that jar eternally in the harmonies of nature.

Why should he not hold a savage contempt of that which will not minister adequately to his dreams of high achievement in his world of superb fancies and exalted visions?

Perchance he stumbles, by good fortune, on a goddess whose mind is as her form—of a superior mould. He may



ANOTHER "TRILBY" MODEL.

marry her—such cases occur—but, unless he be unworthy of the divine afflatus of a poet whose poems are wrought in colors, he will be capable of nothing less honorable. Many artists are married and happily mated, and often occupy apartments connected with their studios. In such cases speculation as to their relations with models of the fair sex is unnecessary.

The question is often asked: From whence are the ranks of models recruited? Many times it is from the establishment of a modiste, or from the ballet, or even, by the merest chance, from the ranks of the unemployed. Occasionally a woman of refinement and education, who has reached the pitiable condition known as "reduced circumstances," is driven by sheer necessity to posing, as a last resort. Happy indeed may be the lot of such as these if, by good fortune, they chance to please. An artist is by nature, if truly inspired, a man of refinement, and none more quick than he to appreciate the subtle distinctions of life.

By far undoubtedly the largest number of models come naturally to their vocation by inheritance, as it were, their fathers or mothers having been models before them.

In Paris, the grisette is the unfailing, never-to-be-exhausted source of unexpected possibilities, and in all centres of the Old World there is no lack of supply. In America the living-picture fad has vastly increased the available material, and some of the acquisitions, as shown in the accompanying illustrations, are possessed of superb forms and features.

Male models can be found in plenty for heroic studies, and character work requires, in many cases, only a trip to some side street, where may be found a venerable patriarch who will serve for a high-priest of the temple, a Lear, or a blind Homer.



THE CHORUS GIRL PREPARING FOR THE STAGE.

THE AMERICAN CHORUS GIRL.

BY J. MORTIMER CRANDALL.

THE American chorus girl is not as old as her French and English prototype, but that is only because her native land is still young in everything that pertains to the stage. She has, however, during her comparatively short existence, shown that she is as interesting and as unique a feature of modern civilization as are her more ancient but less attractive sisters across the water.

In England and France the chorus girl dates back to the very introduction on the stage of burlesque, extravaganza, and comic opera, and we all know that that was several years before America had the necessary time to devote to this form of amusement. In the early years

of our country's existence, we, or, more properly, our forefathers, were busier building up the structure of a great Republic than a stage, and especially a stage represented by burlesque and comic opera. In fact, it was only a few years prior to our Civil War that the chorus girl was formally introduced to American audiences, and even then she had to be the imported article and was the blonde English chorus girl—the English ones are supposed to be blonde—or else her darker and more frolicsome French cousin.

It is hardly likely that the memory of even the oldest citizen is very clear on the subject of chorus girls, and for



SHE PUTS ON HER DANCING SHOES.

that reason I can with impunity state that the original "Black Crook" company that came to this country gave us the first good, long look we had

ever had at chorus girls. To be sure "The Black Crook" damsels no doubt called themselves ballet girls, but they were nevertheless chorus girls pure



PRACTISING A POSE.



THE CONVENTIONAL SMIRK.

and simple—though I am not quite sure that I am altogether right in calling them pure and simple, unless you understand that it is a figure of speech. With the establishment of "The Black Crook" at the then Niblo's Garden, and the production of other ballet and burlesque pieces, there arose a demand for chorus girls bearing the native trademark.

It is evident that not even unrestricted free trade would have made Americans fully satisfied with the foreign article. English stage women are very apt to be tall and beefy, albeit that is the way that Englishmen like their chorus girls. Then there was trouble with the French chorus girl—She was, in most cases, somewhat more than sixteen, and chorus girls are usually quite useless when they have reached the age of sixty. The German chorus girl is positively hopeless. Germans are satisfied with women who can sing, even if their girth does not betoken a sylph-like form or when their

faces are fleshier than æstheticism demands. The American chorus girl became, therefore, a necessity; and, as necessity is the mother of invention, the American girl rose to the occasion and became chorus girls in sufficient numbers to preclude the possibility of our ever running out of the native article.

There are two kinds of chorus girls—the chorus girl who can sing and the

chorus girl who can do nothing but look pretty, kick up her heels, and worry the men in the bald-headed row.

The first kind—the singing chorus girl—can be found in great profusion at such establishments as New York's Metropolitan Opera House. Every year

the chorus master of the Metropolitan advertises for chorus girls, and immediately he is besieged with requests from girls and matrons, some of whom are *embryo prime donne*, but most of whom can warble about as well as that vocalistic wonder, Miss Bonnie Thornton. Then the chorus master begins the work of selection. He wants women who can sing. Of course he would prefer to have them good-looking too, but he is too old a hand at the business to expect a combination of beauty and vocal excellence in the chorus of a grand opera. For the different operas he engages girls of certain different nationalities. For instance, for "Carmen," which this year was



ONE OF RICE'S MOST SYMMETRICAL CHORUS GIRLS.

sung in French, he selected Frenchwomen, or those few American girls who could sing in French and who were so ambitious that they were willing to begin their careers in the Metropolitan chorus. There were few of these, however. By the time the chorus master has finally selected his choruses for the different operas to be produced, he finds that he has on his hands anything but a collection of prize beauties. The



LIMBERING UP BEFORE REHEARSAL.

regular visitor to the Metropolitan on grand-opera nights has learned to keep his eyes closed while the chorus is on the stage, for if he does not do so he is very apt to forget all about the melody in his contemplation of the aggregation of female ugliness and ungainliness.

These are not the kind of chorus girls for whom the young men of the town wait at the stage door, or to whom they send flowers in reckless profusion. On the contrary, these women—they are usually too mature to be considered girls—are, as a rule, staid married people, who hurry home after the performance to see that baby has not swallowed his nipple, and to get to bed as early as they can so that they will feel like getting up in the morning and getting their husbands' breakfasts. There will occasionally be found in such a chorus a young woman who has graduated from, or who is a pupil at, some conservatory, and who is anxious to have at least a small amount of stage training before

she appears on the concert stage. To such women the chorus of a house like the Metropolitan is of invaluable assistance. But, as I have said before, such women are few and far between, and, as a matter of fact, the veteran chorus master would prefer the less beautiful but more experienced woman whose thirty-five years of life or one hundred and sixty pounds of avoirdupois do not affect her singing. The grand-opera chorus is not, therefore, a thing of beauty, although it may be a joy vocally.

And now we come to the most interesting type of chorus girl—the one who is not engaged because she can sing, but simply because she has a good form—vulgarily designated as “shape” in the profession—and a pretty face. This chorus girl is rampant in all the comic-opera and burlesque productions. Without her one-half the pieces of the doggerel-and-jingle order would not be in existence. It is on the chorus girl of



SHE STARTS FOR REHEARSAL.



A DISAGREEABLE MATINÉE DAY. LEAVING THE THEATRE
AFTER THE PERFORMANCE.

the statuesque, voiceless type that the theatrical manager depends when he has found that his production lacks musical worth or a strong libretto. I could name half a dozen prominent burlesque and comic operas that were built and are to-day successful wholly through the medium of a corps of chorus girls, and it is to them that many a wealthy manager can look with gratitude for having laid the foundation of his fortune.

This, too, is the girl that takes up so much space in the daily newspapers. She is fond of doing and saying, especially doing, unconventional things, and even at times aspires to adventures

that rightfully belong only to the leading lady—such as losing her diamonds or horsewhipping an over-ardent admirer.

In one respect the English and French chorus girl has an advantage over their American stage cousin who seeks notoriety. In London it is no uncommon thing for a "lord" to fall in love with a chorus divinity and to shower diamonds and attentions of all kinds upon her in the most lavish manner. If this particular nobleman happens to come from a famous line, or is distinguished in any other way, the liaison is the talk of the clubs for a few weeks, and then the whole affair is forgotten in the excite-



THREE RECRUITS AT REHEARSAL.

ment of new events, and the milord and milady by proxy may be very happy for a short time. Then comes the almost inevitable rupture and perhaps scandal. In some instances, however, they have become the lawful spouses of their lordly admirers, and were forthwith entered in the blue books of England's aristocracy. The lords such as these women marry are usually profligates and spendthrifts, and as a rule the newly elected members of the nobility go back to the stage after a few years, or perhaps only months, of wedded bliss in which hard words and often hard knocks play a prominent part.

Many a Parisian chorus girl has attracted the attention of French dukes and what-nots, but there is seldom any delusion on the part of the public as to the exact relations between the women and their admirers. For a few months

this French chorus girl may ride along the boulevards in sumptuously appointed carriages and queen it in luxurious apartments in some Bohemian section of Paris. A few weeks later no one but those unfamiliar with such Parisian life is surprised to see her back again in her old position in the ballet or at the music halls, and going through the same hand-to-mouth existence that characterized her life before she attracted the attention of a French aristocrat.

America cannot boast of English lords or French counts in sufficient profusion to allow one for every chorus girl who would add a foreigner's scalp to her belt. There are, however, and have been for some years, a few, a very few, young men in New York and other large cities who come as near the English man-of-leisure as could be expected in a country where such a class is, per-



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THEY DO A LITTLE DANCE TOGETHER.

haps happily, almost unknown. The public has in mind at least one man who for years was especially interested in the American chorus girl. He is—or was, for the poor fellow has been dead for some time—the possessor of a large fortune, which he squandered in the most princely fashion. At one time he took a Casino chorus girl to Paris and set her up in a gorgeous establishment that cost him a fortune to furnish. His champagne suppers given to the fast set of Paris were marvels of expense and generosity. Then he became enamored of another girl who danced in a ballet at a famous Parisian music hall, and for a time it looked as if there would be a rupture between him and his American mistress. Matters were mended, however, and he returned to America with the young woman and

introduced her as his wife. In three years he had spent over four hundred thousand dollars and contracted debts in this country and abroad that aggregated nearly two hundred thousand more.

Another case is in connection with a young New York business man. He became smitten with a chorus girl, who also hailed from the Casino. He had but lately married a sweet little woman, whom he proceeded to neglect for his fresher flame. The chorus girl's turn-out was one of the handsomest in the Park, and her establishment in the Tenderloin was magnificently fitted up and was the resort of those men and women who considered themselves Bohemians because they threw conventionalities to the winds. This business man's wife left him after she had stood



A FULL-FLEDGED CHORUS GIRL, AT LAST.

his ill treatment and neglect for three or four years.

I do not by any means wish to be understood as giving these two examples of the American chorus girl for the purpose of showing that there is all bad and no good in the girls who appear in tights or other variegated and abbreviated costumes before the footlights. Far from it. There are to day on the stage many chorus girls

who are as pure and guileless as the legendary seminary dancsel—chorus girls who by hard work support themselves and their sisters and mothers, and who are in every sense of the word worthy young women. But one seldom hears of these. It is the chorus girl of sensation, the chorus girl of the newspapers, in whom the great public is interested, and that is why she is treated at such length in this article.



OSCAR WILDE

AND



HIS WIFE.

MR. AND MRS. OSCAR WILDE OF ENGLAND.

It is not so many years ago since Oscar Wilde visited this country and gave Americans their first impressions of what nineteenth century æstheticism was really like. At that time he was a handsome man of twenty-eight or thereabouts. His face was rather spirituelle, his form was graceful, and the new fad he advocated attracted such attention that he became one of the social lions of the hour. Then he returned to England and began an active literary life, and almost before the public knew it he had been accepted as one of England's lights of literature, and the Oscar Wilde of dilettanteism became the Oscar Wilde of letters.

Wilde has for years been a well-known figure in the London clubs. Several very disagreeable stories have from time to time been heard in connection with his name, but he has always been a good fighter, and in some way or other has, until quite lately, been able to get the better of his slanderers. The latest attack on him by the Marquis of Queensberry has given the London clubs something spicy to talk about, and the details of the case have been cabled all

over the world with surprising frankness. Wilde has sued the marquis for libel for a large amount. The defence of the marquis is one rarely given in libel cases, which in England are generally very serious affairs. His defence is that he was justified in making the charges he had written on a card and left at a prominent London club for Wilde. It was on account of having received this card that Wilde entered suit against the marquis. It is doubtful if either the marquis or Wilde will ever allow the case to be pushed to the utmost, although it is no easy matter to take a libel suit out of an English court after it has once been entered on the calendar.

On this page appears also a portrait of Mrs. Oscar Wilde, who is a notable personage only because she happens to be the wife of the most talked about man in London. Mrs. Wilde is a demure little woman with very few convictions of her own. She has but one creed, Wildeism, and but one idol, Wilde, and she probably looks unpleasant in this portrait because people are saying disagreeable things about her talented husband.



WARD McALLISTER,
THE lately deceased leader of New York's 400, and America's
undisputed society arbiter.

MEN WHO HAVE BEEN TALKED ABOUT THIS MONTH.

THERE will be no successor to Ward McAllister's honors. He was as unique in every way as Beau Brummel. The comments upon his death have been varied, and in many instances it must be said that they have been characterized by an extraordinary degree of ignorance. Now that Mr. McAllister has passed into local tradition, it would seem that even men who have ridiculed and derided him might display fairness enough to tell the simple truth about a man who was in every way a remarkable figure in contemporaneous history. He was not a fool in any sense, and though the people gayed him in the papers he was a

man who commanded the respect and affection of some of the most important and influential people in the country. He was cultivated in taste, had an admirable manner, and had the faculty of retaining his friends throughout his life. His absorption in society had a very simple explanation. As a rule the men who devote their time to society are distinguished by shallow brains and trifling fancies. They occupy a more or less prominent place, according to their energy and the amount of money they are willing to spend. Mr. McAllister was a man of brains, who, after he had achieved a fortune which gave him an income of \$25,000 or



BEERBOHM TREE.

\$30,000 a year, developed a passion for society matters, and devoted himself to his favorite pursuit to the exclusion of everything else. He was a man of prominence in the social world, who had no other ambition than to shine as the giver of parties, balls, and social entertainments. It was his ambition to win success in this small field, and with his small equipment he succeeded as no man had done before him. Count D'Orsay and Beau Brummel each represented an era in English social life, and Mr. McAllister represented an era in the social history of New York City. It has been said on many occasions that he made his living out of his social friends. This is entirely untrue, as no question of gain ever entered into his operations in a social way.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree is an accomplished actor and a man of rare sagacity.

He came to America with a firm determination of winning popularity, and he has kept this object in view throughout his tour. He is a fluent speaker, and it must be said that he flatters us quite as successfully as did the Kendals when they first came over here, and almost as thoroughly as Irving has during his tours in this country. Englishmen are not as dull as we sometimes think they are. It is perfectly evident now that almost any London star who comes over here can make anywhere from \$50,000 to \$100,000 a season by telling us what great people we are and flattering our vanity to the fullest possible extent. We have a childish and an altogether absurd fondness for pretty speeches and compliments. The Kendals did not make less than \$100,000 during any season they played in this country, and while they flat-



M. DE MASE, SARAH BERNHARDT'S LEADING JUVENILE,
GAZING SOULFULLY AT THE GIRLS IN THE BALCONY.

tered us they controlled us. Every time Mrs. Kendal told us we were the greatest people in the world, that our women were beautiful, our men noble and heroic, and our taste for art exquisite and refined, we flocked to the theatre to see her play and gradually made her rich. This went on for four seasons. When the fifth season came around Mrs. Kendal lost her temper because some New York critics condemned one of her plays, and she then told us her true opinion of Americans. It turned out then that the men were not noble, but pompous and a silly lot, and that the women ran after every important celebrity simply because of the hall mark of Great Britain, and ignored Americans of far greater ge-

nus. Candid Americans were forced to admit that Mrs. Kendal told what was literally the truth, but the candid ones were in the minority. Others called the English actress a "spiteful cat" and never went near her afterward, so that the last season of the Kendals in this country has been the least successful one since they began their American tours. Mr. Tree can be depended upon not to make any such mistake as this. All Britishers understand now what tactics must be employed to win success in the United States.

Two pictures of men who have played leading rôles with Mme. Bernhardt are presented in this month's issue of the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE. One of



M. DUQUESNE AS EMPEROR NAPOLEON
IN THE THIRD ACT OF "MADAME
SANS GENE."

them, a recent acquisition, is the gentleman who is holding his face upon his hands and is looking heavenward with an air of exquisite delight. There is an impression abroad that there is a mirror over his head, and that his delight is the result of gazing at his own reflection in the glass. His reputation has been made entirely by his good looks, and his name is almost entirely unknown in this country. He was a "find" of Mme. Bernhardt's in a professional theatre just outside of Lyons, France. The other leading man, M. Duquesne, played here two seasons with the great French actress, and established an excellent reputation for good all-around work, which stood him in good stead when he came back to this country as the leading support of Mme. Réjane.

Something in the nature of a family complication has sprung up in the house of Marlborough over the loyalty and devotion of the young duke to his American stepmother. There was once a modest young woman in Detroit named Miss Price, who came to New York and married a retiring young gentleman of the name of Hamersley. Mr. Hamersley died while Mrs. Ham-

ersley was in the bloom of young womanhood and the possessor of \$5,000,000, or thereabouts. It was during her widowhood that the late Duke of Marlborough married her and took her to Great Britain. The houses of all the other duchesses in England were closed to the American duchess for a very short time only, for her beauty and good nature soon won them over. But the duke had a divorced wife living, and a son who was to inherit his title, and when the duke died it was supposed that the son and his own mother would make a vigorous war upon his stepmother, the American Duchess of Marlborough. So they did for a short time, and then stories got about that the young duke had got tired of the family squabbles and had made up his mind that his American stepmother was quite a jolly sort of woman, and placed her where she belonged in a social way. It is commonly believed that dukes can do these things when they feel inclined that way. Hence the great split in the Marlborough



THE YOUNG DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.



SUPERINTENDENT THOMAS BYRNES.

(As he appeared twenty years ago.)

At that time he was only a captain, but a captain with a splendid reputation. His picture was taken by a famous old New York photographer, and is the only one extant, as the negative was destroyed by fire some years ago.

family which was to have occurred has not taken place, and the American duchess and her stepson are living on excellent terms, while the air is thick with rumors that the widow will shortly marry one of the most popular peers in Great Britain, the famous naval hero, Lord Beresford.

The month has been notable for the extraordinary violence and persistency of the assaults upon the Police Department of New York City. Two of the most notable men in this department are Superin-

tendent Byrnes and Inspector Williams. A portrait is presented here of the Superintendent as he looked twenty years ago, and it is worth noting that in spite of his years of hard work he looks very little older to-day than he does in this picture. Inspector Williams is a pretty stalwart and substantial specimen of manhood, despite the violence of the attacks which have been made upon him. The police have been accused of innumerable crimes, and it is certain that things have been in a bad way in the department; but it is also certain that Byrnes and Williams have won positions in the hearts of New Yorkers from which it would be difficult to oust them, no matter how hard the politicians and reformers work to this end. There is a growing sentiment that the reform business in the metropolis of America has been considerably overdone, and

ALEXANDER WILLIAMS,
New York's famous police inspector.



W. SIMS.

FRED TARAL.

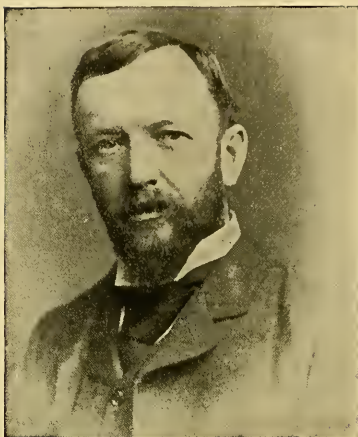
TWO OF THE MOST PROMINENT AND SUCCESSFUL JOCKEYS
OF OUR TURF.



A. A. ZIMMERMANN,
THE world's bicycle champion.

on this account Byrnes and Williams are regaining a great deal of the popularity which they lost just before the last election.

W. Sims, Fred Taral, and A. A. Zimmermann—popularly known as “Jimmy”—are three names with which to conjure in the world of popular sports. They are much gossiped about, and entertainingly, in newspaper articles by writers familiar with their careers. The limitations of such an article as this, however, forbid the recounting of many incidents that would form very entertaining reading, but which naturally find their way into other publications which give greater attention to matters of sport. At this season, naturally, the attention of a very large portion of the public is turned in the direction of those fields wherein the racing talent will contest for the honors of the year. In proportion as it becomes more and more difficult to



HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

THIS is the author of "The Masqueraders," "The Bauble Shop," and several other interesting and vivid dramas.

gratify, does interest in a sport increase. So American owners are taking their thoroughbreds across the water, and Willie Sims, who has gone to England, will be the first colored jockey who has ever ridden in that country. He is one of the best jockeys in America, and, like many another boy who has won renown in the saddle, he owes his success to inherent genius for his work rather than to intelligence. Of the two most prominent jockeys of our turf at the present time, one is a colored lad without education, and the other is a small, well educated, and adroit German. Fred Taral has become popularly known as "The Little Dutchman." He easily holds first place among American jockeys, and though he is still a young man he has saved upward of one hundred thousand dollars from fees received for riding, and maintains an excellent house and stable of his own in this city.

Zimmermann will close a career which is without a blemish. Like Taral,

he comes of sturdy Dutch stock. The "Jersey Wonder" has ridden the bicycle all over the world, and it is to be said to his credit that not a breath of suspicion has ever tarnished his name. He could have made enormous sums of money if he had chosen to play into the hands of the gamblers, either in this country or in Europe, but he has always ridden to the best of his ability in every race he has entered, and if he closes his racing this year, as he says he will, he will deserve to rank as the champion of champions. Zimmermann's career in the world of sport is without a parallel. It must be said that Sullivan suffered only one defeat in the course of twelve years in the pugilistic ring, but in those twelve years Sullivan met only three men of anything like first class ability. Zimmermann, on the other hand, has met every rider of note in the world, submitted to all kinds of handicaps, ridden under every conceivable sort of disadvantage, and been the object of innumerable plots and schemes on the part of



HENRY MILLER, THE SOULFUL LOVER IN "JOHN-A-DREAMS" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE.

rival riders. He has never shirked a race or sulked on account of ill treatment, but, often in the face of most discouraging odds, has fought his way to the end of the race with invincible determination and pluck. Such a man as this bicyclist realizes the highest standard in the realm of sport.

Henry Arthur Jones is a Frenchman, as far as his mental habits are concerned. He is English in manner and appearance, but when he begins to write plays the effect of his extensive French reading is seen in the realism which marks his work and the extraordinary indifference to English tradition which he invariably displays. At the present time no man in England has written plays that excite so much discussion as

Henry Arthur Jones; and his influence extends far beyond the local stage, for during the past two months two of his plays, "The Case of Rebellious Susan" and "The Masqueraders," have occupied the stages of two of the principal theatres in New York City. One of these dramas, "The Masqueraders," has served to give Henry Miller, an admirable young actor, an opportunity to add further to his laurels. There are many worse actors starring to-day than the leading man of the Empire Theatre. Mr. Miller's conscientious attention to the requirements of art has resulted in a remarkable multiplication of his pictures. In every character that he plays his make-up and facial appearance are carefully changed.





PICTURE OF THE GIRL WHO THOUGHT "TRILBY" WAS A
BAL WOMAN.

A SOCIETY GIRL WHO WOULD NOT POSE FOR "TRILBY."

THE "Trilby" craze, while it lasted, was virulent. It is strange, too, that the craze should have been so much more active in this country than in England, where many of the scenes of the story are laid and which is the home of the author.

It was not surprising that "Trilby" should be made the subject for amateur theatricals. In one case, at least, the dramatic phase of the case was the cause of much hearburning. In a small New Jersey city the members of a certain church mapped out an entertainment in which were some scenes from "Trilby." It was decided that these scenes should be done in costume and in as realistic a manner as possible. A handsome young girl living in the town, the

daughter of a prominent business man and church attendant, was selected to impersonate "Trilby." She had heard a great deal about "Trilby," but had not read the book. A few days before the performance was to have taken place she heard that "Trilby" was a Bohemian creation, and that she was not supposed to be the personification of snow-white innocence. The young woman put her foot down then and there, and the entertainment went on.

The church people of this New Jersey town are still talking about the affair, and some have taken sides with and some against the girl, and all because Du Maurier did not make "Trilby" a Dresden doll instead of a throbbing figure of Bohemia!



A WELL-KNOWN LIVING-PICTURE MODEL AT A NEW YORK THEATRE, AS SHE APPEARS IN ONE OF KILANYI'S LATEST CREATIONS, "THE WATER-CARRIER."



A NEW YORK ARTIST'S MODEL WHO HAS BEEN POSING FOR AN OIL PAINTING OF
"TRILBY" FOR NEXT YEAR'S ACADEMY.



BELLE BILTON, THE COUNTESS OF CLANCARTY.

WOMEN OF THE MONTH.

THE discussion which is going on in England over the return of two young women to the stage who were formerly known as Belle Bilton and Dolly Tester, and the continued presence on the stage of the American girl, May Yohe, strikes the average resident of the United States as being unnecessarily violent. Belle Bilton was a music-hall singer, Dolly Tester was a barmaid, and May Yohe was an American chorus girl. One is now a countess, another a marchioness, and the last is Lady Francis Hope, and she will eventually be Duchess of Manchester. They are three remarkably pretty women, and they have all risen from the ranks and married peers. Apparently Great Britain does not hold three more prominent personages than these three amiable, easy-going, and democratic young women. The

Countess Clancarty recently kissed thirty-eight men at a country fair so as to provide enough money to keep a widow whose son had been killed in a railroad accident. The thirty-eight men paid ten pounds apiece for the privilege of kissing the countess, and they probably thought it cheap at the price. There is a theory on this side of the water that when a barmaid or a chorus girl marries a peer she is cut and ignored for evermore by all the other peers and peeresses of the realm. Such, however, is not the fact. Both Dolly Tester and Belle Bilton have been received pretty much everywhere in Great Britain that they have cared to go. They are going back to the stage because they consider it far more amusing than society. If this is the case it does not seem that society has anybody to blame except itself for the position which it holds in the estima-



DOLLIE TESTER.



MISS OLDCASTLE,

Who recently gave a matinée which called forth expressions of critical approval from the New York papers.

tion of some of the most spectacular members of the aristocratic world of Great Britain. Another sort of aristocrat is Miss Oldcastle, who is playing at Daly's Theatre. She is a woman of irreproachable reputation, dignified bearing, and important family connections. She is the Countess Castelvechio, which translated means "old castle." She has adopted the latter name for her stage work, and her portrait is given here, in conjunction with that of the ex-barmaid

and the ex-music-hall singer, only to show that success in a dignified, proper, and effective manner on the stage may be obtained even if a woman has a title and is in every way thoroughly respectable.

It is a curious commentary upon latter-day criticism in New York City that Miss Camille D'Arville has been more widely talked about as the result of a libel suit which she brought against a New York paper than on account of her



CAMILLE D'ARVILLE

Is not a star of the first magnitude, and yet there has been almost as much litigation about her as about Lillian Russell. She is now appearing in comic opera in New York, and is starring under her own auspices with an opera all about a magic kiss. She is very fond of New York, and that is nice.

art. She is one of the few prima donnas on the comic-opera stage whose name has not been tainted with scandal, and who has won her way to eminence by reason of her ability, industry, and remarkable knowledge of music. While other prima donnas were getting themselves married and divorced, posing as heroines in runaway accidents and elopements, losing thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds over-night in provincial hotels, and rushing into print upon every conceivable pretext, Miss D'Arville was sticking to her work, with the result that she has become a well-rounded and thoroughly admirable

actress and a singer with a delightful method. Her voice is not strong and it lacks somewhat in resonance, but she handles it with such careful judgment that its limitations are not apparent to the average theatre-goer. Miss D'Arville's presence in New York for a week was not noted with any particular enthusiasm by the papers, but at the end of the week a reporter, who was smitten with a sudden and altogether inexplicable attack of sensitiveness, became shocked at a costume which Miss D'Arville wore on the stage, and wrote a thoroughly abusive and awe-stricken article about it. The costume which



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MISS LESCAUT, A NEW CARMEN ON THE STAGE.

Miss D'Arville wore was one of the regulation kind, with tights and doublet, and even the most imaginative mind could not see anything vulgar or indecent in it. She was indignant and sued the paper for libel, and within twenty-four hours she was the most widely talked about woman in New York. What her art had failed to accomplish a ridiculously perverted paragraph in a daily paper brought about, and she secured the attention of the critics and the public generally.

Since Calvé sailed away, threatening never to return to this country, the public has refused to accept any of the *Carmens* whom Abby & Grau have put before them. Calvé was accepted with enthusiasm as the ideal *Carmen*.

She caught the fancy of the public, and there is no doubt but that her rendition of the rôle was so powerful and unique that it completely captivated the hearts of opera-goers. People run to extremes in musical as well as in dramatic art, and it must be said that they gushed over Calvé with astounding warmth. The big opera house was crowded to the dome whenever she sang, and it was looked upon almost as a national misfortune when she announced that she would not come back to this country a second season. De Lussan, Hiller, and Lescaut have all been put forward, only to meet with a chilling and disdainful reception, and to hear the name of Calvé running through the house. It cannot justly be claimed that any of



LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

these three artists are not able to sing the rôle, and it is certain that any one of the three would have been accepted if Calvé had not become a public idol. The whole question is, apparently, one of violent prejudice, and it is announced that the managers of the opera have given up all idea of fighting against it, will yield to the inevitable, and leave "Carmen" out of the repertory of the opera altogether until the public expresses an unmistakable disposition to accept somebody else instead of its former pet. Calvé, by the way, is likely never to come to this country again. She was viciously attacked by the Chicago press when here last, and never recovered from the ill-bred and cowardly assaults of the papers in the "Windy City." Every effort was made to explain to her that a new order of journalism had grown up in the great Western metropolis, but she insisted that no artist should submit herself to a

public which permitted such comments as were made upon her private life by the Chicago press

It is difficult to imagine how this country could get along without Lady Henry Somerset. She came here two years ago to reform things, and gave out a programme upon her arrival which filled the land with glad acclaim—that is, as far as the religious enthusiasts were concerned. Lady Henry was known as a reformer in London, and got her name in the papers at least once a day. She was going to drive intemperance out of this country and do a lot of other things in connection with her visit. She had not been here long before a new reformer arose in her place in London, and drove even the memory of Lady Henry Somerset out of the mind of the English by the violence of her crusade against the music halls. Columns of the newspapers were devoted to the new reformer, and soon Lady Somerset heard



MISS ODETTE TYLER, WHO HAS RETIRED FROM THE STAGE.

of it, so she rushed back to London and tried to get into the movement. But the new-comer would not have it, and Lady Henry's efforts to secure publicity were so violent that the papers finally turned on her and began to ridicule her mercilessly. Jerome K. Jerome was particularly vigilant and effective in his efforts to expose the curious tactics of the professional reformers with Lady Henry Somerset in the lead. Then, her ladyship being driven out of London, she made a second visit to America and again issued a pronunciamiento. She was still determined upon abolishing the living pictures and curing drunkenness, and she has been at it ever since, whenever the reporters would listen to her. But, as a matter of fact, if the truth must be told, the living pictures were never so successful and widely recog-

nized as at the present moment, and drunkenness is quite as rampant as it was before Lady Henry started her movement against it. She has now joined forces with Miss Frances Willard, and together they have assailed and abused the commonwealth. But the public yawns and is evidently weary of all the self-advertising efforts of the reformers. Miss Willard has fallen out with Lady Henry since she began to ride the bicycle in bloomers and succeeded in getting her picture in every paper in the country. Lady Henry cannot ride the bicycle, and this latest fad of her former friend has driven her completely into the background.

The portrait is here presented of a young woman who has been as widely talked about as any other young woman of her age in this country. Miss Odette



CISSIE LOFTUS

In her imitation of Yvette Guilbert, the celebrated French music-hall singer.

Tyler captured the heart of Howard Gould, who is of a vacillating disposition and the possessor of \$16,000,000. Young Mr. Gould believed that he loved Miss Tyler, and, after he had pressed his suit for a long while, she consented to accept it, and the day for her marriage was fixed. Immediately that it was announced in the papers a hullabaloo arose in the Gould family, and the whole question of the affection of the two young people for each other became one of feverish interest to the public. After no end of negotiations,

charges, and general abuse, Mr. Howard Gould sailed for Europe, and the match was broken off.

Miss Cissie Loftus is a young Englishwoman who married the son of Justin McCarthy, and the pair came to this country on their wedding tour. Mr. McCarthy knows how to speak and write in seven or eight different languages, is a pleasant and amiable gentleman, but he has not the faculty of making money. Money being a necessity in this country, even for people on a honeymoon, Miss Cissie Loftus stepped into the breach, went to a big music hall, and proceeded to give imitations of celebrated actors and actresses for the modest stipend of \$250 a week. Her mother is a music-hall singer, and Cissie herself has been familiar with the stage for many years. She is still a girl, being only twenty, and she has a charming,



CECILIA LOFTUS (MRS. JUSTIN MCCARTHY)
IN PRIVATE LIFE.



FRAU SUCHER

Is at the head of the company who has displaced Italian opera, and is now the exponent of Wagner's best (or worst) efforts in the operatic business. There is always a tumultuous throng of Wagnerian enthusiasts on hand when the German opera season opens, and this year the throng is as big as ever. Frau Sucher is therefore the woman of their hour.

ingenuous, and simple manner in public. Some idea of the range and quality of her genius may be gathered from the fact that in a single evening she gives imitations of such widely diverse types of stage people as Sarah Bernhardt, Tony Pastor, and Ellen Terry.

The season of German opera which has succeeded Italian opera in New York was made memorable principally by the appearance of Mme. Sucher as the prima donna. The Germans do not believe in writing operas for great prima donnas, after the style of the great Italian school, and great prima donnas are by no means necessary for the adequate performance of operas of the Wagnerian

school. It is true that the most successful season of German opera ever held in New York was made memorable by the presence of a genius and a great Wagnerian soprano, and the financial advisers of Mr. Damrosch insisted that he should have some such star for his season this year. But it was claimed that Mme. Sucher was as great as any artist who had ever sung soprano rôles in this country. She is a woman of robust presence and thorough training, but she has not by any means created the furor that was anticipated. Indeed, she has participated, in a measure, in the lack of success which has characterized the season of German opera in this city.



THE DOUBLE HAND BALANCE.
A most difficult and effective feat.

ECCENTRIC DANCERS.

BY VINCENT CRAWFORD.

ECCENTRIC dances have of late years become prominent and effective features of stage-dancing. In fact, certain forms of ballet-dancing may be consistently called eccentric, as well as any other form of skirt manipulation

that is unconventional and thoroughly novel.

Female acrobatic dancers are now quite plentiful. A very few years ago only men had the hardihood to undertake the feats required in the execution



THE "LIVING BELT."

DONE by only the most supple of acrobatic dancers.

of such movements as handsprings, cart wheels, and the various other manoeuvres that can be performed only by experienced acrobats. The double hand balance is one of the most difficult feats, because it requires great strength in that part of the body which most people neglect to strengthen—the wrists. The

dancer, after going through ordinary dance steps, turns a somersault in the air and lands on her hands with her feet straight up in the air. The "living belt" is another extremely effective piece of work. It must be performed by two dancers, one of whom twines herself about the body of the



THE NEW "AWKWARD" DANCE.



THE GERMAN WOODEN-SHOE DANCE.

other, who is usually the stronger of the two. It will be seen by the illustration that to do this one must also be a contortionist. In fact, most acrobatic dancers are contortionists.

The "awkward" dance does not require that the performer shall be possessed of a remarkable amount of dancing ability. She need only be dressed in some ridiculous or odd costume, and have at her command some of the methods of the comic-opera comedian, who is never funny unless he is entangling himself in his own feet or tripping over the stage furniture. Some members of the "awkward" brigade have made reputations for themselves because of the especial funniness of their steps or make-up, and at least one dancer in "1492" has become a great popular favorite on ac-

count of the facility with which he falls all over himself and the stage.

The German wooden-shoe dance is not by any means a new form of pedal manipulation. The elder Emmett danced himself into public favor around war time with his German yodel songs and wooden shoe specialty. Emmett has had many imitators in his peculiar line, and since his time both men and women wooden-shoe dancers have flourished in this country, principally at the vaudeville houses.

The "cartwheel" was for years attempted only by men dancers. Now, however, there are dozens of women on the stage who can do it gracefully, even in the long skirts and clinging lingerie that conventionality makes woman's accepted attire. The "cartwheel"

is nothing more nor less than a series of sidelong somersaults. The dancer starts her revolutions at the wings on one side of the stage and wheels across



THE "CARTWHEEL."



THE FRENCH SWITCHBACK, AS DONE BY AN AMERICAN DANCER.

to the wings on the other side, sometimes varying this performance by an elliptical course around the centre of the stage.

The French switchback is essentially a Parisian invention and can be best described by that peculiarly expressive word—*chic*. The dancer turns sideways to the audience, catches up the back of her skirts with both hands, and makes a sort of abnormal bustle with a cataract effect formed by the falling of the billowy lace skirts. Fougère, Valti, and other Frenchwomen who have ap-

peared in this country have the switchback down to a fine art, as have most French dancers who have been trained in the up-to-date French music-hall school. American dancers like Marie Stuart and Nina Farrington have adopted the switchback and are as adept at it as could be expected of any but a genuine Parisian dancer.

The mirror dance became popular in Paris last year. Parisians demand something new all the time from their performers, and as ballet-dancing is an old story with the French and the skirt



THE MIRROR DANCE.

dance has fallen into a decline, a smart young woman invented the mirror dance. The original mirror dance was done by half a dozen young women in particularly striking dancing costumes, and was given on a stage that was flanked on all sides by mirrors, which were even arranged over their heads. The effect produced was very startling, the impression being that a whole army of dancers were in plain sight of the audience. A less ambitious mirror dance is now being done by a number of women in this country who find that a number of poses before one mirror is all that American audiences require.

The hula-hula dance first became famous in this country because of the acrid discussion it occasioned among the

women managers of the World's Fair when it was first given in 1893 in Chicago. The hula-hula dancers performed before a special committee appointed by the board of management of the World's Fair. Immediately heated argument as to the immoral effect of the dance was started, and for some weeks the newspapers of the country gave as much space to the affair as they generally do to a national election. The dance was finally allowed to go on, not, however, without many protests from the dissenting members of the committee. The hula-hula dance came to us from Honolulu. It is nothing more than a dance in which the abdominal muscles are brought into play in a startling manner. A number of American women have been doing



A BURLESQUE CHORUS GIRL IN THE HULA-HULA DANCE.

this dance, but not always without interruption, as the authorities of several cities have refused to allow them to finish their performances.

The clock-tower figure is done by two dancers, who find it an easy matter to hold their feet aloft in such a manner as to form a sort of arch, and with the tips of their toes higher than their heads.

Great practice is necessary before a woman can attain the proficiency re-

quired in many of the dances mentioned in this article. One of the commonest forms of practice is shown in the last cut illustrating this article. It is by such means as these that acrobatic and other eccentric dancers find it possible to make their acts acceptable to the public, which is becoming more fickle and harder to please every year, and which demands that the feats performed for its benefit shall be more and more dangerous, or shall appear so.



THE CLOCK-TOWER FIGURE.

Before concluding my remarks, let me say that the dancer who feels himself or herself capable of performing an eccentric dance, but would not care to do so publicly on account of its apparent lack of grace or dignity, need not be

bothered on that score. To the minds of the majority of theatre-goers who are interested in Terpsichore, there is far more actual grace in the eccentric dance than in the usual skirt dance or Carmencita evolutions. And they are right.



EXERCISE OF TOUCHING THE BACK OF THE HEAD WITH
THE TIP OF THE FOOT.

MISS DIANA OF MADISON AVENUE.

BY ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY.

"ALL men are brutes. I hate 'em."

Hortense, alias Diana, Creighton threw her head back as she made this unkind remark, took a puff of a daintily poised cigarette, and blew out the smoke through her nostrils in a contemplative way, while her younger sister, Lillian, looked at her with a puzzled expression.

Diana—no one knew why she was called out of her name, but for obvious reasons every one tacitly agreed that the name fitted her perfectly—was, to say the least, an interesting person to gaze upon. No one would call her face pretty; it was too strongly marked for that. But it was, nevertheless, a handsome face, with a dash of boldness in its outlines that was refreshing even if not altogether pleasant. Her nose was full and straight, and her lips were as firmly set as a man's. But the eyes were remarkable. They were not the eyes of a woman. They were the cold, penetrating, unflinching eyes of the man of the world—the kind of eyes that can tell at a glance the value of five cards, or that can look straight into any man's face without drooping.

They were the eyes of the New Woman.

Lillian was of a different mould. She was a snug little, womanly young thing—the sort of girl that men make fun of and generally end by marrying. She was a semi-blonde, with rich brown hair that clung in pretty ripples all around her high forehead, and which, in their turbulence, threatened to completely cover up her well-shaped ears. Her mouth was mobile and tender—as all women's mouths should be—and her gray eyes looked as if they could weep as well as laugh, as all women's eyes should look. She had a book in her hand and nervously fumbled its pages as her sister stood in front of her.

Diana thrust her hands into the side-

pockets of her closely fitting skirt and glanced down at her sister.

"Sis, you're a fool," and she brushed the ashes off her cigarette as she spoke.

"Di, I do wish you wouldn't talk that way. And please don't smoke cigarettes when you come near me. Why will you smoke those horrid things? They make me positively sick."

"Of course they do." Diana drew in another long puff, blew the smoke as straight as an arrow into her sister's face, and smiled ironically as Lillian coughed and helplessly waved the smoke away with her hands. "Of course they do," she repeated. "Why shouldn't they? All my set smokes. All your friends go to the *matinée*, chew chocolate caramels, smile at the handsome juvenile and blubber like little idiots at the leading lady's troubles. Bless your sweet little hearts! A mouse or a man's moustache is enough to set you into convulsions. There's that pasty little friend of yours, Florence Hastings. I invited her down to one of our Thursday Evenings at the Equal Rights Club, and all she did was to sit around and cough. She wouldn't even take a hand in a quiet little game, and she was afraid to go home alone in a cab because it was after twelve o'clock. Bah! What a pack of ninnies you go with! My dear Lillian, let me repeat that you're a fool."

"Hortense Creighton"—Diana was always dropped when Lillian was angry—"you may call me a fool all you like, but I'll not allow you to call a sweet girl like Florence Hastings 'pasty.' She told me all about that affair, and it must have been horrid. The idea of girls drinking and smoking down there just like men! I think it's perfectly dreadful, and I'm surprised that papa allows you to do such things." And Lillian closed her book with a bang,

while her sister looked on calmly, finished her cigarette, threw the stub into a convenient waste basket, threw her leg over the back of a chair, and regarded her sister reflectively for a moment.

"I'll tell you why the gov'nor allows me to do such things, dear little fragile sister mine. It's because he can't help himself. I'm not like you, Lil. You're content to sit in the house all day and read the *Ladies' Home Journal*, receive a few callers, or perhaps go to an occasional matinée; your life is just what every other little Dresden China doll's life is—a nibble without a bite, only half a grasp on the world, only a feeble attempt at getting out of life all that we women should find in it. As I have said before, sis, all men are brutes and I hate 'em. They take us to theatres and balls and dinner parties, and parade us as they would a new horse or the latest thing in canes. We are part of their outfits. When they are not parading us they forget all about us, and in their own selfishness they band together, call themselves clubs, and when they are tired of their own society they come home—for what? For companionship? No—for sleep. We fellows of the 'Equal Rights' are going to shift for ourselves. We can get along without the men. We have our own club, our own games, our own side-board, and our own liberty. The gov'nor thinks I'm going it a little strong, but he knows he can't put me in a straitjacket, and besides, at heart, pop's a rake and he rather likes to see his daughter do as she pleases. At any rate she does, and she intends to keep on doing so."

Diana got up from the chair, went over to the upright piano in the corner, and began to sing, accompanying herself with a maddening thump, that plaintive ditty, "Her Golden Hair was Hanging Down her Back." She did not always sing on the key, but she made up for this by the vehement manner in which she accentuated every

point that could be brought out in this lovely, gladsome fireside song.

Lillian was not shocked. She was no prude, and, besides, she had become somewhat accustomed to her sister's ways.

But for all that she wasn't quite convinced that "Her Golden Hair was Hanging Down her Back" was a suitable selection for the drawing room of even an up-to-date young woman. She went over to her sister and put her arms around her neck.

"Diana, would you sing 'hat song if Dick Manton were here to listen to you?"

"Shoot Dick Manton!" was the explosive reply. "Dick and I are old pals. He knows I'm not one of your in-bed-at-ten girls, and if he were here this minute I'd just hammer away and ask him to join me in:

"Oh, Jane Doesn't seem the same.

When she left the village she was shy;

But alas and alack! she came back

With a naughty little twinkle in her eye."

While she was singing this touching chorus a servant handed Lillian a card.

Diana finished with a particularly vicious thump, and, turning to her sister, she remarked gaily:

"I wish Dick *had* been here to hear me." And, as if in answer to her wish, Mr. Richard Manton, junior member of the firm of Oliver Manton & Co., No. 17 Wall Street, strolled into the room.

"I did hear you, Diana, as I came through the hall," he said to the surprised young woman on the stool. "Allow me to congratulate you. Not even Marie Stuart or Lottie Gilson could have sung it with more abandon." And the big, handsome chap smiled and showed his strong white teeth as he advanced to take the hands of the sisters.

Diana looked angrily at Lillian. "Why did you not let me know Dick was coming, Lil?" she asked.

"Why?" And the little girl's great gray eyes opened wide and her lips were wreathed in a myriad of smiles. "Diana dear, I challenge anybody to

stop you long enough to tell you anything while you are in a paroxysm of singing, as you were when Dick's card came in. I'm sorry Dick heard you, though." And she looked half-playfully, half seriously at Dick, who had seated himself near Diana.

"Oh, well," and Diana's eyes flashed a defiance that her eyelashes but half-concealed, "Dick has heard it before. Haven't you, Dick?"

"Yes; I heard it at Koster & Bial's on a night that you and a number of your friends had a box there. Do you remember?"

"Yes, I believe I do. One of our fellows gave a vaudeville box party. What a jolly time we had! One of us, I think it was little Belle Stockton, drank too many absinthes and persisted in joining in with the singers on the stage. We did our best to quiet her."

"Yes, and made so much noise about it that the management sent word that you would have to stop or leave the theatre."

"Oh, we were not so bad. There was a party of young bloods only two boxes from us, and they made so much noise that they were actually put out."

"I know it. And everybody called them rowdies, and two of them landed in the station house that night. I suppose you girls would have gone into hysterics if you had been hustled out of the theatre, and yet you were almost as bad as the others."

"Come, come, Mr. Dick!"—Diana saw she was not coming out with flying colors—"you are getting decidedly disagreeable. So let's change the subject. Are you coming to our reception on Friday night? I've sent you an invitation."

"I'm afraid I can't, Diana. Our directors have a meeting."

"Oh, bother your directors! I have asked Charley Benson, Tom Paine, and John Chamberlain, and every one of them has something to say about a directors' meeting. I don't really believe

you want to go." And Diana glanced defiantly into Dick's face.

"No, I don't want to go," Dick answered with a firmness that surprised even himself. "Diana, you know how I detest most of the girls in your club. They're a rakish lot of crazy young women, who imagine they are going to revolutionize society, and all the time they are only making themselves miserable, while the men and all sensible women laugh at them. No, decidedly no, I don't want to go, Diana."

Lillian looked at Dick with a grateful expression in her eyes, while Diana bit her lips in vexation. With a careless wave of her head she got up from where she had been sitting. She snapped out her linked cuffs, as she had seen Herbert Kelcey do at the Lyceum when he wished to be particularly impressive, and walked toward the door.

"Very well, Dick, suit yourself. But as I happen to be one of the crazy young women you speak of, I don't feel flattered by your remarks. I'm going down to the club now for a game of billiards, and I leave you to the tender care of fair Lillian. Have a cigarette? No? Ta-ta. Hope you'll stay to dinner. The gov'nor has some excellent Burgundy." And she was off before Dick could make the explanation that was on his lips.

He turned hopelessly to Lillian.

"She knows I don't include her with those other four-in-hand Amazons, or I wouldn't have spoken to her in that way. Lil, you know how much I think and have always thought of Diana, but I can't stand this insane new cult of hers. I don't mind telling you, Lillian, that I came up this afternoon for the purpose of asking Diana to be my wife. But she apparently doesn't want to be any one's wife, much less the wife of one who is so utterly at variance with her new fad." And he sighed a good old-fashioned sigh that made the pretty young listener sigh in unison with him. Although she would hardly have acknowledged it, even to herself, Lillian

was deeply impressed with this manly fellow, who was not just like most men that she knew, principally because he was sincere and earnest in everything that he said and did.

"I know that Diana regards you very highly, Dick," she said simply. "And you know perfectly well how much papa and mamma think of you. And I would be proud to have you as a brother-in-law." And she looked up innocently into his face. If he had been anything but a man he would have seen that her eyes reflected something more than esteem.

"I know you would," he said heartily. "And I really think that I would get the sweetest little sister on earth." And he refrained from hugging her then and there only because he was afraid that such an expression of regard would have gone beyond the rules laid down by polite society. "But Diana worries me. I'm not quite sure that I could make her perfectly happy even if she were to accept me. She wants to go out into the world and do something. Just as if a man wants his wife to do anything but be a womanly woman and a wifely wife! I tell you, Lillian, it's all wrong, and the sooner Diana and the rest of her set discover this the sooner they will find their proper sphere. But I'm boring you. By the way, I would like to bring up Charley Benson with me some night. May I? He's an awfully nice fellow, and I'm quite sure you would like him. Diana already knows him very well."

"Of course you may. Bring him up to dinner, say Thursday night, and we'll have a game of whist after dinner. Oh, I forgot! Diana will not be at home that night. You know"—this rather hesitatingly—"her club meets on Thursdays. But come just the same, if you wish, and I'll ask Diana to come home early. Will you?"

"I'll come. And now I must be going, and I'm still an unengaged man." And he smiled in a way that did not be-

token the anxiety that might have been expected under the circumstances.

As he left Lillian that afternoon he could not help noticing what a charming woman she was and how becomingly her gray afternoon gown harmonized with her eyes—certainly a more fetching combination than the ultra-tailor-made affair that Diana had worn that same day.

As he was about to leave, Lillian said reassuringly: "Don't worry, Dick. Diana is a dear, good girl, though a trifle headstrong, and you'll soon cure her of this fancy."

"If I don't I shall cure myself," he said to himself as he became lost in the afternoon crowd of pedestrians on Madison Avenue.

CHAPTER II.

THURSDAY night came with its accustomed punctuality, and at six o'clock Dick Manton and Charley Benson were ringing the Creighton bell.

John Creighton met the young men with a hearty grasp of the hand.

"Lillian will be down in a few minutes, Dick. Diana unfortunately had another dinner engagement and could not be here."

"I have heard of it," said Dick. "I believe her club meets to-night, does it not?"

"I believe it is something like that," said the old gentleman apologetically. "I tell you, my boy, that Diana of mine is a remarkable woman. Why, do you know, she actually induced me to let her go down to the office this week to watch the ticker and take her place with my young men down there. There's enterprise for you! I had to let her go down with me for a day or two, just to humor her."

Lillian came in at that moment and gave them a gracious welcome. It was quite a contrast to Diana's careless greeting, Dick thought.

When they were seated at the table Dick could not help thinking of what Diana's father had said about his daugh-

ter's trips down-town, and he could not refrain from asking for more information from Mr. Creighton, who, out of business, was a garrulous old man who would rather talk than eat.

"The first day I took Diana down-town," said he, ignoring the succulent piece of roast in front of him, "I gave her a check-book and told her to be careful. I also gave instructions to Perkins, my head man, not to let her go in too heavily. He had to go down to the Exchange, and while he was away she played see-saw with her bank account, putting up margins as if they were so many umbrellas. U. P. squeezed her most unmercifully and—"

"Squeezed her!" almost yelled Mrs. Creighton, a quiet little lady, who was heard only when she was surprised or excited. "Squeezed my Diana unmercifully! And didn't you thrash the fellow for his impudence?"

Every one laughed, of course, for even Lillian by this time was well up in the professional phrases that were nothing but jargon in the ears of Mrs. Creighton.

"Dick," said Lillian reassuringly, "Diana said she would try to get away from the club in time to join us at the card table. I do hope she will get here before you go."

Charley Benson didn't seem to care very much whether Diana returned or not, as he fairly beamed under the mellowness of Lillian's eyes. He was on such good terms with himself that Dick said to him quizzically after dinner, while they were discussing Mr. Creighton's good cigars:

"Charles Oakley Benson, stop it. You're falling in love at first sight. I admire your good taste while I deplore your precipitancy. Come, own up. Don't deny that you're smitten."

"Why should I?" was the calm and candid answer; and then they joined the ladies.

Dick was not very much interested in cards. He was thinking, and thinking seriously, of Diana and her newly

acquired ways, and he was forced to confess to himself that she was not as pleasing in his eyes as she had been before she took up with "those box-coated she-strutters," as he mentally styled them.

At ten o'clock there was a fumbling at the front-door keyhole.

"It's only Diana," said Creighton, père, who had given his daughter a key rather than have her wake up the whole house when she returned from the club.

After a deal of key-jingling and a slamming of doors, Diana made her appearance in her street attire. She was not a wholesome sight. Her hair, which she had so laboriously trained to stay straight back on her head, was straggling down in little rebellious threads upon her forehead. Her light crush hat was dented the wrong way, and sat jauntily, if somewhat unsteadily, on the side of her head; and her eyes, usually as clear as crystal, flashed an uncertain light. In fact—it's unpleasant to say so, but it's the truth—she was intoxicated.

Mrs. Creighton and her husband were too much engrossed in their hands to notice the mute figure at the threshold, but Lillian's and Dick's eyes met, while Benson had the good taste to go to the window and look out into the uninteresting street.

With a sister's intuition and a wild groping for some excuse that would smooth matters, Lillian went over to her sister and said, in as firm a voice as she could command:

"Poor Di! You're not feeling well, are you? Come up to your room and get off your things."

But Diana had come home to play cards, and to play cards with Dick, too, and she was not to be cheated in this way.

"I'm all right, shish," she said, as she stuck her hands manfully into her side pockets. "Shay, Dick, lesh have a cig—"

But Lillian ended the affair right there by taking Diana firmly by the arm and

guiding her faltering footsteps to her apartments.

In a moment a servant came back and begged Mr. Manton and Mr. Benson to excuse the Misses Creighton, one of whom was very ill, and the other one of whom could not leave her sister just then.

After a short and embarrassing wait, during which Mr. and Mrs. Creighton did nothing but fight over their cards, utterly oblivious of the fact that anything unpleasant had occurred, Lillian came down, and Dick and Charley prepared to go.

When Dick was saying good-by, Lillian looked up at him in a courageous way, and, taking his hand in her own small, delicate fingers, said:

"Diana is really sick, Dick. You know she is, don't you?" And, as if fearful to look him in the eyes, she turned her head away, while the corners of her mouth twitched.

"Little girl," he said gently, "Diana is ahead of her generation. I'm afraid you will never be my sister-in-law." And he strode out with Benson, neither of whom said a word until the Calumet was reached. When they said good-night before going home, Charley remarked to Dick:

"Old man, I'm not much at reading girls' eyes, but may I die single if I don't think that the younger Miss Creighton is in love with you."

To which Dick made no reply. He could think of none.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Dick called at the Calumet for his mail on the afternoon of the following day, the clerk handed him a letter the handwriting of which he recognized in an instant—it was Diana's. In a feeble, scrawly hand it ran:

DEAR OLD DICK:—I was a bit under the weather last night, I admit. You know how it is. Just one Manhattan, then just another, and then—well, Dick, you know one never keeps track of them

after that. I'm glad the gov'nor didn't notice it.

Come up and see me this afternoon. I have something of importance to say to you. The same old

DIANA.

"The same old Diana," Dick repeated to himself. "No; hardly the same. But I'll go up and see her anyway." And he trudged up to the Creightons' house.

Diana was waiting for him. She was much more self-possessed than he expected she would be. She was particularly attractive this afternoon, notwithstanding some tell-tale rings under her eyes and a slight color in the cheeks that was not due alone to good health. She wore a natty house coat that covered up a striped shirt waist, pink as to color and mannish as to cut. A jaunty black four-in-hand tie came down in voluminous folds over her bosom, and a tiny diamond stud gleamed in her collar. In spite of her jauntiness, at that particular moment she strongly reminded Dick of a young man who has had a night of it but who has gained an artificial freshness through the medium of a Turkish bath.

After the first greetings were over Diana seated herself opposite Dick and resolutely attacked her subject at once.

"Dick, I am conceited enough to think that you have loved me for some time. Lillian told me so long ago, but I think I discovered it even before she did. It has seemed to me that you have been on the point of speaking a number of times, but—well, Dick, you haven't spoken and I'm going to do it for you. Will you have me?" And she held out her hands with the assurance of one who is confident of the ground she is treading.

Dick could not answer. He was taken by surprise, and besides he was pained beyond measure. She saw his hesitancy and misconstrued its meaning.

"Of course, this is an unconventional way of doing it, Dick, but perhaps I'm

an unconventional girl. I know I'm wild and thoughtless and no doubt very gay, but we've known each other a long time and—what do you say, Dick? I know you care for me, for Lillian told me the other day that you had come up for the express purpose of—” But she went no further. Dick had arisen and a very serious expression came over his face.

“Diana, you have placed me in a most trying position. I did come up the other day with the intention of asking you to be my wife, but since then events have led me to change my mind. Believe me, had I known what was in your heart when I came here I would have spoken sooner. I would not wound you for all—”

Diana tottered as if she were about to fall, and Dick rushed forward to support her. She pushed him away with an angry gesture.

“I know, Mr. Manton. You have fallen in love with—with my sister. No doubt I was blind not to have known this. But—but don't touch me!”—this as he advanced to take her hand—“I rely upon your honor to say nothing about this. It has taught me a lesson. Good-by, and—and—oh, what have I done—”

She put her handkerchief to her eyes and stumbled out of the room sobbing hysterically.

She was no longer the New Woman. She was as old as the hills.

While Dick was standing there in a quandary Lillian dashed into the room.

“Have you had another quarrel?” she asked anxiously. “I just saw Dick going to her room and she was crying. For shame, Richard, to treat my poor sister that way!”

Dick strode over to Lillian and looked straight down into her eyes.

“Lillian, I said last night that I was afraid you would never be my sister-in-law. Do you remember? You

never can. Will you be my wife instead?”

If Lillian had been a hysterical girl she might have shrieked. As she was a sensible girl she did nothing so silly. Instead she drew her hands away from Dick's and said in a tremulous voice:

“Have you compromised yourself with Diana? Tell me the truth.” And it would have taken a sturdier liar than Dick was to have told her anything but the truth.

“Lillian, I swear there is nothing between Diana and me. We understand each other thoroughly. I have never mentioned marriage to her.”

“But what would she say, Dick? I wouldn't break Diana's heart for all the men in the world.” And while this was hardly complimentary to Dick, he loved her all the more for it.

“Lillian, on my honor, even if you say no, I shall never ask Diana to marry me. She is a jolly good friend, but as a wife—”

“Don't you dare to say a word against your future sister-in law!” cautioned Lillian, as she drowned the words on his lips with a kiss.

Two hours later Dick was telling Charley Benson all about it at the Club.

“Well, I'll be hanged!” said Charley. “And here I've been indulging in sweet dreams all the week, thinking that it was you and Diana all the time and that I stood at least a ghost of a chance with Lillian.” And he threw away his Havana without having lighted it.

“Never mind, old boy,” said Dick. “You still have a chance of becoming related to the future Mrs. Manton. There's Diana, for instance.” And he vulgarly but knowingly winked at Charley.

“No, thank you,” answered that irreverent worthy. “I want a woman when I marry.”

But the answer was lost on Dick. He was thinking of a pair of gray eyes.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THINGS.



HOW TO TELL.

THIS is NOT his own wife the gentleman is embracing. In fact, it is no one's wife. How do we know? Because if it were his wife he would get mad at his hat being knocked off, and he's not mad at all.

HER RUSE.

"BLINKS' wife has reformed him entirely; he doesn't drink a drop now."

"How did she manage it?"

"Easily enough. She spent all he could earn on dress."

HE KNEW.

MOTHER (*policeman's wife*)—Willie, I've been shouting for you this half-hour. How is it you are never to be found when you are wanted?

Son—Well, mother, I suppose I inherit it from father.

A GOOD USE FOR IT.

MR. HIGHFLY—Where is that "Book of Etiquette and Complete Letter Writer"?

MRS. H.—What do you want with it?

MR. H.—I want to write to the grocer to tell him I can't pay him.

IT HAS.

FOOTBALL hath of half-backs
And full-backs not a few;
And, what with bruised and mangled
forms,
It hath its drawbacks, too.

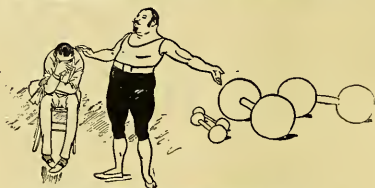


ABSOLUTELY THOUGHTLESS

"Two souls with but a single thought" is quite inapt for them—
 For which you mustn't haul me over the coals :
 For I go upon the logic of the well-known apothegm,
 Which is, that "corporations" have no souls.



"No, Adolphus, you cannot be my husband until you attain the proportions of George Hogg. Then I will think it over."



PROFESSOR—"Do not despair, my dear sir; in a few lessons you will attain Herculean strength."



The few lessons.



Success and rapture.

A STUDY IN ATHLETICS.

THAT SETTLED IT.

"I SUPPOSE to educate your daughter in music costs a great deal of money?"

"Yes; but she's made it all back for me."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I'd been trying to buy out my next neighbor at half-price for years, and could never bring him to terms until she came home and began playing."

ECONOMICAL.

MAMMA—Well, Johnny, I shall forgive you this time, and it's very pretty of you to write a letter to say you're sorry.

JOHNNY—Yes, ma; but don't tear it up, please.

MAMMA—Why not?

JOHNNY—Because it will do for the next time.

HARD ON THE CRITIC.

THE IMPRESSIONIST CRITIC (*viewing the picture*)—Oh, what a lovely effect that is in the centre of the canvas!

THE PAINTER (*not an impressionist*)—Horror! That's where Fido must have rubbed himself after lying down on my palette.

DIDN'T TALLY.

"THIS confounded thermometer isn't worth keeping any longer."

"What is wrong with it?"

"Why, one day it says one thing, and the very next it is something altogether different."

INTERESTED.

MINNIE—I want to introduce you to a young lady—a very nice girl—and she's worth her weight in gold.

BOB—Stout girl, I hope.



INFORMATION.

"Who is she?" "Don't know."
 "Grass widow?" "Guess not."
 "Why not?" "Ain't green."



IN SOCIETY.

"HAVE you seen the living pictures yet?"
 "No, indeed. Nobody owns to having seen them now. An English titled lady is opposed to them, you know, and it would be the worst possible form to approve of them after that."

AN HONEST MAN.

"GENTLEMEN, I can't lie about the horse; he is blind in one eye," said the auctioneer. The horse was soon knocked down to a citizen who had been greatly struck by the auctioneer's honesty, and after paying for the horse he said:

"You were honest enough to tell me that this animal was blind in one eye. Is there any other defect?"

"Yes, sir, there is. He is also blind in the other eye," was the prompt reply.

A CHANGE.

OLD BOARDER—What's for breakfast? Hope not ham and eggs again.

WAITER GIRL—No, sir, not ham and eggs this morning.

"Thank the stars! What is it?"

"Only ham."

THE REASON.

ADOLPHUS — What a cheerful way you must have of refusing a man! You seem to send them away supremely happy.

BEATRICE — I tell them that the report that I'm a great heiress is a mistake.

POPULAR.

"HAVE you received an invitation to the bachelors' ball?"

"Yes, indeed. I'm to be the only girl there."

"What!"

"Yes; really. You know the bachelors only had an invitation apiece to send out, and I've received one from each."

PLAIN AS DAY.

JUDGE (to prisoner) — Your statement does not agree with the evidence of the last witness.

PRISONER — I don't wonder. He's a bigger liar than I am.

HIS REVENGE.

SHE—I'm sorry I married you.

HE—You ought to be. You cut some nice girl out of a mighty good husband.



EXACT.

HE (from New York)—Will you marry me?

SHE (from Boston)—No, I will not.

HE—Then you have deceived me.

SHE—It is you who have deceived yourself. I will not and cannot marry you, but I will gladly be married to you.



HORTICULTURAL.

O GLADYS, Gladys, my heart so very sad is,
While calmly you pursue your path so mazy;
You my dispositiⁿ sour with your power as a flower,
Though the kind of flower you are is a daisy.

A NEGRO was scalded to death in a boiler explosion, and on his tombstone they chiselled deep: "Sacred to the memory of our 'steamed friend."

ON TO HIM.

COMMITTEE-MAN (to public school teacher)—We was thinkin' o' putting up a nice motto over your desk to encourage the children; what do you say? How would "Knowledge is Wealth" do?

SCHOOL TEACHER—That wouldn't do at all. The children know how small my salary is.

A BARGAIN.

ONE morning on the Texas frontier a man came into camp riding an old mule. "How much for the mule?" asked a bystander.

"Jist a hundred dollars," answered the rider.

"I'll give you five dollars," said the other.

The rider stopped short as if in amazement, and then slowly dismounted. "Stranger," said he, "I ain't a goin' to let a little matter of ninety five dollars stand between me and a mule trade. The mule's yours."

THE PLAIN TRUTH.

CANDIDATE—You have not any doubt as to my character, have you?

VOTER—Oh, no, of course not.

"Then why won't you vote for me?"

"Because I have no doubt as to your character."

FROM the store front of an enterprising hatter. "Latest novelty. Soft felt hats for railway collisions."

"It's a good idea to make light of your troubles."

"I do," replied Happigo. "Whenever a creditor sends me a letter I burn it."



IN 2001.

HUSBAND—The prices of these things amounted really to fifteen dollars, but I got a discount and they only cost us eleven dollars.

WIFE—Yes; but you know very well, Henry, that you could have gotten the same articles at Lacey & Mimpson's for nine dollars.

HUSBAND—Oh, yes, dear, I know; but Lacey & Mimpson wouldn't have taken anything off.

READY FOR BUSINESS.

SHOPMAN (*savagely, to agent*)—If you don't get out of my place in double-quick time, I'll kick you out!

AGENT—Before you do so, sir, I'd like to show you a special line I've got in extra thick boots!

HARD INDEED.

MRS. GRAY—Don't you find it awfully hard doing your own work?

MRS. GREEN—Oh, I don't mind the work; in fact I did the most of it when I had a girl. But it is rather wearing not to have any one to find fault with.



EXPOSING THEM.

MAID—Miss Fergusou and Miss Brown are in the parlor.

GRACE—All right; show them up.

MAID—I will. I heard 'em say they hoped you wouldn't be in.

NOT CONCERNED.

TOMMY BINGO—Sister had her young man call to see her last night, and I was peeping through the key-hole, looking at them, when ma came along and stopped me.

WILLIE SLINSON—What did she do?

TOMMY BINGO—She took a look, too.

VERY PARTICULAR.

MRS. DE FASHION—My dear, I've picked out a husband for you at last.

MISS DE FASHION—Very well; but I want to say at once, mother, that when it comes to buying the wedding dress, I am going to select the materials myself; so there!



AT 11:55 P.M.

HE—I think I may say I've been fairly successful. You see, I've always been a man with lots of go.

SHE (with a tinge of fatigue in her voice)—You don't say!



BY MOONLIGHT ALONE.

"GIMME s'more clothes, won't yer? Gimme s'more clothes. I'm 's cold 's ice!"

A CARD MISHAP.

"I MADE the mistake of my lifetime the other day," complained a young woman to a friend in an L train, as the two rode down-town together.

"What did you do, dear?" asked her friend, sympathetically.

"Oh, it's too stupid to think of. I feel crushed over it. You know I called on Mrs. Blank, who has met with a recent affliction. I had just one card, and as I did not expect she would see me, I wrote 'Condolence' in one corner and had it ready to leave."

"Why, that was correct, dear."

"Wait till I tell you all. Mrs. B. saw me and

told her troubles, and we talked and talked, and I didn't leave any card. But I went from there direct to return a call I owed in that neighborhood on a bride."

"You poor thing!"

"Yes. You've guessed it. She was out, and I left that card, and never once thought of the word I had written on it. I hardly knew her at all, so she will not take it as a joke, and — well, there's only one hope I have left."

"What is that, dear?"

"That the writing was so bad that she can't read it, and will think it's some kind of a new fad."

THE following curious footnote appears on a placard announcing a tea party: "Children in arms not admitted except in charge of some one."

FROM ITS OWN FIRESIDE.

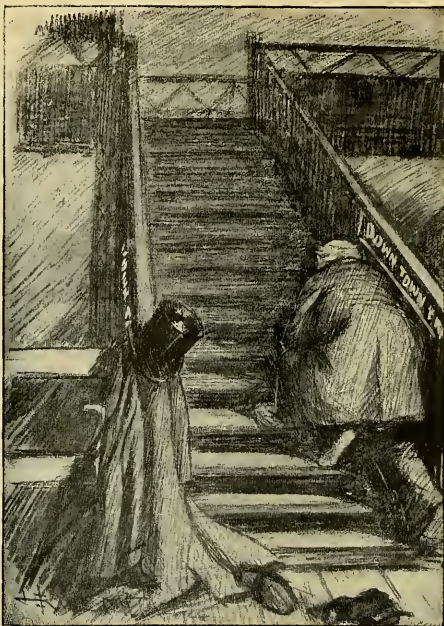
"WHAT interesting stories of travel Duflix tells! He must have roved a great deal."

"No-o—he's always been here. But his mind wanders."



TO MAKE HER FEEL GOOD.

"Why, my hair is dressed like yours! How funny! I took the style from a perfect stranger I saw in the street."
 "It must have been my maid. She has been copying me a good deal lately."



THE CAREFUL MAN.

OLD ROUNDER (carefully depositing hat, coat, umbrella, and shoes at bottom of steps of 135th street elevated station)—Guess I c'n creep up sofly, an'—(hic—) maybe I won't 'tract 'tention—t'm z' ole lady!

HE HAD.

"BUT what can you do, young man? Haven't you some special talent or taste—some bent, as they say?"

APPLICANT (dubiously)—No—no, not that I can think of—except that I am a little bow-legged.

AN OLD COMPLAINT.

"How is your wife?"

"Her head has been troubling her a good deal this year."

"Nervous headache?"

"Not exactly. She keeps on wanting a new hat every four weeks."

A DIFFERENCE.

PATRON (*angrily*)—Bring me some lunch.

RESTAURANT WAITER—But you have already ordered breakfast, sir.

PATRON—Yes, but it was breakfast time then.

NOT UNEXPECTED.

PLANKINGTON—I understand that you had to go to law about that property that was left you? Have you a smart lawyer?

VON BLOOMER—Ycu bet I have. He owns the property now.

HIS REASON.

ACTRESS (*angrily*)—Did you write that criticism which said my impersonation of "The Abandoned Wife" was a miserable failure?

CRITIC—Ye—y-e-s; you see you looked so irresistibly beautiful that it was impossible to fancy that any man could abandon you.



OUR WOMEN'S DEBATING CLUB.

"Shall Women Smoke?"

80,000 Copies of this Number Printed.



Cents.

HOW MR. POTTER WROTE "TRILBY," BY PHILIP S. STETSON.

10

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METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

MAY, 1895.



A Stalwart Crew for a Frail Skiff.

For over a hundred years

Pears' Soap

has been like steps
leading men and
women and chil-
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er plane of
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argument
for purity
and cleanli-
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For Toilet, Nursery
and Bath.

There are soaps offered
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which are dangerous--
be sure you get

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THE THREE GRACES.

A pose selected by three New York girls after tiring of "Trilby" scenes.

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

VOL. I.

MAY, 1895.

No. 4.

CONTENTS.

Nine Full-page Illustrations.

"The Three Graces,"		225
A "Trilby" Model in the French Quarter of New York City,		227
"Gayly the Troubadour,"		228
Calvé's Latest Photograph,		229
Miss Amy Busby,		230
"Queen of the Lilies,"		231
"Maid of Athens,"		232
"A Grecian Water Girl,"		233
Virginia Harned as "Trilby,"		234
How Mr. Potter Wrote "Trilby,"	<i>Philip S. Stetson,</i>	235
With seven illustrations from the play.		
Prince Bismarck,		242
Full-page illustration.		
Two Personalities,		243
Bismarck and Mrs. Paran Stevens, with latest photograph of Mrs. Stevens.		
"Waiting,"		244
After Marzot's painting, and shown as a "Living Picture."		
"Trilby" Craze in Posing,	<i>Franklin M. Chase,</i>	245
With seven illustrations.		
Bicycle and Gymnasium for Women,	<i>Marion Dare,</i>	252
With eight illustrations.		
Platt and Strong,		260
Illustrated from photographs.		
Men Who Have Done Something,		261
With illustrations from photographs of Max O'Rell, Rafael Joseffy, Professor Alexander Herrmann, Walter Damrosch, Clyde Fitch, Kyrie Bell w, Chauncey Olcott, and Nat. Goodwin.		
Women of the Month,		266
Illustrated from photographs of Mrs. James Brown Potter, the Duchess of Manchester, Yvette Guilbert, Miss Matthews, Queen Liliuokalani, and Bessie Bonchill.		
Opening of the Racing Season,		271
Illustrated.		
Miss Nellie Ganthony,		273
Illustrated from photograph in character costume.		
Ada Lewis as "The Tough Girl,"		274
Illustrated from photographs showing "her make-up" for the part.		
She Wasn't Meant for Me"— <i>Poem,</i>	<i>Roland Burke Hennessy,</i>	278
Green Room Glimpses,	<i>George L. Wilson,</i>	279
With twenty-five illustrations.		
My Love— <i>Poem,</i>		296
Stage Struck Girls,	<i>By Grant B. Gordon,</i>	297
With eight illustrations.		
One Honeymoon— <i>Short Story,</i>		302
Illustrated in an original manner.		
The Lighter Side of Things,		305

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A "TRILBY" MODEL IN THE FRENCH QUARTER OF NEW YORK CITY.



"GAYLY THE TROUBADOUR."

A pretty amateur's effort when "Tribby" poses had lost their interest.



CALVÉ'S LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.



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MISS AMY BUSBY



"QUEEN OF THE LILIES."
From a recent painting by Calet.



"MAID OF ATHENS."

An amateur's idea of accompanying the song with an appropriate pose.



"A GRECIAN WATER GIRL."

Posed by a "Trilby" enthusiast who prides herself on a resemblance to Calvé.



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VIRGINIA HARNED AS "TRILBY."

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

VOL. I.

MAY, 1895.

No. 4.

HOW MR. POTTER WROTE "TRILBY."

By Philip S. Stetson.

It was just fifteen minutes after nine o'clock when, as a representative of the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE, I stood at the desk of the Colonnade Hotel and waited to find out whether or no Mr. Paul M. Potter had got out of bed yet. The answer was favorable, and I was shown into the dramatist's room. Mr. Potter's room does not differ materially from the room of any other occupant of an hotel, so the statement that it contained a bed, a piano, a table, a mirror, and a box of Egyptian cigarettes (one of which I gracefully refused) is about as much information as the reader is entitled to. The tenant thereof lit one of the cigarettes himself, leaned back on the sofa, and looked at me helplessly.

"Mr. Potter," I said, "how did you—"

"I started to write 'Trilby' just seven weeks before its production," he said, anticipating my query. "That is to say, somewhere about January 20. That is really, of course, when I wrote it, but as to *why* I wrote it, I will say that it happened this way: The story had appeared in the magazine, and had just been issued in book form. I had not read it, but was intending to do so, and happening to be near the book-stall in the Waldorf Hotel one evening, I purchased a copy. This copy I did not buy to read even

then, but to send away to a friend. I took it to my own hotel, and lay down on the sofa and opened the book at the beginning. I read it straight through, and when I reached the end I determined to make a play of it. There is the original copy on the floor."

"It was your idea, then, first of all, and not Mr. Palmer's?" I asked.

"Yes, it was mine. You see, I am the house dramatist at Palmer's Theatre, and have been such for the last two years. Augustus Thomas held the position before me. Dion Boucicault



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"TIT FOR TAT."

"Taffy" compelling "Scengali" to release "Little Billee."



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'THE THREE MUSKETEERS.'

"Little Billee," "Taffy," and "The Laird," on parade.

died holding the position. That's interesting, isn't it?"

"Very. But about 'Trilby.' Where did you write it? In here?"

"No. I wrote it over in the Mer-

cantile Library, and it took me three weeks to do it."

"Why did you write it over there? Why not have written it in here? Is your table shaky?"



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ONE OF VIRGINIA HARNED'S MOST EFFECTIVE "TRILBY" POSES.

"I wrote over in the Library because I had to dip every now and then into the references I was using on hypnotism."

"Hypnotism?"

"Yes; don't you know that hypnotism is the very essence of the play? There is where my play differs from Du Maurier's book. When I read the book I saw very clearly that the parting of two lovers by hypnotism was the backbone of its drama. You see, hypnotism had never before been used on

the stage seriously—not to my knowledge, that is—and here was the chance. Finding the chance was pure luck. Having come across the opportunity, what I had next to do was to seize it and evolve something that would lie around it satisfactorily. This I have done. The success of the play proves that. But don't go away with the idea that all I did was to make casual references to the books on hypnotism. My boy, I *steeped* myself in hypnotism. I revelled, wallowed, in it, and where I



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"SVENGALI" AND "TRILBY."

entered the study of it as a sceptic, or at least as one interested only desultorily, I came out a serious convert. Yes, sir. Hypnotism is all it claims to be ; its therapeutic values are immense, too. In medicine, especially in dentistry, it—"

"About 'Trilby,' now," I ventured to chip in at this juncture—"what did you do first when you sat down to write the play? Did you lay out the scenery, or what the people were going to say, or the number of acts, or what?"

"I made the hypnotic plot first of all," Mr. Potter rejoined. "I built up that part of it before I did another

thing, and strengthened it all around. All that is my own. The hypnotic plot is so much my own that another dramatization of 'Trilby' with hypnotism as the central idea would infringe on my play, no matter whose permission were given to the playwright. And it is because I made such a deep and careful study of hypnotism that I was enabled to make the pivot of the play as strong as I have done."

"Will you tell me, then, the names of those books that you found most useful to you, or would you rather not?" I asked.



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"SVENGALI" HYPNOTIZING "TRILBY"

"Certainly I'll tell you. They are Björnström's 'History of Hypnotism,' Charcot's 'Experiments at the Salpêtrière,' Braid's 'Observations on Trance,' and some of Clarétie's novels, which, you know, deal largely with

neurology and neurypnology, especially the latter. By the way, you will be interested to know that in James Braid's 'Observations on Trance' I found what was undoubtedly the source of Du Maurier's story. The physician, on



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WILTON LACKAYE AS "SVENGALI."

page 43, relates the case of a young girl absolutely tone deaf who was hypnotized and sang in unison with Jenny Lind—sang in perfect tune and with unheard-of sweetness. I am convinced that that is where the novelist got his idea of Trilby singing under the hypnotic influence."

"Had you ever been interested in hypnotism before this, Mr. Potter?"

"Merely a trifle, as I said. In fact, I knew so little about the subject that had it not been for the help given me by Mr. Titus, the assistant librarian over at the Mercantile, I would have been in a muddle at first." As I was acquainted with Mr. Titus and his considerate help in similar cases, I assented to the dramatist's encomium.

"Another strong dramatic point that I observed," continued Mr. Potter, "was the well-known fact that when one person hypnotizes another the hypnotizer is robbed of a certain amount of strength. Virtue goes out of him, so to speak, and of course the subject is weakened even more than in proportion. That is what makes the death scene in the play so impressive, and so true to nature, or rather so true

to the science in nature. *Svengali*, as was the criticism by nearly every one, dominates this play throughout, and perhaps its name should have been 'Svengali' instead of 'Trilby,' but we could not part with the name that caused the very existence of the play."

"Where did Du Maurier get the name 'Trilby' from, do you know? Do you suppose he invented something that tripped from the tongue easily?" my curiosity caused me to ask.

"Oh, no! He took the word from 'Trilby, the Fairy of Argyle,' a story by Charles Nodier, that has just been translated and put on the market. Nodier got it, it is said, from Sir Walter Scott, and there you are."

Mr. Potter and I then held a short but animated conversation about the book itself. We went over the points of the story, and during the course of the talk Mr. Potter said that the characters of *Taffy*, *The Laird*, and *Little Billee* were taken, respectively, from the personalities of John Tenniel, Charles Keene, and himself (the word "himself" referring, of course, to Du Maurier, and not to Mr. Potter), all artists on *Punch*. It was evident, from what Mr. Potter said, that he thought the novelist missed a point when he neglected to make the hypnotic idea the central one of his story, but as the omission gives Mr. Potter his chance, he is not grumbling.

"I suppose," I said, "that you were bothered with the usual croakers before the play was produced, who foretold failure from the start, weren't you?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," he replied. "But they were not all croakers who prophesied failure. There are always odds against the dramatization of a book, anyhow, and it was supposed that my attempt would come off as they usually do; but," and here Mr. Potter smiled a generous and blithesome smile, "you see, not failure, but success, has been the result. Look at these letters on the floor, here," and he directed my attention to a litter of paper that might have filled two waste baskets. "Those are letters of congratulation—a good many of them from people with whom I haven't the slightest acquaintance. I appreciate them just the

same, though. Have you ever noticed how many people there are who are delighted to talk to you when you have made a ten strike, but who are oppressively silent when you've done the opposite?" I had met that sort of people, and nodded assent.

Mr. Potter said, when talking about the movements of the play itself, that they had three provincial companies, in which the parts of *Trilby* were taken by Sybil Johnstone, Mabel Amber, and Eleanor Barry, and that they were going to transplant the play to the other side after a while, when either Beer-holm Tree or E. S. Willard would manage it and take the part of *Sven-aali*. It appeared that it was through Henry Irving that the dramatic rights were obtained from Du Maurier, who passed them on to Harper Brothers, and so on to Mr. Palmer and Mr. Potter.

"What will be your next movements, Mr. Potter, now that you have got 'Trilby' off your hands?"

"I'm engaged to write a musical comedy for Mr. Palmer, and shall have that accomplished before long, after which I shall—oh, I don't know," and he smiled sadly, as who should say: "When is this man going away?"

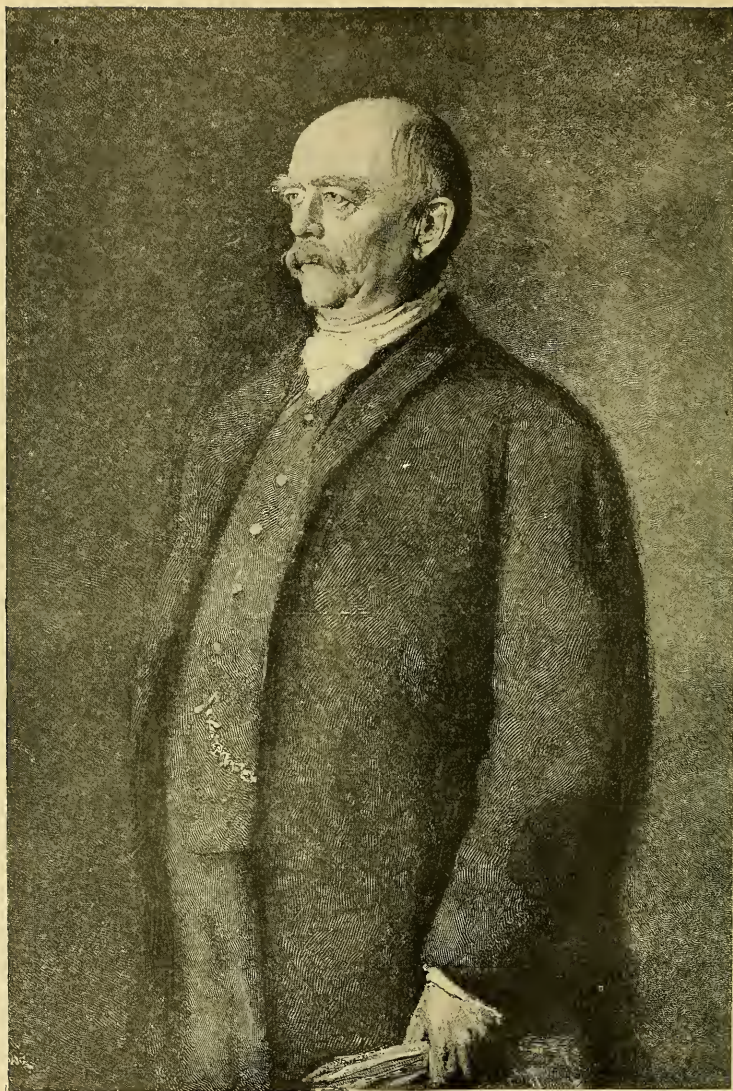
As I had now possessed myself with sufficient Trilbiana to make an attempt to interest the readers of the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE, I took the hint and passed out into the open day. What I had been struck with most was the idea of Paul M. Potter as a convert to hypnotism, but it is certainly true that "unlimited scepticism is as much the child of imbecility as is implicit credulity." Nobody has the right to object to Mr. Potter wagging his hands hypnotically over any one.



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THE STUDIO DANCE.

One of the most stirring and joyous scenes of the play.



PRINCE BISMARCK.

The famous unifier of the German Empire.

TWO PERSONALITIES.

A famous living statesman and a deceased society leader.

BISMARCK.

One of the most influential of the illustrated papers in Great Britain recently started a series of portraits under the general head of "The One Hundred Great Men of Our Times." They published about a score of portraits, and then amended the head to "The Fifty Great Men of Our Times," and again, the following week, changed the number of great men of the world to twenty-five, giving as the reason that there was so much discussion and disruption among their readers that they thought it best to fix the number of great men at twenty-five, and not admit any more to the charmed circle. This started one of those curious discussions to which the Anglo-Saxon mind is prone, and the discussion extended pretty much all over the world. The public insisted, for instance, that De Lesseps go out of the list of "The Twenty-five Great Men of Our Times" because he had failed in the crucial test of his ability. Li Hung Chang, who is a prominent figure, was also discarded subsequently, as his repeated failures in China diminished his greatness in the eyes of his critics. Finally the list was reduced to ten. The only American who remained was Edison. Mr. Gladstone was so much derided that he was finally withdrawn from the group, and the whole discussion was brought to a climax by the journal announcing, with emphasis, that the plan had been abandoned, since it was evident that there was but one man in the world whose greatness would live permanently impressed upon history, and who would be known by name to the students of history a thousand years from to-day. The name of that man was, of course, Bismarck. The famous unifier of the German Empire is still reaping his honors and still engaging the thoughts of the civilized world. Whether he will be remembered a thousand years hence or not is one of those points that are sure to arouse discussion, but that he is the one stalwart figure of the century who still lives cannot be denied.

MRS. PARAN STEVENS.

The death of this famous New Yorker has started a discussion upon the value of social eminence in New York. Mrs. Stevens came of a family which was not particularly aristocratic, and she married an hotel keeper in New York who had little to recommend him except a moderate fortune. This moderate fortune he subsequently increased to one of considerable dimensions, and Mrs. Stevens, when her husband died, found herself in possession of upwards of \$3,000,000. This is by



MRS. PARAN STEVENS.

From a photograph taken fifteen years ago, and said to be the latest.

no means a great fortune, but it enabled her to gratify her taste for luxurious living, and to pursue the object of her life successfully. She was as distinguished a society woman as Ward McAllister was a society man. She had no eminence in literature or art, was not a woman of great physical beauty, nor sufficiently smart or witty to be quoted among other society women, but she had the social instinct. She lived to entertain, and she maintained an almost regal sway in New York until her death.



"WAITING."—After Marzot's painting.

MODEST LIVING PICTURES.

Few persons could object to such exquisite "Living Picture" reproductions as the above. Indeed, there are many attractive subjects which have been used by the "Living Picture" managers which could give offence to no one, and which, from an artistic standpoint, have been far more effective and captivating to the eye than the originals. Famous paintings by the most celebrated artists may be valued

at many thousands of dollars, and may form part of collections which the public is not permitted to visit. Reproduced as "Living Pictures," they are admired by thousands who otherwise would have little opportunity for the study of their surpassing beauties in the glowing colors of the original canvases.

In this view of the case nothing can be less open to criticism than these "Living Picture" exhibitions.



"GOOD NIGHT."

A very effective bit of posing that any modest girl may attempt.

"TRILBY" CRAZE IN POSING.

By Franklin M. Chase.

The psychology of fads is in the domain of the romancers. It may be luminously discussed at some future time by the subtle analyst who shall unfold the mystery of Madame Blavatsky's reign over the occult cult and clearly expound that enigma, "Isis Unveiled;" who shall bring the Byron craze into the domain of pure science and classify the dress reform movement as a form of social hysteria. Pathology may tackle the fad. It cer-

tainly is an epidemic. With the air and water swarming with microbes, who knows but some savant will eventually nip at the focus of his microscope the mental bacteria that bite into our brains and produce that form of madness which is just now prominent in a peculiarly fatal form known as Trilbyism. From that point it will be but a short step to a remedy by inoculation. In those days the antidote will be furnished first. Were we at pres-



"MEDITATION."

After a painting by Marzot.



"THE GRECIAN VASE PAINTER."

A bit of the classic from the painting of the same name.

ent in those pleasant years we should have "Biltry" and "Bittle Tillee" to begin with, instead of at the finish. Parodies would precede the epic. What a blessing this would be! Longingly will that day be looked forward to by those who have known "oft in the stilly night" the agony of iteration of popular jingles and insistent melodies like "Maggie Murphy's Home," and "Little Annie Rooney," "Sweet Violets," "Silver Threads among the Gold," and countless other mind-vexing refrains straggling back along reminiscent ways.

But the romance writers and the poets who give us popular songs are for the time being the sole specialists, psychists, and prophets of the fad. And the greatest of these is Du Maurier. Greater than Phidias is he. For where the

sculptor made one peerless pair of feet Du Maurier has discovered millions. Until "Trilby" came in her innocent nudity, varied with that immortal army uniform, there were only pedal extremities. With apologies to Gray, it might well have been said, "Full many a gem of purest ray serene the dark unfathomed caves of calf-skin bear." Now, thanks to that art which discovers nature, they are no longer born to blush unseen, but shine in iridescent beauty throughout the land. Presently, as a rational *finale*, we shall have "Trilby" chiropodists by the score, as well as "Trilby" voice culture. Go to the artists and you will find the manifestations of a new dispensation in full sway.

Posing is become a passion. Every artist in town is overwhelmed with offers from statuesque young women



A "TRILBY" STUDIO SCENE.

who are desirous of walking henceforth in imperishable bronze or standing knee-deep in the unfading pigments of the palette.

Who knows but we shall get back to sandals and Grecian simplicity, or the rustic classicism of Maud Müller raking hay. It will not end there. Like all intellectual progress, the tendency will inevitably be upward, until, in the progress of posing, we shall have reached through all the stages of an Iliad, which will end only at the unimpeachable perfections of the Katishashoulder-blade.

The least possible defence of this result will be that art will be familiarized to many receptive minds which otherwise might have continued to reverberate with the senseless clatter of kettle-drums and the tinkle-tinkle of teaspoons; to fair enthusiasts who might otherwise gain their ideas of art tendencies and studio atmospheres from the decorous daubing of china—who might believe that a mahl-stick and a model were of equal importance in the Quartier Latin. If these readers of the much discussed book, chiefly distinguished to most of them by the inordinate intermixture of English with modern French studio vernacular, were to stop with the content of mere perusal, all would be fairly well. But they will not. They insist on posing, to see how it seems. They run from one subject to a multitude. The logical conclusion is easily predicted. A girl who begins posing for the Trilbyesque will surely come to classic parts. "The Three Graces" may be added to her



THE "TRILBY" FOOT.

repertory, and familiar household favorites of every sort. Tender, sympathetic little studies—girls with mandolins, representing “dark-eyed senoritas” strumming sentimental songs to charm the dashing cavalier.

Grecian water girls, Italian flower girls, Nautch dancing girls—in fact, every sort of pose that has any justification in art or fashion—all these will be taken up in turn, and in due time discarded, perhaps, when the new fad comes. What will it be? Who knows?

It may be anything irrational and *bizarre*, provided only that the public sees a fresh charm in it. This will be provided for by the clever author of the book or play in which the novelty is offered.

No doubt the most powerful medium for moving the minds of the multitude is to-day the pen of the romancer. Statesmen and philosophers can count on a hearing if they will only clothe their theories in a diaphanous garment of romantic texture woven in prose or blank verse.

But it is too soon to expect the new-comer. It is being prepared, very likely, in many laboratories, and presently will burst on the public gaze in dazzling refulgence.

In the meantime, there is no escape from “Trilby” clubs, “Trilby” teas, “Trilby” charades, “Trilby” readings, and “Trilby” talks, while presently the craze will reach past the posing stage and extend to articles of utility, when ad-

vertisements and signs innumerable at every turn will dull the eye of the hapless victim of the mania. The range of possibilities for the extension of the agony when the word gets into trade is dreadful to contemplate.

Perhaps it is significant of the approaching decadence of the “Trilby” craze that among the scribbling set it is no longer referred to.

At a dinner within the month in Bohemia, an openly secluded spot, not further from the Battery than from

Central Park, and between West Street and the East River, no mention was made of the subject by any one. The truth of the situation is, that the chief interest now displayed in “Trilby” is by those who, like the late-comer, bidden to a repast, begin with soup at the moment the toast master is rising from his chair. Nothing daunted, however, the tardy ones insist on going through the entire course, reaching coffee and cognac at



A BOSTON GIRL'S FIRST ATTEMPT.

the time when the first arrivals are in chorons shrilling “Good-night, ladies, we’re going to leave you now.”

So be it with “Trilby” and her fair imitators. Ere long the very sound of her name will offend. Ere long her history, with all its moods and tenses, its variations and half-tones, strains of pathetic and mesmeric chords, sharps, flats, semi-quavers, and *nuances*, together with all the joyous company who made her society endurable, will be on the library shelves, safely shrouded in dust.



"ITALIAN FLOWER GIRL."

An amateur's work, but draped a little too elaborately. Flower-girls do not usually wear expensive garments.



STOPPING TO SKETCH.

A bit of landscape which can be seen from Riverside Drive.

BICYCLE AND GYMNASIUM.

By Marion Dare.

"Bicycling beats them all." The speaker referred to the various forms of athletic sports she had indulged in, hoping to regain her health. She had just dismounted to pin up her skirts at a secluded point on Riverside Drive, well up above Grant's Tomb, having ridden out from a Central Park establishment where she had engaged her wheel. As she turned her glance toward the Hudson the beautiful panorama spread out before her brought the expression involuntarily to her lips. It is doubtful, indeed, if she could have gained in any other way, for so small an expenditure, so much healthy exercise and so much real pleasure.

She wore neither bloomers nor divided skirts. Just a neat shirt waist, with a four-in-hand tie, a bicycle cap with a cunning peak, and comfortable blue serge skirt reaching only to the top of her neat boots. She was a typical New York girl of moderate income, able to take care of herself, and bound to be independent of nerves and headaches.

The bicycle was a real find for her. You will meet hundreds of others like her, not in New York alone, but everywhere. The wheel is conquering everything, even prejudice. The rich ride it nowadays, both because it tones them up and is in good form. The people of moderate means, because it gives them healthful exercise and more recreation than they can afford in any other way. The very poor will have to wait for the wheel until it gets down to factory prices and can be bought for twenty-five dollars in monthly instalments. Perhaps competition will bring it there yet. The past year has seen great reductions in prices. The best wheels can be bought this spring for one hundred dollars, consequently there has been a great boom in sales, and most of the leading manufacturers have the entire output of their shops contracted for well in advance. The riding schools are taxed to their utmost, and the woods are full of wheelmen.

So many fine rides can be enjoyed in and about New York that it is not diffi-

cult to take an outing every day in the month over a new road. Long Island has many delightful possibilities for cyclists, while New Jersey and Staten Island offer tempting prospects. Riverside drive, however, for those who live in the neighborhood of the Park, is the favorite highway.

The Park, for short rides, cannot be equalled elsewhere. Unless one prefers to escape from all conventional sights and sounds and strike out into the country without knowing or caring where one will end up, the Park and New York's environs should satisfy the most fastidious.

The drawbacks are that so many rules must be observed. No riding on sidewalks. No wheeling at night without a lighted lantern. Lanterns, by the way, have not kept pace with the other improvements. They are the crudest things about the wheel to-day, and give the most trouble.

From a health standpoint, wheeling depends upon several things. It must be enjoyed in moderation, or it is worse than no exercise at all—it is danger-

ous. The tendency is to overdo as soon as any skill is acquired. Many young women would be greatly benefited by a good gymnasium course before beginning to ride.

A few weeks under the eye of a competent instructor would put them in such good physical condition that there could be no risk in taking up the wheel. This is precisely what many do. Attired suitably for the "gym," their muscles are given room for free play and development, while their lung powers and heart action are carefully tested and gradually strengthened. Riding the bicycle then becomes a matter of easy acquirement and greatly increased enjoyment. There are many gymnasiums in New York where such a preliminary course may be taken. Some are found in connection with the riding schools. It is not difficult, therefore, to undertake riding in the best way from a scientific standpoint.

Besides, the gymnasium work is great fun, and is frequently varied in classes made up of young women in the same set by a little skylarking, games of



GETTING HOME AT DUSK.

The road leads past many pretty villas beginning to blaze with light.

leapfrog, or wrestling, entering into the spirit of physical competition and prowess just as the boys do.

Mostly, however, the young ladies go in for prim, decorous work, and complete a course greatly improved in health and appearance.



READY FOR A CANTER.

Most girls who ride the wheel learn also to ride horseback, if they have not already acquired the art.

At the beginning, the most amusing and awkward mishaps in the use of apparatus occur.

It takes two or three weeks for the beginner to get in trim for effective work. By that time the stiffness and

soreness of the muscles begin to disappear. At first it seems as though it would be impossible to continue. Few people have any idea of how many muscles are ready for use in the human frame until after they have spent a few hours in a gymnasium. Then their wonder is mixed with regret. After the drill gets easy, a feeling of buoyancy and elation ensues. It is astonishing how quickly one improves in spirits and health after taking up gymnasium work under proper direction. Of course, an examination of the heart and lungs is a wise precaution, but many are not willing to submit to this. However, the instructor can tell much at a glance and by a short cross-examination. If the pupil is in good physical condition, and without any serious ailments, no risk is incurred in pushing forward quite rapidly.

Swinging by the rings, vaulting, work on the horizontal bars, and the drill with Indian clubs and dumb-bells are part of the regular routine.

Pulley-weights and all sorts of patent appliances for strengthening the chest and arms, the lungs and lower limbs, are brought into use. After an hour's work, a shower bath seems a luxury unutterable.

Young girls in the same social set, by forming a class for gymnasium work, greatly lessen the expense to the individual, and insure to themselves a certain privacy that favors good work. Besides, more freedom is felt when friends begin together. It is astonishing how quickly, under such circumstances, young girls get on in many difficult lines of athletic work.

Women of the right build are naturally agile, and quick at picking up many intricate movements that their brothers are even longer in getting.

A class of forty girls between sixteen and twenty-three years of age finished a course in an up-town gymnasium the other day, and nearly all of them have either learned to ride the wheel or are taking it up as the best means of keeping up the benefits of their indoor work. Some, of course, prefer horseback riding, but for many this is too expensive.

The wheel requires so little care, and



A FRIENDLY WRESTLING MATCH.

Girls, in gymnasium work, are fond of testing their strength on one another, at times, in boyish fashion.

can be enjoyed without the services of a groom or attendant.

It costs very little to keep in repair, and gives a certain independence and freedom of feeling that the New Woman is bound to appreciate.

This is just the season, too, for getting

in training, to use the phrase as applied to sporting matters.

Every girl who begins at once may, by the 1st of June, when the roads are dry and hard and the weather settled, be enjoying the luxury of a long spin before breakfast or after school with-



"FAIRLY THROWN."

The fall was rather heavy, and the defeated one is for a second rather stunned by the shock.

out running the slightest risk from over-exertion, provided her gymnasium course has been honestly and intelligently carried out.

What a delightful prospect then opens up to her. She has never really had a chance to appreciate the beauty

of nature, and the tense, keen delight of living, until she is gliding at a swift pace along some shaded boulevard with the green fields spread out invitingly on either side.

No more headaches and nervous prostrations. Just superb, buoyant good



"LEAPFROG IS EASY."

From an instantaneous photograph in an up-town gymnasium.

health and good spirits as the legacy of the wheel.

She may have a tumble now and then, and appear at the breakfast table with a bandaged eye or a scratched face; possibly, even, her arm may be in a sling for

a day or two, owing to some mishap rather more serious than usual. But accidents are, as a rule, easily avoided, if proper caution is observed. Accidents, moreover, are to be met with in the ordinary household routine, or in



LEARNING TO JUMP.

Girls who are not too stout are very quick in learning to jump and vault.

shopping. It has been said that people run less risk in crossing the ocean than in getting over crowded Broadway. A skilful rider runs far less risk of injury on the wheel along a quiet country road than in passing an afternoon in New York City dodging cable cars and drays.

Touring for a summer vacation is becoming more and more popular, and for the young woman of modest means who can induce some one who rides to chaperone her, it is preferable to almost any other method of spending a week away from home. Girls who are

shut up in busy offices and salesrooms will never know how much real enjoyment may be had during the short week they are allowed once a year away from business until they have owned a bicycle and taken a six days' tour in some charming section of country, returning on the seventh by train.

A few years from now this will be quite the usual thing. By that time, however, a bicycle will have become about as indispensable to a woman as a sewing machine, and doubtless will be found in quite as many homes.



THE DUMB BELL DRILL.

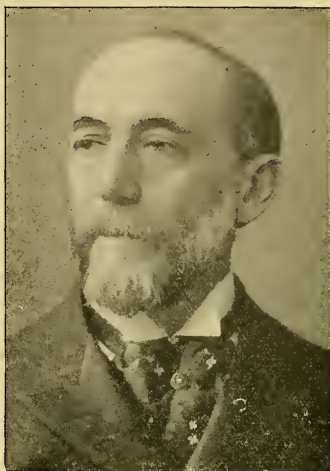
Excellent exercise for the lungs and the muscles of the chest and arms.

It is also very likely that some rational costume will have been sanctioned by the ultra-fashionable as quite the correct thing for women cyclists, and a girl who is suitably attired for an outing on her wheel will not attract as

much attention in passing along a public highway as she does at present. A girl who adopts bloomers and rides openly on our principal streets is just now regarded as a sort of female lunatic, or a person to be shunned socially.



NEW YORK'S MAYOR, WILLIAM L. STRONG.



EX-SENATOR THOMAS C. PLATT.

PLATT AND STRONG.

The differences of opinion which have existed for months between two of New York's most prominent men—prominent in a political sense—have during the last month reached a stage which is bound to produce permanent discord in the Republican party. Mayor Strong has evidenced, from the day of his election to the Chief Magistracy of New York City, an intention to resist the dictation of party bosses, of whom Thomas C. Platt has been the chief, and whose bidding the Legislature has been prone to follow in the Bi-Partisan Police bills and other legislation affecting New York City government and patronage. The people are with Strong, with the exception of the "Goo Goos," as the *Sun* has dubbed the Good Government contingent, and the Rev. Mr. Parkhurst, who seems on many occasions, of late, to show a lack of delicacy regarding his position as a public censor. The Legis-

lature has passed the Bi-Partisan Police bill, and, unless it is vetoed by Governor Morton, Mr. Platt will have scored one point. Mayor Strong has, however, disposed of much patronage in a manner calculated to gail Mr. Platt, and may be said at the present time to have rather the best of the game, especially as the public is inclined to indorse his spirit as a reform mayor who does not propose to be dictated to.

He may make mistakes. Most men do. Public officials are perhaps more likely to than any one else, owing to the pressure brought to bear upon them in every conceivable way. Mayor Strong is considered, however, honest in his intentions, which counts for much in spite of errors, and he is apt to have the last and best word in the controversy, to which Mr. Platt has been a potent contributor, though saying nothing himself.



MAX O'RELL.

MEN WHO HAVE DONE SOMETHING.

Max O'Rell has succeeded in doing something that many brighter and more able men have failed in accomplishing. He has said so many flattering things about America and Americans that he has become a topic of discussion in this country, and when he announced his intention of lecturing the American public immediately made up its combined mind to go and see him and incidentally hear what he had to say.

O'Rell sounds more like a Scotch or Irish name than a French one, but its owner is, nevertheless, a Frenchman, with truest of Gallic temperaments and characteristics. Some years ago he went to London, studied the city and its inhabitants, and returned to France with the material for a book. This book he wrote, and in it he so scath-

ingly arraigned Englishmen as a nation that he at once began to be talked about, and ever since, all his books and articles have been widely read in England and this country.

No traveller who has ever visited this country has exhibited the same fondness and appreciation for everything American that O'Rell has shown. In fact, on his first visit to this country he had not been in New York twenty-four hours before he proclaimed that American women were the most beautiful creatures on earth; that their fathers and brothers and husbands were the handsomest and brainiest lot of men in the world, and that America was an earthly paradise. In fact, according to Max O'Rell, America and Americans were just right.



RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

giving piano recitals in the Western States. Joseffy years ago demonstrated his ability as a piano virtuoso. His is a remarkable touch, and there is not a performer before the public who is more welcome to our music-lovers than this handsome, nervous musician, who has the technique of piano-playing literally at his finger-tips, and whose delicacy of touch and sympathetic rendering have never been questioned. Like many other men, however, Joseffy seems to dislike to do that which he can do best, and he has been almost an entire stranger on the concert platform for the past few years. He might have been a comparatively wealthy man to-day had he allowed some shrewd man to take hold of him and manage his tours, instead of which he has been content to be an instructor in a New York conservatory at a modest salary. Joseffy has been playing in Chi-

While he was saying this he had an eye on the American eagle, which bird he has succeeded in capturing in large flocks since those first honeyed words of praise. We of the United States think we live in a pretty smart sort of country, and O'Rell felt our pulse to good effect when he adopted cajolery as the method with which to win our hearts and our dollars. He has just finished his second lecturing tour in this country, and has been made much of wherever he has appeared. This surely must be gratifying. When he has finished counting the profits of this tour we may expect to see him sit down and write another book telling us how much he thinks of us; and in all probability we will buy this book and read over again what he has been telling us these three years past.

Rafael Joseffy has been



PROFESSOR ALEXANDER HERRMANN

cago, but has not as yet come to New York. He may object to being lionized. Perhaps he thinks New Yorkers are too fond of him. A queer little man, is this Joseffy.

Professor Herrmann has just accomplished a little juggling act that was not very much appreciated by a certain New York theatrical manager. Herrmann had a grievance of long standing against this manager, and when the latter chanced to be in Boston some time ago he was arrested on a complaint of the prestidigitateur. The manager was naturally not very much pleased at this move, and he vowed revenge. Like Br'er Rabbit, "he lay low" and awaited his opportunity. Last month he learned that Herrmann had been booked for a week in Boston, and he made all arrangements to have him arrested, and thus return the compliment that had already been paid himself. Herrmann heard of these plans, cancelled the Boston engagement, contracted for advance time at a New York theatre, and the manager in question knew nothing about this theatrical sleight-of-hand trick until within



CLYDE FITCH.



WALTER DAMROSCH

a few days of the Professor's opening in New York, with a lot of brand-new and astonishing inventions for mystifying the public.

Clyde Fitch is the playwright who wrote "Beau Brummel" at twenty-three. Since then he has written a number of other pieces, among them being "Gossip," a piece in which Mrs. Langtry scored a failure in New York some weeks ago. The piece has since then, however, been received with much favor on the road, although the critics have been unable to discover whether this success is due to the piece itself, to Mrs. Langtry, or to the magnificent diamond tiara which she wears in the second act. Mr. Fitch is an æsthetic sort of young man, who is not at all averse to being talked about. In fact, he is one of the few playwrights who consider the services of a press agent necessary to his artistic success.

Walter Damrosch recently closed his season of German opera in New York. While it was not as successful as he had hoped—an enthusiast's



KYRLE BELLEW.

projects are rarely as exuberantly thrilling affairs as he anticipates—it was at least a creditable venture. Damrosch captured the German operatic season prize when it was almost in the clutches of Herr Seidl, and since he did this he has held his head a little higher than formerly. Of course, Seidl did not have the immense Carnegie Music Hall interest to back him, besides which, he is lacking in that business ability for which the younger Damrosch is noted, and which is very uncommon among musicians.

Kyrle Bellew has been getting in more trouble. This is nothing unusual. The path of this actor with the classic face and unsavory reputation has not been the smoothest during the past few years. He has been mixed up in several law-

suits, and has come in contact with the law in various ways and for divers reasons. His latest escapade was with a process-server, while he and Mrs. Potter were appearing at the Herald Square Theatre, in New York. A member of his company saw a lawyer's clerk with some papers standing near the stage entrance after a night performance and informed Bellew of the fact. The stage hands were called together and given instructions. They formed a line on each side of the passageway through which Mr. Bellew and Mrs. Potter had to pass on their way to the street. Then the couple ran through the double line of men, jumped into their carriage, and the driver whipped up and drove off before the clerk with the papers could reach them, the



MR. OLCOTT AS AN AMERICAN.



NAT. GOODWIN.

best he could do being to throw the papers at them over the heads of the men in the protecting line.

Chauncey Olcott is the actor who took Scanlan's place when that unfortunate player was sent to an insane asylum. It has been lately rumored that next year he would forsake Irish drama for comic opera, in which he first made his reputation as a singer in England. If this be true, there will be no man to take his place, for it is generally conceded that, while he cannot act, he is one of the best singers of Irish among vocalists that have appeared since Scanlan retired. Mr. Olcott is not an Irishman, by the way, but he is an adept at that particular style of brogue that many people affect to consider musical. Anyhow, it continues to be popular with a large class of theatregoers.

Nat. Goodwin was for years looked

upon as a good eccentric comedian. People were, therefore, somewhat surprised when he announced his intention of starring in a piece like "David Garrick." The results have, however, been so thoroughly satisfactory to this comedian that he is already looking around for another play of the same calibre. Unfortunately for him, and perhaps for American theatregoers, it is not likely that he will be able to get such a play from native dramatists. He will probably have to go back to Tom Robertson or Sheridan for the material he desires. This does not speak well for American playwrights, but it is foolish to mince words in regard to them. They have been turning out discouraging work of late, and for this reason, and this reason alone, American stars and managers are buying English plays by well-known authors almost as soon as they can turn them out.



MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER.

WOMEN OF THE MONTH.

It is only a few years ago that New York's dramatic critics were almost unanimous in their condemnation of Mrs. Potter's acting. During her recent visit to New York a reaction set in. At first, the praise given was stinted and grudgingly accorded her. Gradually, however, the entire press came to the conclusion that Mrs. Potter had arrived at that point where she demanded attention, and the commendation that had been so long on the way at last came in torrents, and the actress found herself the most praised woman in New York. There is no doubt that Mrs. Potter has improved in her art immeasurably from the time when she appeared before New Yorkers with nothing to recommend her but her natural grace and the fact that her name had been mixed up in a divorce scandal. Mrs. Potter's work in "Charlotte Corday" is far superior to anything that she has ever done before, and while

her enunciation is still decidedly bad, and some of her mannerisms are jarring, no one can help admitting that she has advanced far beyond the line of mediocrity, which goes to show the value of perseverance.

All New York has been discussing the Duchess of Manchester with considerable avidity of late. The Duchess was formerly Miss Consuelo Yznaga, and was at one time considered one of New York's most beautiful women. On her advent into New York society she was at once recognized as a leader. Hers was a dark, Spanish type of beauty, and as her family was one of the best, she at once found many suitors for her hand. Much chagrin was felt among the younger set of New York's marriageable men when the Duke carried off the prize, each man considering it a positive affront to Americans in general and himself in particular. When the Duchess first went abroad London



THE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER, FORMERLY MISS CONSUELO YZNAGA.

society did not warmly welcome this American girl who had captured a prize that many a haughty Englishwoman had dreamed of, but the position her title gave her could not be ignored, and she finally became as great a leader in London as she had been in New York. The Duke died some years ago. When William K. Vanderbilt's marital troubles were given a public airing the name of the Duchess was generally mentioned in connection with the case. In fact, from the very first it was rumored that when Mrs. Vanderbilt secured her divorce a Mrs. Vanderbilt number two would be ready to step almost immediately into her shoes. Society is in quite a flutter over the matter.

Oscar Hammerstein, who is building an immense music hall in New York, announced some time ago that he had

secured Yvette Guilbert at an enormous salary to appear at the opening of his hall. It would seem, therefore, that next October New Yorkers will have an opportunity of seeing one of the most famous women in all Europe. Yvette Guilbert is, without exception, the best known of all French music-hall singers. Yvette is generally credited with the ability to sing the most outrageously *risqué* songs with the simplest of smiles and the most guileless of expressions, although none better than she knows how to give the proper emphasis to a particularly salacious verse. Guilbert commands an immense salary, and it is said that Mr. Hammerstein is to pay her \$2,500 per week during her engagement in this country. This is considerably more than the President of the United States gets, but then the Presi-



YVETTE GUILBERT.

dent cannot, of course, sing audacious French songs as well as Guilbert can. The French singer is a very thrifty woman. She has the real French talent for making and skilfully investing money. She owns a great deal of real estate in Paris, and has a very handsome bank account, all of which proves that a knowing wink and a whirlwind swish of the skirt have considerable commercial value.

Miss Matthews is one of the most beautiful girls that "came out" last season in London. She was not wealthy, but came of a family of gentlefolk. Last year, while waiting to be presented to the Queen, she was espied by her Majesty, who paid her the great compliment of asking, "Who is that pretty woman?" And the Queen is not very much of a flatterer, either. A beautiful girl like Miss Matthews would not go long unsought for in any city, and especially in London, and she soon found herself surfeited with offers. She has just accepted Lord Albert Calverley, and next fall Miss Matthews will become Lady Calverley. Lord Calverley is well known, is a prominent member of London's smart set, owns several race horses, and is one of England's crack yachtsmen.

Mrs. Dominis, who was formerly

known as Queen Liliuokalani, has received more attention during the month, probably, than any other woman in the world. It is a curious commentary upon the value of human fame that the woman who has caused the most talk in the world is a creature whom decent persons would exclude from their households with violence and abhorrence if she were judged by her character and habits. There has been an enormous amount of semi-idiotic utterances about the dusky ex-Queen of the Hawaiian Islands. Perhaps nothing more utterly absurd can be found in the history of contemporary events than the wave of sympathy and sorrow which made its way in the newspapers of a certain political faith when this ignorant, bloodthirsty, and intolerant negress was finally imprisoned and punished for her crimes. Perhaps the acme of absurdity was reached when *The Review*, an English journal of unquestioned standing in the literary world, coupled the names of Liliuokalani and Frederick Douglass as distinguished persons of African descent whose names had been lost to the world. Frederick Douglass's life was a noble and inspiring one. He rose superior to his color, to natural



MISS MATTHEWS.

The London beauty who is to become Lady Calverley.

disadvantages, and became the greatest man of his race. His life was studious, his character upright and honorable. Besides this, he was a man of natural refinement, and of the strictest integrity and honor. To compare him to the debased and ignorant woman whom circumstances placed upon the throne of the widely discussed Pacific islands, and whose reign was marked by a long

cause they take their profession seriously, and the results are widespread. The native variety actress of the period is a young woman who wears short skirts, comes on the stage with a smirk, sings a sentimental ballad without any particular effectiveness, and walks off. She returns and sings two more ballads, whether the audience demands them or not, and she is usually billed as



QUEEN LILIUOKALANI'S LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

period of brutal debauchery and revolting orgies, is an insult which the late Frederick Douglass could never have merited.

It is a long cry from ex-Queen Liliuokalani to Bessie Bonehill. The latter is a type of the hard-working and industrious women of the British stage. They compare favorably with the American actresses in the music halls be-

“a fascinating serio-comic,” whatever that may mean. The English music-hall performers, however, of whom Miss Bonehill is a type, work with extraordinary assiduity to please the public. They sing, dance, change their costumes two or three times, adopt elaborate mechanical and scenic effects, and even if they are not clever, their extraordinary energy and evident desire



BESSIE BONEHILL.

to please almost invariably insure their success with the public. Marie Lloyd, Cissy Loftus, and Bessie Bonehill have all become popular in this country as the result of these characteristics. It is worth noting that our best variety

actresses are carrying everything before them in England, whereas the English variety actresses are winning popularity in this country, to the exclusion of native performers. Turn about is certainly fair play.

A MAY MONTH LAMENT.

May month doth wind an hundred horns
 To welcome blushing Phyllis;
 She walks abroad these fragrant mornus,
 And all the landscape so adorns—
 Sweet as yon rose robbed of its thorns
 Or graceful amaryllis.

But since she hath no eye for me,
 And science so doth kill us,
 Let lark and butterfly and bee
 Draw nigh, with curious glance to see,
 And then with frightened wings swift flee
 One bit by Love's—bacillus.



A GROUP OF POPULAR TURF MEN.

THE RACING SEASON.

Unusual interest attaches to racing this year. The most eventful season in the history of the turf was that which closed with the political upheaval last year, and some of the most sanguine supporters of the "Sport of Kings" feared that racing in this country as a great popular institution had been forever ruined. But this sport, which is national in character, and which has its foundations in the affections of a vast majority of the people, can never be completely broken in popularity. The causes which led to a general smash-up in racing affairs were in plain sight for many years before the culmination of the trouble. There are in this country a few gentlemen with whom racing is a passion. They are men of high standing, socially and personally, who do not run their horses to win bets, and who are pillars of the turf in every sense of the word. These are men of the stamp of Belmont, Lorillard, Keene, Morris, and Cassatt. The public has implicit confidence in the thoroughbreds which carry the colors of these gentlemen, and no suspicion of crookedness or double-dealing is ever connected

with their stables. But they are men of wealth, and not men of affairs. Most of them race from an innate love of the sport, and they leave the practical details of their stables to their trainers and subordinates. Hence, occasionally fraud creeps in even in these stables. But by far the greatest trouble comes from the hold which professional gamblers, bookmakers, and touts secure by a long series of intrigues and combinations with jockeys who are easily swayed and track officials who are not incorruptible. The owners of the race tracks took a position inimical to the breeders. They made the prizes smaller, and charged the bookmakers and the general public larger fees every year. The warring gamblers and the pool room keepers helped to increase the muddle, and finally the lawmakers of a number of States were influenced by money and other considerations to pass laws directly affecting the race tracks. Then a three-cornered fight started up, with the result that the corrupt and vicious elements secured an ascendancy, and the turf was disgraced by winter racing at

Guttenberg and night racing on Long Island. So many suspicious races were run that finally the newspapers, which are always keen in detecting fraud, began a warfare against the tracks. Public spirit was at last aroused, and sweeping laws were passed which practically killed the sport. During the winter the vicious and criminal elements of the turf, who had made fortunes by their chicanery and questionable methods, struggled to secure legislative relief, and tried in every way to get the Legislature to pass laws which would permit racing again this year. But public sentiment was too strong for them, and it was not until a dozen gentlemen whose names are known wherever turf affairs are discussed took hold of the matter that relief was obtained. It will be possible

now for racing to continue, and the entire machinery of the turf is moving slowly along. The season will be abridged in time, but it will be welcome news to all lovers of decent sport that many of the most glaring and corrupt practices of the turf of recent years will be impossible of perpetration from this time on. The great popular upheaval which resulted in reform in politics has not killed racing as a sport after all, but has exercised a reformatory and beneficial influence over it. Some notion of the unpretentious appearance of a few of the magnates of the turf may be had from the scene which heads this article, which represents Mr. Morris, Mr. Lorillard, and Mr. Huggins in consultation in the paddock of the race track before an important stake event.



AN INJURED JOCKEY.



NELLIE GANTHONY.

The English girl who has been entertaining society with her monologues.

Miss Ganthony is a sort of female George Grossmith. She came to this country with the intention of appearing only before society people, but just as Grossmith and other people have discovered, she found that society in the abstract may be a nice sort of thing, but that it doesn't amount to very much when one has to depend upon it for substantial support. That

is why she decided to go on the public stage, and she is now appearing at a Twenty-third Street establishment. Miss Ganthony comes from a family of actors and musicians. She has a good voice, and as a mimic is far superior to Cissie Loftus. Unlike that lady, however, she has not had a press-agent husband to boom her. Husbands do sometimes come in handy.



ADA LEWIS IN STREET DRESS.

When Harrigan produced "Reilly and the 400," one of the hits of the play was the "tough girl," as evolved by the clever young San Francisco girl who is now with "The County Fair." The character was not selected from Bowery types, as most people have supposed, but from the tough girl of the San Francisco Sand Lots.



ADA LEWIS MAKING UP.

It takes but an instant to change from the fashionable walking costume to the first stage of the make-up, which is completed by a few touches of powder and pomatum. The rest is accomplished entirely by a clever change of expression.



BEGINNING TO LOOK THE PART.

After she gets on her ball clothes, consisting of a skirt and a jersey, the last and final touches are put upon her hair.



PUTTING ON HER MANNERS.

With a tilt to the cap, a pull at the jersey, and a hitch of the shoulders, the tough girl is ready to walk. The result is inimitable, and true to life.

SHE WASN'T MEANT FER ME.

Ah, little sis y' face is gettin' more'n more like hers.
An' y' pretty eyes reminds me of 'er every time they stirs.
Fer it ain't so many years sence we was young as you are now,
When she was all the lady; but my place was at the plough.
But even so; she liked me, aye, an' when some high-toned lad
'D say I was a duffer, then she'd git tarnation mad.
She'd smooth my big coarse hands, jus' so the other kids could see.
But they only grinned at us an' said she wasn't meant fer me.

An' when she grew to be a miss and sang on Sabbath night
In the choir loft in the church where we learned the wrong an'
right,
I'd sit an' sit an' listen, while that voice above would sing,
An' the old stained rafters overhead sent back a mellered ring.
When the songs was sung, the sermon said, I'd see her to the door,
An' with the comin' of each day I loved her all the more.
An' so one night I asked her if a farmer's wife she'd be.
She answered "Yes," but still I felt she wasn't meant fer me.

I can't ferget how sweet she looked the day that we was wed,
With the purest love in her bonny eyes an' the sunlight on her head.
An' when the parson up an' asked me, 'cordin' to the book,
Fer the ring, she put her hand in mine with a gentle, trustin' look.
An' when he said as how he'd made us one fer all and aye,
She smiled a happy, sunny smile in her quiet sort o' way.
Then I took her to this little house beneath the old oak tree.
But even then I kind o' felt she wasn't meant fer me.

Oh, God, how bright the sun it shined an' how the hours flew!
When we knew that you was comin' all the sky was rich and blue.
I said you'd look like her, an' she was sure you'd look like dad,
An' her great blue eyes grew troubled an' her smile was sweet an' sad.
Then, little girl, you came along, an' the brightness left her eye,
An' she seemed to droop an' fade away, an' we knew that she must
die.

An' as the sun was goin' down her spirit-soul was free,
An' then, oh, little lass, I *knew* she wasn't meant fer me.

Roland Burke Hennessy.

GREEN ROOM GLIMPSES.

INCIDENTS OF LIFE WITHIN THE CHARMED CIRCLE OF THE THEATRE.

George L. Wilson.

THE beneficent effect of an early education in the frivolities of pleasure-seeking may be questioned. It is, by such as have reached adult manhood without troublesome visits from the "ghost of folly," as Keats puts it. Yet those who have not so quiescent a past may not always



CHARACTERISTIC SCENE IN THE DRESSING ROOM OF A THEATRE DURING THE WINTER MONTHS

The chorus girls are scattered around a small oil stove, which affords the only heat behind the stage to which they have access. Often the scantily clad people on the stage suffer extremely from the severities of the winter, though the audience never suspects it. The above is an actual scene from life.



ARRIVAL OF A CHORUS GIRL IN HER DRESSING ROOM.

regret that experience came to them early, safeguarding their mature years from pointed allusions to the proverb, "There is no fool like an old fool."

To this latter class, many recollections will cluster about the glamour-tinted "green room" of the theatres where such divinities of the stage as caught their adolescent fancy were wont to disport themselves. There seems to the average person a singular charm about the mysterious regions back of the drop-curtain. Perhaps it is the charm which we all feel for things hidden from the profanation of the vulgar gaze, and which at the same time possess the attributes of fame; that same impulse the recognition of which prompts the newspapers to pry into the private lives of prominent personages for the satisfaction of their readers—which even gives a special value to collections of curios, redolent with reminiscence.

The pursuit of authors, and the desire to lionize the successful writer of romances and plays, is a legitimate form of the chase. It may be safely followed by the most fastidious. It is particularly open to the fair sex. Still, it bears only a mild comparison to the intensity of purpose which the gilded youth puts into the effort to engage the interest of the fair stars of the stage.

Consequently, an extended excursion into the regions where the tinted and betinselled goddesses of the play are found in the joyous abandon of dishabile might prove of no small interest, and perchance some value, to the curious-minded, who should be saved thereby the necessity of personal explorations.

Doubtless, from the time of the somewhat famous management of the firm of Shakespeare & Burbage a desire for closer acquaintance with the incidents of life behind the scenes has been strongly evidenced by a considerable proportion of play-goers. In times gone by, the "green room" was much more of a feature than at present. Many a devoted swain has there met the object of his passion, and been temporarily repulsed and tantalized by the sharp railleries of some Peg Woffington. But times have changed. With greater attention to stage mechanism, elaborate scenic effects, and expensive costuming, there is less opportunity for indulgence of either curiosity or devotion.

Theatrical management is to-day a matter of careful study and approved business methods, and nothing must distract the attention of the players. So it happens that very few of the larger and best-managed theatres retain any vestige of that historic adjunct known as the "green room." Admittance behind the scenes is given only as a matter of business, and chiefly to interviewers, who may thus be

afforded facilities for a column puff in the next day's press.

With careful attention to details of stage management have also come better accommodations. Well-appointed dressing-rooms, in modern, newly built play-houses, replace the dingy, ill-lighted, and shabbily furnished cells or cup-boards where costumes were assumed and the make-up perfected. Yet in many of the older theatres such a scene as that depicted in the opening illustration may be witnessed. The only evidence of modernity is an oil stove of recent pattern, around which the scantily clad chorus girls shiver in the intervals between the acts.

It is astonishing that illness from exposure in winter weather does not more frequently make inroads into the precarious incomes of the thinly clad members of the ballet. For by far the greater number of theatres pay little attention to the comfort of the players. The draughts from the flies, and currents of air that are set in motion by quick changes of scenery, are enough to chill them to the bone. Imagine the effects of emerging from a stuffy and overheated dressing-room into the frosty atmosphere of the wings with no protection but skin-tights. Yet the audience, charmed with the kaleidoscopic effects of a well-drilled ballet, and comfortably ensconced in well-cushioned chairs, thinks nothing of this.

In rapid motion, the chorus girl feels little discomfort from zero temperature, and the agile dancer may bound off the stage in a perspiration, but before the dressing-room is reached pneumonia has its fatal opportunity.

Every few days, in the winter months, the newspapers record the illness of some prominent actress or singer from a severe cold; the minor personages in the cast, of course, suffer unnoted. Many an engagement has been cancelled for the reason that in-

sufficient attention had been paid by the management to the comfort and health of the players. The most flagrant offenders in these matters are the managers of provincial play-houses, where improvements and modern appointments find their way slowly.

A tour of the States in midwinter is a thing to be dreaded, especially as the long journey between stands must be made at night, and frequently—such may be the finances of the company—sleeping-cars are out of the question. Fatigue and insufficient rest are thus added to other discomforts, making the life of the player anything but a pleasant one. Such an indomitable spirit of good-comradeship pervades most companies, however, except when bitter jealousies arise, that much is endured in good part and uncomplainingly. One can get used to almost anything when it is a matter of business.



GETTING READY FOR HER STAGE CLOTHES.



SNATCHING UP A WRAP, SHE HURRIES TOWARD THE STAGE IN ANSWER TO A SHARP SUMMONS FROM THE STAGE MANAGER.

Of course, there is always a piquancy and freshness about the business of winning the plaudits of the admiring multitude which smooths over many disagreeable features.

Every day, when the famous prima donna, the much lauded tragedienne, the successful danseuse, or even the humble but pretty chorus girl, reaches her dressing-room, she begins to confide in her mirror. Before the curtain goes up, revealing new fields of conquest, she is reassured and encouraged by her beauty and aspirations. She takes off her hat with a cautious eye kept to the glass. She removes her wraps, still studying her reflection with a critical scrutiny. Wonders if she holds her freshness and charm. Asks herself if her hair is arranged becomingly, and if it can be that a suggestion of crow's-feet shows about her eyes or on her brow. It does not matter that she has besought the same confiden-



AROUSED SUDDENLY FROM A SHORT NAP BETWEEN THE ACTS

ces over her chiffonier at home. She has this perpetual inquiry in her glance. So long as bloom and beauty last she will reassure herself. So she goes quickly about her preparations. If delaying too long her critical inquisition, she may be summoned by a sharp call from the manager, when, quickly throwing a wrap

by the call of the prompter's bell. Or in company with others of the cast she will amuse herself in the intervals off the stage by peeping at the audience from the wings, taking an inventory of the house, and commenting in lively and unconventional terms upon the occupants of the boxes. If there are friends or



GROUP OF CHORUS PEOPLE PEEPING AT THE AUDIENCE.

The scene here is a snap-shot photograph taken from the rear of the stage. The whole house is in darkness, while the stage itself is bathed in artificial light.

about her shoulders, she hurries away to see what it is all about. Perhaps after she has done her turn upon the stage, and, wearied by her exertions or not yet having recovered from the loss of sleep through a late supper on the preceding evening, she catches a cat-nap between the acts. From this she will be ere long suddenly aroused

admirers in the audience, so much the better; it gives rise to speculation on the subject of floral tributes. Possibly, who knows, some familiar face in the audience may cause a feminine flutter of satisfaction in that region where her heart is—if, indeed, a chorus girl may be assumed to have a heart.

No small amount of light badinage is

exchanged between the pretty members of the cast. This will be over the fulsome and obvious flatteries expressed in the glances of those in the audience who are known to be devoted to the various members of the company. It is to be believed that many an otherwise tedious moment is diverted by clever, though possibly spiteful, observations on the acting, the make-up, or social weaknesses of the leading lady. Moreover, when the audience least suspects it—attention being diverted to the leading characters—many an animated dia-

port or a pint of cocktails if he could overhear the *sotto voce* comments of the dainty damsel he has so intently ogled. Beauty adores youth, though it may endure age for mercenary reasons; and the adorable and self-supporting young woman of the stage who holds her virtue as not the least valuable of her possessions, thanks to her good mother, who may be awaiting her in the dressing-room, entertains a contemptuous feeling for the gross sensualism expressed in the looks of many of the front row habitués.



REHEARSAL SCENE IN THE DINGY MORNING HOURS IN A NEW YORK THEATRE.

The chorus women have all to put on their stage clothes, but the prima donna, being privileged, only assumes a portion of her theatrical attire.

logue, or amusing bit of gossip, is undertaken in asides before their very eyes. But this, at proper times, of course, only lends animation and naturalness to the scenes enacted.

It would be scarcely flattering to occupants of the front rows in the orchestra, or the self-satisfied and purse-proud holders of boxes, if they could overhear among the chorus girls some of the discussions their appearance provokes, or the flippant remarks which the pert soubrette makes in a whisper to the leading juvenile. Many a brazen, bald-headed worshipper of nimble feet and trim ankles would go out and drown his pique in a quart of

But all this is lost on the "front row," however. In the first place, the "front row" is sceptical. What woman on the stage will not succumb, sooner or later, to flowers, flattery, and folly? Such is the creed of the bald heads. Sometimes they will be rebuffed. It is no more than they expect. Even in cards, one cannot always win. Women are more uncertain than cards. The stage woman is most uncertain of all.

This is the sum of such philosophy. In the meantime, bouquets and billets-doux. These supply a chapter by themselves. They pave the way to a comprehensive knowledge of life behind the scenes. Every popular actress and



FOUR MEMBERS OF THE DANCING CHORUS AT LUNCHEON DURING REHEARSAL

These girls get a higher salary than the statuesque members of the chorus, who have nothing to do but look pretty, for the dancing contingent must have a certain amount of technical knowledge. The scene represented above is one of relaxation after hours of hard work.



A PERT SOUBRETTE TRYING ON A NEW HAT AFTER THE MATINEE.

every pretty chorus girl has a wide experience in such matters. What a history Mrs. Langtry could write; or Lillian Russell; or Della Fox. Any one of them has received flowers enough to pay a Fifth Avenue florist a fine profit for a year; enough letters to exhaust the output of a Ballston paper mill for six months; invitations to dainty dinners that would occupy Del's for the period of a Broadway engagement running to the souvenir stage.

Imagine having a maid bring a bushel of notes to you every day, all from ardent admirers. Think of having ushers stagger under loads of perfumed blossoms to be flung at your feet every night. Behind the scenes, these incidents become topics of ordinary comment. The cards are plucked from the roses and inspected with business-like attention. The flattering notes and invitations treated with such attention as circumstances seem to warrant. But they are hardly regarded, in most cases, with the seriousness their senders would wish. It all depends upon various considerations other than the tender passion.

Flattery is a potent weapon, but its effect is dulled by too frequent repetition. A prima donna is apt to be too much absorbed in her career to fall in love with every one who becomes infatuated with her. She may have a business eye to certain effects likely to be reached by giving some encouragement here or there, and occasionally will be impressed with the eligibility of admirers, but the general run of men win lightly upon her regard. She has plenty to think about besides them. There are rehearsals to be attended, where she will appear for a time during the morning, and excite the envy of the chorus in stage clothes, which she, being privileged, need not assume. After that, luncheon and a drive in the park. Then dinner and the evening performance. Then to bed early, for her health and her voice must be first regarded. These lost and she is no longer of interest to any one, even her former admirers.

Of course, there are exceptions; plenty of them.



LAST GLANCE AT HERSELF IN THE GREEN ROOM MIRROR BEFORE STARTING OUT FOR AN AFTERNOON WALK UP BROADWAY.

A long list of names to illustrate the other side of the story could be filled in without a moment's reflection by any one who reads the newspapers. Some would suggest the uses and advantages

luminously discussed than behind the scenes.

Here are four chorus girls at luncheon during rehearsal. What topics absorb their attention? Doubtless a bit of



SNAP SHOT.

Three dancers in the wings of a New York theatre during the long wait between their appearance on the stage in the first act and their final going on for the tableau in the last act of the piece.

of stage advertising. Others boldly proclaim that lax system of morals with which the stage has been so long identified. Nowhere are these matters more

stage scandal goes with a bite of a sandwich. They surely know all about the intrigues, the smitten youth, the late suppers, and the inevitable end of indis-

cretion. But they also have other things to think of. Their costumes occupy no small part of their thoughts. The pert soubrette must give much thought to her gowns and her new hat which she tries on after the matinée before going for her afternoon walk up Broadway. She may have received a note from "Charlie," who is spending a month's allowance during holiday week in a laudable effort to furnish a couple of evenings' royal entertainment, and who has tearfully entreated her to "get a bite with him at Sherry's after the play." No harm in that, surely. Poor fellow, he may find the next few weeks at Yale rather disagreeable, but then it's lots of fun and no particular harm for either, perhaps.

Besides, he will gain the envy of his set, and she the jealous regard of hers, especially if Charlie is the heir or a millionaire mine-owner, or the grandson of a Supreme Court Justice, or something equally as high-sounding.



MME. REJANE, THE DISTINGUISHED FRENCH ACTRESS. WHEN NOT POSING FOR A PHOTOGRAPH.

The affair, perhaps, goes no further. If it does not, the story is hardly worth the telling. If it does, it may be worth columns to the newspapers. They at



A FEW MOMENTS OF REST.

least find plenty to write about when some pretty stage girl takes the name of an aristocratic youngster who does not care for the millinery and dressmaking

Of course, to such an end all stage women who are pretty, well-bred, and naturally refined may devoutly aspire. Those having only the first of these qual-



TWO TYPICAL STAGE WOMEN OF THE "1492" COMPANY READING THEIR LETTERS AND PASSING AWAY THE TIME BETWEEN THE AFTERNOON AND THE EVENING PERFORMANCES ON A STORMY DAY.

and boarding school finish of his social sphere.

Good actresses make good wives. Why not? Mr. George Gould and many another millionaire have ample reason to approve of this statement.

ifications need not despair. Yet beauty alone will not win the battle. It is needful that some prominence be gained in the profession, which means considerable hard work. It is well to be polite to the stage manager, and appreciative of

even the little attentions he may be pleased to offer. In the midst of a deluge of floral offerings it would be generous and tasteful to accept the single spray of violets or the lone American Beauty which he might be thoughtful enough to offer. But the wise stage manager should never wish to be more courteous than his position would seem to warrant. Discipline would otherwise cease to be his effective point.

is, it comes naturally, and doesn't depend upon an effort of the will. Be born a statuesque beauty, and the posing does the rest. It may be tiresome at first, but, barring mishaps, it comes easy after a bit. It is awkward when the assistant stumbles and falls with a thump upon the stage just as the curtain is going up and the finishing touches are unfinished, or when one falls asleep while the pedestal revolves; but then success in this



A HURRIED BITE OF LUNCH.

Two girls who are waiting to pose for living pictures standing in their places before the curtain is raised.

On the other hand, the favorite of the footlights—word about to become obsolete—must rely upon merit for recognition. At least, merit is the best of promoters. Merit is so good a thing that it is usually pushed along.

In living picture posing it is one of those things that can't be helped. That

line begins with an accident—the accident of birth.

Beauty adorned, or rather unadorned, as it seems to be chiefly represented in living picture performances, is not supposed to be a subject of discussion except as shown to the audience.

The incidents of the make-up, and

the methods of preparing the models for display are, however, quite matter-of-fact affairs behind the scenes. The preparations are gone about with a businesslike air on the part of those concerned, and after the performance is over street clothes are hastily donned by the models, the stage hands depart, and no more is thought about the matter till next day. The women who pose are as considerately treated as they would be in an artist's studio, and they soon become accustomed to their parts, so that the attendants have little to do besides arranging the draperies and giving an eye to the *ensemble*.

People who have not been initiated into the secrets of stage life have little idea of the hard work required. In assuming new parts, fre-



THIS IS A SNAP SHOT PHOTOGRAPH OF A DANCER WHO ATTEMPTED TO SHOW ANOTHER A DIFFICULT STEP AND TORE HER SKIRT WHILE ILLUSTRATING IT.



CALLERS BETWEEN THE ACTS.

The star receiving the congratulations of girl friends.



A DANCER POSING AND PRACTISING BEFORE THE GREEN ROOM MIRROR.

quently at short notice, the mental effort is severe and sustained. Rehearsals have to be kept up constantly. It is at rehearsal, however, that a little fun creeps in. Most stage people rebel at discipline which is too exacting.

Practical jokes and pranks played by one member of the company upon another furnish no end of amusement. Nearly every company has some member who is able to afford a constant fund of entertainment in this line.



A LIVING PICTURE REHEARSING HER POSSE BEFORE THE GREEN ROOM MIRROR



THE SOUBRETTE OF THE COMPANY FIXING THE LEADING LADY'S HAIR JUST
BEFORE THE RISE OF THE CURTAIN.

Sometimes harmless jests, begun in a spirit of fun, breed discords that disrupt whole organizations.

Jealousy plays no small part in the theme of the successful play. It also

jealousy would be vastly entertaining. Many of these difficulties arise over the real love affairs which spring up in every company. For there are real romances constantly being enacted in



AN ACCIDENT TO ONE OF THE SCENE HANDS JUST AS A LIVING PICTURE IS PREPARED FOR THE PUBLIC EYE.

enters largely into the real life of the actors and actresses.

A green room phonograph which would repeat all the spiteful things said as the result of quarrels inspired by

which the players live the leading parts. Many of these are rudely broken off. Some few lead to permanent engagements, in which are two star parts. There are many happily married people

on the stage. The Kendals, of course, are a shining example. Lists are tedious, however, and then there are so many stage matches that have proven disastrous that it would be unpleasant to begin an enumeration.

Indeed, the payment of alimony seems one of the incidents of his profession which the popular actor may count upon with almost as much certainty as he does the other stage properties.

The real properties are less expensive to keep up, yet they also cause trouble at times. There are frequent hitches in all well-regulated theatres, caused by carelessness, and it is very unpleasant not to be able to find the stage gun when you are about to go on and blow some swarthy villain off the face of the earth just as he is abducting the heroine, or to find that the property wine has been liberally mixed with salt. Great care is taken that little mistakes



THEY ALL WANT IT.

The stage manager holding out a flower for the chorus girl.

of this kind shall be avoided, as close attention is being paid to detail.

After all, the mechanical adjuncts of stage effects are so perfected nowadays that everything moves swiftly in its appointed turn, and the performers have little time for dilly-dallying over their work.

It is hard to disillusionize, but really there is little to be seen or heard back of the drop-curtain that would not seem very trivial and uninteresting to the average person after a few visits. This information is expressly intended for the would-be *blasé* youth. The bald heads know it already. The public at large need not care. After all, the stage people themselves are most concerned. They are the sufferers from the incessant efforts of a certain class to pry into the domain sacred to the working privacy of their profession. They are most benefited by a rational



HARD AT WORK.

A living picture model practising her pose

discussion of the subject. Yet they, perhaps, care least of all about it; not that it really matters how much or how little is said.

Things go on just the same. Provided the public applauds and popular approval is followed by long and profitable engagements, what is the use of troubling one's self? A little notoriety of the right kind is often of great value. To be talked about and have the newspapers after you day by day is what many stage people are constantly seeking. In fact, all sorts of plans are evolved to bring about such a result. Even the famous prima donna consents to have her diamonds stolen in order to make talk. The star of the society stage, for the same reason, is not above inciting scandal by flirtations with society men. No wonder, then, that the chorus girl is tempted to use the same tactics. The current of events sweeps the dancer on. The nymph in tights or abbreviated skirts continues to pirouette tantalizingly into the wings.



POSING FOR THE ARTIST.

The smitten ones hover about the sealed approaches, seeking admittance. The mimic thunder peals a futile warning, and the stage lightning continues to strike in its appointed way. Finally, always oblivion follows with the descending curtain.

MY LOVE.

My love is the round red gold,
And her kisses are ever so cold;
Yet never a maid
Can equal the jade,
And none would I rather behold.

I gazed in the deep jack-pot,
And dreamed—for my passion was hot—
Her lips I would press,
But my hand—well, I guess
My dream will be lucky—nit—not.



PRACTISING THE FALL.

An illustration of the stupid and artificial gestures of stage women when they begin work of this character. After innumerable rehearsals the scene becomes in every way lifelike and convincing.

STAGE STRUCK GIRLS.

By Grant B. Gordon.

Next to reading Zola and officiating at charity fairs with kissing auctions as features, the baneful tendencies of mind in certain types of young women manifest themselves in a desire to go on the stage. Amateur theatricals and parlor charades offer opportunities for taking the first fatal step. Trashy novels may inspire and foster the wish for a career in the glare of the footlights. Even our system of public education—perish the thought!—has tendencies in this direction. Grave members of Boards of Public Instruction will doubtless hold up their hands in holy horror at the statement, yet it is true. Many a good and pious deacon would be shocked if he were told that the church entertainment he has sanctioned as a means of providing a revenue for paying the pastor will help to develop tendencies

among the ewe lambs of the flock that if not checked lead on to theatrical careers—ending who knows where, perhaps in vaudeville.

Many a young girl is so much affected by the applause which greets her efforts as a recitationist at a church fair or on the high school stage that she is speedily convinced of a dazzling career lying before her in the drama. She dreams, especially if she be a *matinée* girl, of starring with such support as Mr. John Drew, Herbert Kelcey, Henry Miller, Richard Mansfield, or even Henry Irving. No height is too great for her to attain. She will even aspire to Shakespearean parts, and believes devoutly that she could make a dazzling and melancholy success either as *Juliet* or *Desdemona*.

In the meantime she continues to recite "Curfew will not ring to-night."

Such a popular actress as Carrie Turner began this way, winning her first successes on the high school stage in her native town.

And there are others. It is hardly worth while to mention names. This one escaped before giving sufficient consideration to the feelings of staid professors and devout deacons.

Fortunately for everybody, however, there are thousands upon thousands of stage-struck girls who never reach the goal of their ambition. If this were not so, then indeed would the words of the immortal dramatist have a fearful significance, and it would necessarily be literally true that "All the world's a stage." It would have to be to accommodate all the players.

Keen desire, however, does not evolve talent always. Short girls, lean girls, ugly and beautiful, tall and stont, of infinite capacities or varying mediocrity, display an equal intensity of purpose to shine as luminaries in the stellar regions of dramatic art.



TRYING TO REMEMBER HER LINES BEFORE GOING ON THE STAGE.

Shrewd managers sift the supply. The unaccepted maids turn ultimately to the more prosaic tasks of housewifely dedication and perchance appease their unsatisfied ambition by the delivery of thrilling lines, à la Mrs. Candle.

Happy they may well be in what they escape. Stage life is not a May-morning walk in mossy dells, brodered with violets.

It has its compensations. It has also its pitiful penalties.

Young girls



THINKING OUT A NEW STEP.

should think of the pitfalls and privations that lie on the way to success. Frolic and fun attend stage life. Hisses and heart-break as well.

Modjeskas, Bernhardts, and Terrys are rare.

for almost as much in public appreciation as histrionic ability. Else why the multitude of illustrations in the public prints portraying minor characters? The photograph of a pretty chorus girl tying her slipper will draw a



MAKING UP BEFORE THE BIG MIRROR

Dancers, chorus girls, and pretty soubrettes are plentiful.

The stage couldn't get along without the latter class, however.

Perhaps physical comeliness counts

crowd to a shop-window, and scenes from a ballet engage the interest of readers of illustrated periodicals as few other things will. Of course, the stars of first magnitude have always the best

of it from every point of view. Doubtless, the stage-struck girl has always this ultimate prominence in view. She would hardly be content with that sort

nials, in plain view of the audience. She would not contemplate with satisfaction her picture labelled "asleep in the wings," if put forth as the only



CURLING HER HAIR BEFORE THE BIG MIRROR.

As a rule there is only one mirror of any particular size in a theatre, and that is in the main dressing-room, which is resorted to by every woman behind the scenes.

of a career which would show her struggling with her lines while waiting for her cue, rather than bowing gracefully before an avalanche of floral testimo-

evidence of her claim to recognition. Such details of her probable haps and mishaps, graphic illustrations of incidents of her stage life, as shown in the

accompanying photographs, might open her eyes to the disillusionizing processes of a career upon the boards.

Ambition fires her, however. The big successes appeal to her imagination. Then the love-making by such delicious fellows as the real *matinée* heroes. It must be simply intoxicating to go through with it every night, and two afternoons besides, in each week. No mortal man off the stage ever does make love as they do. Of course not. He hasn't the practice. That may account for it in part. Besides, the real, every-day lovers cannot employ a Shakespeare, or a Sardou, or even a Henry Arthur Jones, to prepare their proposal speeches. Even if they could, of course, they couldn't deliver them as do these elegant, princely, passionate, and liquid-toned wooers of the society stage.

No doubt it must be exquisitely, thrillingly delicious to have some dark and

dreamy-eyed John-a-Dreams moan eagerly at your shell-like ear the gnawing ecstasy of his undying love.

So thinks the stage-struck girl, and she proceeds to try her best at procuring an opportunity of experiencing it herself. How cynical is destiny, and how perverse is fate. A few months at "a school of dramatic art" may rob her of her illusion. Or perhaps the real lover comes along, and although he may lack practice, yet native ardor may supply, to a great extent, the place of polished proficiency, and the little drama closes happily with a real wedding—herown. Happy culmination! What art loses the community gains. There could be no climax more skilfully constructed. It ends as the playwright would have it.



A DANCER IN THE WINGS, ADDING LITTLE TOUCHES TO HER COSTUME BEFORE GOING ON THE STAGE.



A ROBUST DANCER FAST ASLEEP IN THE WINGS.



AMY BUSBY APPROPRIATELY POSED FOR THE STORY,
"I grew insanely jealous."

Copyright 1895,
 by E. J. Falk.

ONE HONEYMOON.

ARRANGED TO SUGGEST A NEW METHOD OF ILLUSTRATING MAGAZINE FICTION
 THAT NOBODY READS.

Jack and I had known each other from childhood. We had quarrelled and made up times without number, kissed and quarrelled again. Finally, after we had reached the age when young people decide to do something rash rather than submit to the monotony of an every-day existence, we made up our minds to run away and be married. This decision was not at all necessary, for our parents would have made no objection to our marrying in the usual decorous fashion. It was just because they cast no obstacles in our path that we concluded to give them a shock.

Unfortunate day! We had scarcely started on our wedding trip before our troubles began. We were duly united by a timid little parson in the next town, who visibly trembled at his responsibility in assisting what was plainly a runaway match, yet gave us his blessing

with pathetic earnestness, while his sympathetic wife offered me a kiss of encouragement.

We were naturally in a great state of excitement. After dinner at one of the little bustling hotels in the place, we took a train for New York, arriving in time for the theatre.

There was a very pretty dancer in the cast whom I noticed Jack admired more than was quite considerate of me, under the circumstances, and I fancied I perceived a smile of recognition on her lips as she looked in our direction, for we sat very near the stage—in fact, in the second row of the orchestra. I teased him to tell me if he had ever seen her before, but he proved very tantalizing, and I could make nothing out of the affair; still, I grew insanely jealous, and when we went to our hotel I refused to speak to Jack for the rest of the evening. Then he left me to go

down in the lobby for a smoke, he said, but I was sure he had some other design.

Next day we went to a watering-place which was near a fort overlooking a wide expanse of water. We walked about until we were tired, but found everything very stupid. I decided to sit in the pavilion munching some cakes Jack had bought for me while he

dancer, and her hand laid caressingly upon his neck, while he was offering her his field glasses for a look over the bay.

Whatever put the idea into my head I do not know, except that I had a few days before glanced over an article on modern coast defences in a popular review, illustrated by drawings showing



A VERY PRETTY DANCER

Who is really winning a career upon the stage. Selected for her fancied resemblance to the lady in the next illustration, and posed for this story.

hunted a conveyance to take us for a drive along the beach.

He was absent so long that the delay became intolerable. Finally I decided to pay a visit to the fort, which was not far distant, and let Jack hunt for me on his return.

I had no sooner reached the entrance than on the further side, charmingly posed against one of the great guns, I saw—good heavens!—Jack with that

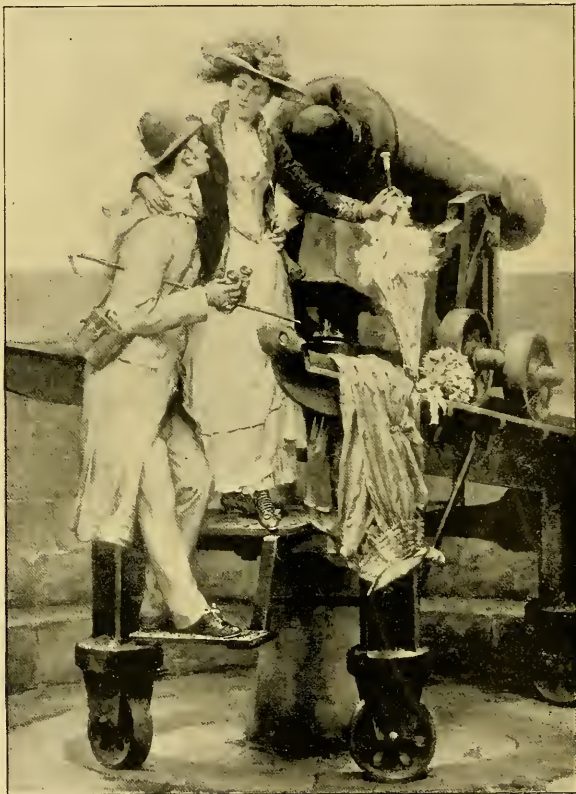
the manner of handling and firing the guns by electricity. I fairly flew to the quarters where I judged the operating mechanism to be. Fortunately, the place was for a moment vacant. Not even a sentry interposed to stop me. Inside was a row of buttons and a chart, which I studied for an instant, and then pressed the key I judged to control the gun whose recoil would give me my revenge.

Instantly there was an explosion and a great uproar. Half stunned, I ran out, expecting to find the perfidious pair mangled and senseless.

My heart leaped up with joy in spite of my rage as I saw Jack strolling to-

cousin Nell, of whom I had often heard as winning a career on the stage, but had never seen.

I shall never forgive Jack. He says he wanted to cure me of my jealous disposition, but he made me try to



"JACK WITH THAT DANCER."

Amberg's famous picture "The Honeymoon," with an original twist. Reproduced for this story, at considerable expense, from the original Paris Salon painting.

ward me, although that hateful woman was at his side. As soon as he saw me he hurried up, and, would you believe it, introduced his companion as his

kill him. It makes very little difference to be told that I only rang an electric call bell in the guard house, and that the explosion was the sunset gun.



FOILED.

SHE (having got him up from dinner in a hurry, so that he wouldn't get a chance to smoke)—It's so much nicer, I think, having our coffee out here instead of at the table—don't you?

HE—Yes, if we have our cigars here, too.

AT THE SEASHORE.

Where the surges rant and roar,
Grouped along the sandy shore,
Clad in bathing costumes bright—
What a very charming sight!
Bathing is "good form," you know,
If you have the form to show.

Lanky people show poor taste:
In they plunge in greatest haste,
Splash, and swim about, and stay
In the water half the day.
Girls who boast of figures trim,
On the shore are in the swim.



PRODUCTIVE OF ENNUI.

MILLIE—Now what's the matter? You're all the time yawning.
 TILLIE—No wonder. The way they don't pay salaries in this company is enough to make any one tired.

FACE AND FEET.

Oh, you would think such pretty feet
 Belonged to sweet sixteen;
 You'd pick them out upon the street
 As neither fat nor lean.
 But if you saw the rest of her,
 You'd have a fit, I fear—
 She is a female bicycler,
 And forty-six last year.

Her face is full of spunk and grit,
 And surely if a man
 Can ride a wheel and make a hit,
 She thinks, she may and can.
 So when you look her in the eye
 You skip across the street—
 Though small, it were not safe to try
 Encountering those feet.

BY OUR FASHION ARTIST.
Combination Street Ballet Costume.



SHE—Look at those flowers the usher is bringing her. I wonder how much they cost?

HE (*forgetting himself*)—I don't know. They haven't sent me the bill yet.

GOOD-NIGHT, SWEETHEART.

FRANK L. STANTON, in *To-Day*.

"Good-night, sweetheart—good-night, sweetheart!"
The words ring out while hot tears start,
And little hands so fair to see
Are tenderly stretched out to me;
Yet coldly from them I depart—
"Good-night, sweetheart—good-night, sweetheart!"

"Good-night—ah, such a night!—I knew
The sweet lips yearned for kisses, too—
Asking no other earthly bliss
Than just one fond, forgiving kiss;
One kiss—and as my steps depart,
Unanswered words—"Good-night, sweetheart!"

Ah, dear! if we could only know
The gentle hearts that love us so,
The angry words that give you pain—
We'd let you kiss them back again!
I answer now, while hot tears start,
"Good-night, sweetheart—good-night, sweetheart!"

BJONES—Cheer up, old man, you have little reason to complain. Think of how much you have advanced in your profession.

BROWN—That's just what worries me—I wish I could get some of it back.

MR. TOMPKINS—Marietta, what did you do with my broken meerschaum?

MRS. TOMPKINS—Why, I sent it to the plumber. You remember how beautifully he mended the waste pipe.



I.



II.

Discard the skirt and the change is made.

SHE (*about midnight, playing "Home, Sweet Home"*)—Don't you think, Mr. Brown, there is something very moving about these familiar melodies?

BROWN—(*taking the hint and his hat*)—Yes, that one in particular always carries me back over familiar ways.



STRINGENT MEASURES.

"Mamma, I suppose papa would shoot me if I got real angry, wouldn't he?"

"Good gracious, child, what put that into your head?"

"Well, I heard him say the other day that if Fido goes mad he will shoot him."

"ALMOST A NECESSITY."

is what those who have used Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder say of it. It is a skin tonic, the only article of its kind approved by the highest medical authorities, beautifying the complexion and making the skin healthy wherever used. Mothers need it for their babies and for themselves. Stout people must have it to relieve chafing, etc. It is cooling, refreshing, and healing after shaving. It cures Prickly Heat, Blotches, Pimples, Salt Rheum, and Tender Feet. Can be had of first-class druggists or from the proprietor—see advertisement in another column. Be sure to get "Mennen's." Send for free sample, 577 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

Not every man who paints his name on the rocks succeeds in making his mark in the world.

LOVE GROWS COLD.

I pray beware
The maiden fair
Who dotes upon ice-cream,
For Spring is here,
And you, I fear,
May sit with her and dream.
To sit with her
And dream, O sir,
You'll find is costly fun—
There is no spot
In summer hot
But has cream by the ton.
You'll find, I fear,
By Fall, the Dear
Whose heart you long to fill,
T'will not suffice
To fill with ice,
If you'd escape a chill.

AN OVERSIGHT.

Clara de Despond, from somewhere deep down in her anatomy, heaved a sigh that startled Felix Montmorency by its tremulous vehemence.

"Felix," she said, in tones of mixed-pickles regret, "in your desire to mend my fractured affections you have neglected to take a very important precaution."

"My darling," he gasped, "what is it?"

"You have forgotten the soft-solder," she replied, in tones as calm as the occasion would permit.

In hopeless despair Felix fell over his kit.

Catalini, like most prima donnas, had a great weakness for showing off her jewellery. "You see dis brooch?" she would say; "de Emperor of Austria gave me dis. You see dese earrings? de Emperor of Russia gave me dese. You see dis ring? de Emperor Napoleon gave me dis," and so on. Braham, the tenor, in imitation of this, would say, pointing to his umbrella, "You see dis? de Emperor of China gave me dis." Then, pointing to his teeth, "De Emperor of Tuscany gave me dese."—*The Argonaut.*

Kangaroos seldom need spring medicine.



A STITCH IN TIME.

"Jeannot, I wish I could pay rents as easily as you mend them."

"Does Madame ever try them when they are small?"



LADY SOMERSET'S IDEA OF A LIVING PICTURE.



HE—Isn't that stunning?

SHE—Which do you mean? The ball that hit Rusie on the eye or that actress's costume?



"HE MUST TAKE ME FOR A MARRIED WOMAN."

APPRECIATED HIS TALENTS.

LORD DE STRANDE—I say, Dolly, I fancy it would be a good idea if we were to go to an eating-house, you know, and have a broiled lobster and two quart bottles of champagne. What do you say?

DOLLY (of the *Tinkletink Company*)—What do I say? Old boy, you're too good for an Englishman. You ought to be an American.

MAY.

This is the month of May,
The winsome month of May,
When it behooves
The chap who moves
To take French leave, or pay.

This is the month of May,
The flowery month of May,
When damsels fair
Make papas swear
In most outrageous way.

This is the month of May,
The trysting month of May,
When furs are hissed
And maidens kissed
A thousand times a day.



IN OLD MADRID.

"Will you have a good cigar, old man?"

"Yes, thanks, if you let me buy it."

HE—"I cannot sing the old songs."
SHE—Then try "My Pearl Is a Bowery Girl," or something else that's new.

AN EXTRAORDINARY YOUNGSTER.

The latest and lustiest of the magazine infants is the METROPOLITAN.

No new magazine ever had such a remarkable growth from the start. Indeed, it is no longer an infant, but already ranks among the giants established for years.

Just look at these figures :

Feby., No. 1.....	20,000 copies.
March, " 2.....	30,000 "
April, " 3.....	46,000 "
May, " 4, including English edition,	80,000 copies.

Each edition, so far, has been exhausted almost immediately, and not a single return has been made. Orders have been received for hundreds of back numbers that cannot be filled. Dealers as far West as Minneapolis and Salt Lake City are selling from fifty to one hundred copies per month, while here in New York some stands have sold as many as three hundred copies of a single issue. The METROPOLITAN has received from the newsdealers the

heartiest welcome, and has had the finest display on most of the stands.

It is not too much to predict that the METROPOLITAN will have a circulation of 150,000 copies monthly by the end of the summer.

With the wonderful life of the metropolis of the western hemisphere surging about us, it should be possible to produce a magazine that would command instant notice even in a crowded field. The METROPOLITAN will seek to be smarter, more thoroughly representative of vital human interests, than any publication which has preceded it. The London edition will be published May 14. Articles are now in process of preparation which will interest magazine readers all over the world. A general announcement of topics and writers will be made in the June issue.

With such resources and influences as the METROPOLITAN commands, nothing can delay or postpone its success, provided it be made, as it will be, the best of its class.

THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

189

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AN EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS.

MRS. WELLWED (*putting up her tongue*)—My dear, you entertain so beautifully. How do you really manage?

MR. S. PROUDPOOR (*haughtily*)—How kind of you! But it is difficult, you know, when one has to rely largely on good taste without the rich husband.

A SHORT STOP.

CLERK—How long will you be here, sir?

GUEST—What are your rates?

CLERK—Five dollars a day.

GUEST—About five minutes.

THE SECRET OUT.

"Ma," said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves we."

"Why?"

"So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle."

THE USUAL RESULT.

HUSBAND—Everything in this house is out of place. Been an explosion?

WIFE—No, I've been putting things in order.

A MILLIONAIRE'S RECREATION.

FRIEND—Now that you have made a large fortune, what do you intend to do?

OLD MONEYBAGS—I shall retire, and amuse myself telling people what a burden wealth is, and how happy I was when I was poor.

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

15-32691

JUNE, 1895.



On the Rocks at Newport.



Unequalled for Toilet, Nursery and Bath.

100 years old and better than it ever was.

Pears'

There are soaps offered as substitutes for
which are dangerous—be sure you get

Pears'



AT NARRAGANSETT.
(See opening article.)

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

Vol. I.

No. 5.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1895.

Nine Full-page Illustrations.

<i>At Narragansett,</i>	313
<i>A Prize Winning Baby,</i>	315
<i>Her First Appearance,</i>	316
<i>The Three Graces,</i>	317
<i>A Grecian Maiden,</i>	318
<i>Katherine Gray,</i>	319
<i>Annie O'Neill,</i>	320
<i>The Sculptress,</i>	321
<i>The Newport Bathing Girl,</i>	322
America's Seashore Girls,	
With four illustrations.	Charles Stone, 323
In a Woman Sculptor's Studio,	
With three illustrations.	Robert Middleton, 327
Two Famous New York Lawyers,	
With six illustrations of William H. Howe and Abraham Hummel.	David H. Dodge, 330
From Lackaye to Svengali,	
With five illustrations.	C. M. Hurst, 336
Views of a Rehearsal,	
With six illustrations.	Ralph McBurney, 541
American and Foreign Music Hall Stars,	
With fifteen illustrations.	Vincent Crawford, 345
Sensational Ministers of Our Day,	
With portraits of the Rev. Chas. H. Parkhurst, the Revs. Madison C. Peters, Thomas Dixon, Lansing, and Father Phelan. Also, by contrast, Bishop Potter and Archbishop Corrigan.	J. L. Bratton, 355
The Curzon-Leiter Marriage,	
With portraits of the Hon. George M. Curzon and Miss Mary Leiter.	358
From the Baby Show,	
With seven illustrations.	Marion Dare, 359
Coaching in New York,	
With six illustrations.	Charles Ogden Card, 363
Scene at the Cat Show in New York,	
Full-page illustration.	368
National Types of Beauty,	
With ten illustrations.	George L. Wilson, 369
June's Warblers—Poem,	376
Men and Women of the Month.	
With portraits of Mrs. Reginald DeKoven, Lady Beresford, Aubrey Boucicault, Eleanor Mayo Elverson, ex-Mayor Hugh Grant, and Georgia Cayvan.	377
Thirty Days of the Stage,	
With eleven illustrations.	383
The Lighter Side of Things,	393

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A PRIZE WINNING BABY.



HER FIRST APPEARANCE.



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THE THREE GRACES.

By a group of New York models,



A GRECIAN MAIDEN,



KATHERINE GRAY.



ANNIE O'NEILL.



THE SCULPTRESS.

Clio Hinton Huneker at work,



THE NEWPORT BATHING GIRL.

AMERICA'S SEASHORE GIRLS.

HOW AND WHERE THEY WILL DISPORT THEMSELVES THE COMING YEAR.

By Charles Stone.

WHEN old Neptune comes up from the vasty deep these fine sunshiny summer mornings to observe how the world is wagging along at the fag end of the nineteenth century, he is bound to see sights recalling vivid memories of the good old days of Greek mythology. At every fashionable watering-place along the seashore he will find enough enchanting naiads to re-people his lost kingdoms under the sea.

And as for dazzling raiment, vying with the tints of the Nautilus and the pearly glories of his palaces under the wave, he would find these nymphs clothed therewith in a fashion to suit his most fastidious moods.

Better than the memories of ancient mythology, however, are the modern modes. In healthful sport and serene pleasures, this latter-day summer life at the seashore is satisfying as well to the physical being as to the æsthetic eye.

A long, long day upon the sands and in the surf is a boon for which a philosopher might well sigh, and the slaves of fashion or of the inexorable god of struggle, whom we have renamed "Business," look forward to longingly.

The rush to the seashore fairly begins

in June, and the fashionable resorts, as well as many quiet places, all along the coast, from Maine to the Carolinas, are thronged until well into September.

Tan and freckles are the distinctive badges of the devotees of old ocean, and the symphonies of the surf are sweeter music in their ears than a nocturne of Chopin.

The life at a seaside resort is both unique and interesting for many reasons. It is a struggle for social supremacy as well as a battle ground matrimonial. It is proverbial, however, that seashore engagements are usually short and not attended with serious consequences.

The young men and young women, as well as the scheming mammas and the papas with plethoric pocket books, regard the pleasant intimacies which are fostered at Newport and Bar Harbor in about the same light. Of course, there are many marriages inscribed

upon the records of the little god with the golden bow and the haphazard aim which date back to strolls upon the sands, in the golden gloaming when the harvest moon rose red out of the fathomless brine, and tender love tones came naturally to the lips. Once away from the seductive influences



A BAR HARBOR GIRL.

of the loud-sounding sea, the majority of young men and maidens, it is to be feared, find that the fervid fondness engendered on a summer's day takes on the aspect of a mere flirtation. So that unless the round of social gaieties in town in the winter season deepen and perfect the attachment, they are all ready to begin over again the next year the tender campaign on the sands.

It is much like building the forts which the children with their tiny

physical culture and athletic training. A person who does not possess a fairly good figure falls into a position of comparative obscurity when the hour arrives for getting into the surf.

Later on, when the orchestra is inviting to the pleasures of the quadrille, the kindly concealment of a dress suit may enable a hollow-chested, spindle-shanked youngster to regain to some extent his equanimity, but it is only the well-built, athletic individual who dares to face in bathing costume the



AT CAPE MAY.

shovels cast up in front of the advancing waves, only to have them leveled and obliterated when the tide rises upon the beach. Next day they construct others with renewed ardor and quite as much satisfaction.

One thing that has been of some value in the development of seaside resorts and in the growing custom of spending at some one of them a portion of the summer, is the closer attention young people now pay to matters of

array of observers with any hope of retaining his self-possession or the favor of the critical members of the opposite sex. So it is that the tennis girl, who also rides the bicycle and can row as well as swim, attracts the chief share of attention when the bathing season sets in.

For this reason it may be taken for granted that a desire to shine at Nantucket, or Martha's Vineyard, or some other popular seaside resort, leads to a

gymnasium course or a training in physical culture that is bound to produce lasting beneficial results.

The American girl is not at all slow in seizing the salient points in any matter affecting her supremacy, nor does she stop at any exertion necessary to enable her to shine.

It will be remarked by every one who visits a popular seaside resort that the number of young women who possess fine figures is in excess of the number of men of stalwart frame and good muscular development. It may be

making him blink his eyes and wonder if he be awake; it is something new that he will recognize by degrees, and perhaps not until quite late in the season. It consists of the bathing girl of '95.

This girl is quite different from her predecessors. They used to bathe—or to go into the ocean—with promptitude and eagerness every day, and they would stay in the water for an inordinate length of time. The new bathing girl will do the same thing, although she may not remain quite so long. What



A LONG BRANCH SWIMMER.

that those who have no figure of which to boast go to the mountains or some inland lake where bathing is not in fashion; but however that may be, there is certainly a great increase in the number of young women who go down to the beach every year conscious of their fine physical equipment for battling with the surges and winning admiration for their prowess in the role of fearless water sprites.

There is going to be a novelty at the seashore this summer. It is not a novelty that bursts upon the spectator suddenly,

then is the great difference? It is that the new-comer goes into the water to *swim*. You don't think that so very striking? Well, then, cast your memory back to the old seashore scenes, and bethink you of the girls who made the beach lively with their presence. Did you not see a great deal of them—that is, were they not on view a good deal of the time? Yes. Well, that means that they were not swimming around in the water very much. It means that they went down on the beach to show off their bathing costumes, and that is

half the key-note of the whole situation.

The new girl will not waste her time in showing off her bathing costume. She has come to the shore to bathe, and to bathe as much and as often as she can. The new woman is to be a perfect woman, physically. That is the most important thing sought for. When she has attained her physical perfection, she may possibly turn round and devote her time to getting a perfect system of tempers and morals, but the grace of the ideal womanhood has to be obtained first.

There is to be, as we have intimated, a thorough revolution in the bathing girl of this year. At Asbury Park and at Ocean Grove there will not be so marked a change, for there never was any temptation on the beaches at those "resorts" to gaze admiringly at the raiment of the sea. There is, we believe, only one recorded instance of a bather or a would-be bather's costume exciting universal envy. It happened

two summers ago. The owner almost gave Founder Bradley a convulsion fit. But she was quickly informed that it wouldn't do at all, and in despair she returned to town and became a living picture. So there will be no wonderful special correspondence from Asbury Park about the new and remarkable dresses worn by the emancipated fair sex.

At Long Branch, however, there will be much to admire, for our Hebrew friends will undoubtedly take advantage of the new opportunities opened out to them. But it will be at the Narragansett Pier that the kaleidoscopic novelties will glint in the surprised sunshine. There will the modest maidens step daintily forth from their disrobing houses, resplendent in garments that will rival the Apocalypse in the amount of information conveyed without word of mouth. We have grown very hardened these days, though, and only the callowest will not be callous.



WAITING FOR A WAVE TO BREAK.

IN A WOMAN SCULPTOR'S STUDIO.

By Robert Middleton.

A YOUNG woman who has sprung suddenly into fame, receiving nothing but praise and admiration and newspaper attention, might well be pardoned if she were to become proud in her manners and entertain a loftier opinion of herself than heretofore, especially when the cause of the hubbub is her own talent. But I am writing of another kind of woman altogether. Mrs. Huneker, sculptress, is the most modest person imaginable. Twenty-four years of age, a mother, and an artist, and a sincere worker, she is well worth a sustained attention.

The Associated Pioneers of the Territorial Days of California sent notices to the best known sculptors some two months ago to the effect that they were ready to pass on designs for a statue of General Fremont, "the Pathfinder," to be erected in Rockland Cemetery, which overlooks the Hudson River. Among the designs submitted was one from a competitor who had received no notice, but who, having heard of the competition, had determined to enter the lists. This woman, whose name was Mrs. Olio Hinton Huneker, received the prize. The design shows Fremont standing at the top of a rock with his rifle in his left hand, and shading his eyes with his right, while he looks out, scanning the view. A bas-relief on the panel shows an exploring party, led by the Pathfinder, subsequently making their way to the spot. Seven other designs were passed on, and this, on account of its originality and its simplicity, carried the day. Mrs. Huneker will receive, when her work is completed, the sum of \$10,000.

I found Mrs. Huneker almost at the top of the Carnegie Music Hall in a roomy studio, the windows of which looked east and west and afforded a splendid view of the city. A grand piano stood on one side, and the rest of

the accessories were essentially studio-like.

She is a charming and graceful young woman, of medium height, with a fair complexion, blue eyes, and a slow but singularly attractive smile. Her manners are dignified, but she answers questions with perfect readiness, and gives much information voluntarily. She is a spirited performer on the piano, and a lover of Chopin and Grieg. She paints—impressionistically. She does not get up too early, and works when she feels like it, which is often. She has a baby; it is a pretty one, of course; a nurse takes care of it when



MRS. HUNEKER.



A DESULTORY BIT OF POTTERY DECORATION.

she is at work, or while she is being interviewed. She is the wife of James Hunecker, a New York newspaper man.

Mrs. Hunecker is one of the few women who have ever made a big reputation at the art of sculpture, but her capture of

the Tremont prize shows conclusively that her success has not been made by newspaper talk. In the future the public is bound to hear a great deal about the more important work done by Clio Hinton Hunecker.



MRS. HUNEKER MAKING THE MODEL OF A LARGE STATUE.



WILLIAM F. HOWE.

TWO FAMOUS NEW YORK LAWYERS.

By David H. Dodge.

ON the southwest corner of Leonard and Centre Streets stands a somewhat dingy-looking building, which serves as a sort of landmark in the neighborhood. It is in this building that Howe & Hummel began their legal existence, and when prosperity came to them they still clung to their first home. Their offices are opposite the gray old mass of granite which is famous throughout the country as "The Tombs," and but one block from them stands the new

Criminal Court House, which is one of the most magnificent law structures in the world. So well known are the plain but comfortable offices of the most famous lawyers in America that any cabman in New York could drive you there without calling upon you for the address. Howe & Hummel are among the best-known lawyers in foreign countries, too, for the reason that they do a great amount of foreign legal work, especially among theatrical people, who, when a legal difficulty arises,



ABRAHAM HUMMEL.

immediately rush off to Howe & Hummel, just as if there were no other lawyers on earth.

The two men are as dissimilar as two men can well be. William F. Howe is of gigantic stature; Abraham Hummel is slight of figure. Howe is fond of lavish display in dress and jewelry. He affects plaid suits, variegated neckties, and magnificent scarfpins and rings, and it is seldom that he goes to court without exhibiting a sufficient number of diamonds, rubies, sapphires and tourquoises to start a good-sized jewelry store. Mr. Hummel is his sarorial opposite. He dresses in subdued taste,

and his clothes, usually black, fit his slender form perfectly. He cares absolutely nothing for jewelry. Mr. Hummel is an inveterate first-nighter, and so closely does he follow stage productions, that he is a perfect encyclopedia of theatrical lore.

Mr. Howe is famous as a criminal pleader. He is possessed of marvellous Irish eloquence, and many of the scenes at murder trials in which he has figured have been dramatic in the extreme. He has had most remarkable success at the bar. Ex-Chief Justice Noah Davis once termed him the "father of the criminal bar."



MR. HOWE IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE.

Mr. Hummel confines himself principally to civil practice, and his reputation as a cross-examiner has been long established. The witness who tries to hoodwink him soon discovers that he has struck a hornet's nest. He is a fluent talker and forceful in summing up after a trial. He has the happy faculty of winning his jury at the outset, and has established more precedents for his clients in the theatrical profession than any other member of the New York bar. Perhaps this accounts for his large clientèle among people of the stage. He has appeared in cases for Mary Anderson, Lillian Russell, Lily Langtry, Camille D'Arville, Cora Potter, Minnie Palmer, Della Fox, Sadie Martinot, Juliette Nesville, Minnie Seligman, Cissy Fitzgerald, Ellaline Ferris, and Pauline Hall.

When I asked Mr. Howe the other day what he considered his most important case, he reflected for a moment. Then he cleared his throat as if about to address a jury and opened his flood-gate of memory.

"Perhaps the most phenomenal victory ever attained in my experience," said Mr. Howe meditatively, "was in the case of Ella Nelson, a young girl charged with murder in the first degree. She shot the full contents of a six-barrelled revolver into the body of the man whose mistress she had been, and who tried to discard her. The case was tried about two years ago before stoical Recorder Smyth, and the prosecuting officer of the county actually refused to accept a plea of murder in the second degree, which Ella was anxious to interpose, a plea which necessarily would



MR. HUMMEL GIVING ADVICE TO A CLIENT.

have condemned her to a life's imprisonment.

"I have found in my protracted career that a very trifling incident frequently turns the tide of failure to instantaneous success, and such an episode occurred in the trial of which I speak.

"With all the keenness and subtlety for which District Attorney Francis L. Wellman is justly famed, that able official presented to the jury a clean-cut case of murder, strengthened by facts which meant nothing but conviction. At last the crucial test came, and developed on my cross-examination. It seems that in the pocket of the deceased was found a letter from a rival woman, begging him to come and visit her and to continue their illicit relations. This letter was couched in

very amatory terms, and the prosecution tried to prevent all allusion to it. Finding this their vulnerable spot I continued my inquiry still more persistently, and, quick as a flash, I knew that this must be the salvation of my client. I insisted in vehement argument, contested by the District Attorney's strongest resistance, on its full production before the jury, and much to my delight, the Recorder allowed me to read it. Word for word, in measured, solemnly impressive tones, did I make every word tell, and the thrilling effect which I sought brought about its beneficial result to the unfortunate woman who was on trial for her life.

"You must have observed the strength of my position," added Mr. Howe. "when I tell you that the District Attorney had prepared the jury to

believe that the man whom Ella Nelson had shot had been weaned from his wife by the defendant, and had been, by her machinations and threats, prevented returning to the bosom of his family on the very night the shooting occurred. Well do I remember rounding, in its fullest meaning, a sentence to the jury: 'This man died with a wilful lie in his mouth and a written lie in his pocket.'

"Later, making my concluding address to the jury, I did my usual bit of dramatic by-play. The prisoner was seated next me shrouded and veiled in black. Her head was buried between her hands. Suddenly I turned around, and, without the slightest warning to her, made my scene. I seized her wrists, quickly pulled them apart and held her arms distended so that her features were exposed to the gaze of the jury, exclaiming: 'Look on these features, proclaiming a broken heart.' At that moment, the celerity of my action frightened the woman; her face, of ashy hue, was deluged in tears, and the proper impression was created on every juror.

"The universal expression in the court room up to the time of this scene was that Ella would surely be convicted of the murder, but from that time on the tide had turned. When the verdict of 'not guilty' burst on the auditors, its announcement caused the hitherto unhappy girl to swoon in my arms. Her freedom had been attained, and my triumph was complete; because, only second to the principal most in-

terested in the result of a capital case, no one feels the pangs of defeat or enjoys the fruits of victory with greater zest than the advocate on whose lips a human life all but depends."

Then I asked the other member of this remarkable firm what he considered his most celebrated case.

"My most interesting case," mused Mr. Hummel; "let's see. I think the greatest victory I ever won was in the

courts of Massachusetts, before Judge Devins. You know a prophet is best appreciated away from his own country, and on this principle I felt I was bound to do my reputation its best justice. Up to the time to which I refer the most curious, yet most flagrant, species of literary piracy had been permitted. It was larceny, admittedly illegal, to filch a manuscript containing the result of a dramatic author's mental labors; it was against the law to take a transcript, either by copying the original or by taking shorthand notes during a performance; but for some far-fetched and to me never-discovered reasoning the courts of our different States had held that there was nothing to hinder a



MR. HUMMEL ADDRESSING A JURY.

man from representing on the stage as much of a play as he could carry away from the theatre in his memory. The result was that whole scenes and dramas were memorized and pirated, and any great success was followed by innumerable imitations.

"Judge Devins himself had followed the precedents in this respect, and I must confess that I felt rather timid

about the result when I appeared before him to request him to reverse his own decision. It was at the time that 'The World,' an English melodrama, written by Sir Augustus Harris and the late Harry Pettit, was the sensation of the hour, principally on account of a wonderful raft and wreck scene it contained. A pirated version was advertised for production at the Oakland

dered by himself, reversed the law of the previous decade, finding, to the consternation of the memorizers, that products of the brain were entitled to protection in every way, even from those who went to theatres and subsequently produced a successful dramatic work from recollection. This doctrine has since then been followed, and authors, especially such foreign writers as



HOWE & HUMMEL'S OUTER OFFICE.

Garden, the *bona fide* article having been announced for sumptuous presentation at the Boston Theatre. I applied for an injunction forbidding the illegitimate play, and I prepared an elaborate brief. Greatly to my delight, the highest court in the State sustained my contention, and Judge Devins, who wrote the opinion in a decision ren-

Sardon, Grundy, Jones, and innumerable French and German playwrights, have reaped a harvest of hundreds of thousands of dollars they could not have otherwise made. This is, I think, my most famous legal victory, so far as general outcome is concerned, and I look back with pride at its beneficent result."



WILTON LACKAYE

As he enters the dressing-room in street clothes to make up for his part in "Trilby."

FROM LACKAYE TO SVENGALI.

By C. M. Hurst.

IN the production of "Trilby" in New York there is one feature that engrosses attention to the threatened exclusion of all others. The character of *Svengali* is played by an actor whose presentation of it is a positive revelation to those theatre-goers

who had hitherto supposed him chained to rôles of quite a different character. The actor in question is Wilton Lackaye, and his performance of *Svengali* is the topic of the hour among people who make a study of new developments in theatrical events.



PREPARING TO CHANGE COUNTENANCE.

After he has put on the well-known Svengali clothes, Mr. Lackaye begins the work of changing his facial appearance.

Wilton Lackaye's work has, up to this, been of such a widely different kind, and the actor must have made a study of *Svengali* so deep and so thorough, that we are led to the conclusion that his example will effect a positive reform among his brother actors, a sad number of whom are not credited with the earnestness that one would expect from conscientious players. He must have taken the book and analyzed the

character of the man whom he was to represent almost as exhaustively as the writer of the play did. He must have gone over each incident, piece by piece, dissected it, teased it threadbare, and examined each thread under the microscope of his intelligence. Even then, perhaps, he may well have felt that he had not done his subject justice, and gone over the whole thing again.

The part of the character which dealt



PUTTING ON THE SVENGALI NOSE.

This is one of the most difficult things to accomplish in the make-up, yet Mr. Lackaye succeeds in effecting a life-like change.

with hypnotism was one which enabled the actor to concentrate his attention on something which he knew would lead his thoughts into quite a new channel, and divert them, for the time being, so that he could look at his task from still another point of view. Mr. Potter has told us the sources of his hypnotic studies, and it is said that he imparted them also to Mr. Lackaye, in order that he, too, could derive the

same kind of influence when he came to make an exhaustive study of his part.

We know that the character was intrusted to the hands of Wilton Lackaye to fashion out a finished article, when the public should come to see the results of Mr. Potter's efforts to dramatize the book of the year.

Our first illustration is that of Wilton Lackaye in his street clothes. When he comes to his dressing-room at the



FITTING THE BEARD AND WIG.

The change in facial appearance so effected is very apparent in the Svengali make-up.

back of the theatre he knows he has no time to lose "making up," for a good two hours' work is before him. To his valet or dresser, he hands his umbrella and hat, and the disrobing commences. He dons the well-known *Svengali* clothes—the loose and faded Prince Albert coat, and the undershirt open at the collar, and sits down in front of the mirror to change the appearance of his countenance as completely as if there

never were such a person as Wilton Lackaye, American actor. The hardest part of all is to assume the *Svengali* nose. Mr. Lackaye's nose is Anglo-Saxon, and not at all suggestive of the romance races, so it is seen that a great change has to be made. How the change is finally made hardly concerns us. It is a secret of the dressing-room, and is inviolate. But it is at last accomplished, and there now have to be



THE TRANSFORMATION COMPLETED.

This picture shows Mr. Lackaye as he appears to the audience as the malevolent hypnotizing musician Svengali.

put on but the necessary finishing touches.

When we look at this material part of the subject our admiration, or at least surprise, is aroused no less than when we had our attention drawn to the deep and exhaustive study made on the character of *Svengali*. If the latter were the work of genius and hard work, surely the hand that does this part of it must also be directed by an inspiration

of a dignified kind. It occurs to us here, by the way, that, obedient to the suggestion of *Svengali* being unmindful of his bodily cleanliness, Mr. Lackaye conveys that somewhat repulsive idea as artistically as the rest of his change.

Wilton Lackaye is entitled to all the natural gratification that he gets from the public's praise of his work as *Svengali*. His work is a remarkable display of applied intelligence.



PRACTICING THE RIPPLING LAUGH.



THE DIRECT EMPHASIS.

VIEWS OF A REHEARSAL.

By Ralph McBurney.

IF the performance of "Hamlet" without the *Prince of Denmark* is a thing of naught, that is the precise condition that the combination of *Hamlet* and the *Prince of Denmark* would form without rehearsals. Rehearsals are not the most popular institution among the lesser lights of the dramatic profession, nor the higher ones, either, but they are so absolutely necessary that even those who rebel against them most seldom have the temerity to ignore them, nor do they venture to absent themselves from them for any appreciable length of time. The star who feels letter-perfect in his or her part, equally with the "supe," who has nothing to do but to carry a banner round the stage once, really must be present at rehearsals, no matter at what inconvenient hour the stage manager decrees it. For instance, were Ada Rehan to miss one of these

functions, she would have to pay her fine with as great punctuality, and with as good a grace as Henry Dixey is obliged to do, and report hath it that Augustin Daly is on the alert to stand no nonsense whatever from that volatile individual.

But, objectionable as rehearsals are to members of "the profession," so abhorrent are they to amateur actors that it is considered a veritable "Labor of Hercules" to even get them to make their appearance at the proper time. This is not because they feel any bashfulness about being on the stage. They are only too glad to get the opportunity, for they all know instinctively they were cut out for dramatic luminosities. The amateur is under the most positive impression that there is not the slightest necessity for rehearsals. "It will be all right on the night," says he, and no argument will convince him to the



AN APPEALING GESTURE.

contrary. Only by means of the threat of taking his part away from him can he be induced to turn up at rehearsals.

But our purpose is with the serious rehearsal. When a play is to be produced, after being passed on by the manager of the company, it is read through in the presence of the members thereof, and if the author is wise he will absent himself from that ceremony. He may hear remarks not calculated to soothe his literary conceit; for, as soon as an actor or an actress is aware of the part that is sure to be given to him or her (from its nature), he or she begins immediately to pick it to pieces, and to think there is not enough "fat" in it. But, as the actor is obliged to perform whatever part is given to him, he expresses his opinion of the author in no complimentary terms. So Mr. Dramatist wisely stays at home until he is needed to help move the scenery or turn on the footlights. As a matter of fact, however, if he keeps away from the theatre during the entire course of the play, he will not find any adverse criticisms passed on his behavior for so doing.

When the play has been digested generally by the company, parts are typewritten, distributed, and learned by rote.

The careful actor or actress studying the part given out pays particular attention to the necessary poses. This is especially necessary for an actress, for so much depends on her bodily gracefulness. She usually studies these poses in the mirror, and we give with this article some illustrations of that interesting duty being performed by a conscientious little woman. The two full-page pictures are also given, showing another actress posing under the direction of the stage manager, who is coaching her from the auditorium.

To a stranger entering the theatre during a rehearsal, and especially a dress rehearsal, the doings would seem somewhat ridiculous, but everything has its purpose, and there would be many manœuvres he would not understand, even supposing he had come to see everything; for the likelihood is that he would be driven from the theatre with great ignominy unless he had some business there during rehearsals.



TIRED OF LIFE.



I WONDER IF MY SKIRT HANGS PROPERLY ?



JUST THE EXPRESSION WANTED



A VIENNESE CONTRALTO.



AN ENGLISH MUSIC HALL SINGER IN CLASSICAL ATTIRE.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN MUSIC HALL STARS.

By Vincent Crawford.

It is only within a few years that music hall stars have become an important factor in the American field of entertainment, although they have for many years been recognized as a necessary part of Europe's amusement circles. Until a few years ago the American music hall generally was nothing more than a beer garden, where the orchestra formed almost the entire programme, with an occasional vocal selection thrown in for good measure. Many of these institutions still flourish all over the country, and especially in cities where Germans are the predominating element. With the establishment of such places as Koster & Bial's came an extra demand for talent of the vaudeville order. At the present time these up-to-date music halls have the most expensive foreign artists on their lists, and frequently send representatives abroad for the purpose of securing the very best European attractions.

The music halls of France, Germany, and England are of long standing, and for generations have held a place in the eyes of amusement-seekers on the other side that first-class variety houses occupied in America not so many years ago. The Alhambra and the Empire, of London, and the Ambassadeurs and the Moulin Rouge, of Paris, are famous all over the world, and on their stages appear some of the world's greatest entertainers. Music hall patrons are generous in their expenditures, and thus the managers of the various houses are enabled to present regularly the most expensive stars that money can hire.

In these days many of our old-time variety houses are practically nothing more than music halls, inasmuch as they cater to about the same class of people. When their patronage warrants it, their stars are of the same class as appear at the regular music hall.

The music hall artiste of the present



MISS DEMAR.

A type of the slim, vivacious, and artificial American girl, who graduates from the music halls into farce-comedy, and often upon the legitimate stage.

time who is really a star of the first magnitude in some cases draws a bigger salary than the President of the United States. In the last issue of the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE mention was made of Yvette Guilbert, who is coming to America under Oscar Hammerstein's management next fall, and who, it is said, is to receive a salary of \$2,500 per week during her stay in this country. Arthur Roberts is another European music-haller who receives a large weekly stipend, and who was offered an immense salary by an American manager for a series of ten weeks' engagement in this country next year, which he declined

on account of a previous engagement he had made in a new piece in which he is appearing in London. A two hundred or three hundred dollar per week performer is quite a common thing, so that it can be plainly seen that men and women do not become music hall stars for the love of the thing alone.

Louise Bareel is a Viennese girl who has attracted the attention of the Vienna swells during the past year. She has a good voice and a charming stage presence. What is most surprising about her, however, is the fact that she has never been known to go to dinner with any of the swallow-tailed followers that are to be found around all the theatres in the big capitals of Europe. She is accompanied to and from the theatre by a Sphinx-like maid, who never by any chance tells anything about her or the life of her mistress. Mlle. Bareel is thought by some to be a Russian exile, although she sings German and French with ease.

Mironde is a well-known Parisian performer. She varies her stage work



A TYPE OF WHAT IS KNOWN AS A "SINGING SOU-BRETTE."

A mature woman who wears children's clothes and mimics the mannerisms and eccentricities of childhood.

by posing as a model for some of the most famous Parisian artists, who consider her a perfect type of classic beauty.

Her name was recently connected with a scandal in the gay life of a certain French officer, who ran through an immense fortune in a very few years. He considered that he had spent so much on Mironde that he had a claim to her hand. He asked her to marry him, but she declined the honor, insinuating that she had no use for a worn-out and penniless spendthrift.



A LATE PICTURE OF FOUGERE.



AN ENGLISH MUSIC HALL SINGER AS AN "UP-TO-DATE GIRL"

The officer in question was found one morning hanging by the neck to a rafter in his barracks, and in his pocket was found a letter to Mironde, in which he said that life held nothing dear to him, since she would not marry him. It was not a particularly original letter, but it showed that he was in earnest. Since that time Mironde has been wearing widow's weeds, though just why she should do so under the circumstances is not perfectly clear.

Carrie De Mar is comparatively a new-comer on the American stage. She is also Mrs. Joseph Hart, and is a graceful little woman who graduated from the variety stage to farce-comedy. She is to star with her husband next season.



MLLE. VALOREZ.

Photographed while singing one of her French ditties, which, fortunately, none of the ladies in the audience understands. If some of these French singers were to give their songs in English, the women who now smile complacently at them would be alarmed and horror-stricken at their vulgarity and indecency.

Ida Russell is another American girl who is quite new to the stage. She is what is technically and popularly known as a soubrette, and as such is expected by her audiences to run the whole gamut of song-and-dance friskiness.

Miss Russell writes some of her own songs, which is not uncommon among men-singers. Few stage women, however, do this, and Miss Russell is, therefore, a bit more original than the general run of her class. She does not claim to be related to Lillian Russell, and is, therefore, all the more original.

Fougere is a Frenchwoman who came

to this country a few years ago and created a veritable sensation in New York. Nothing quite as wicked as her songs and ditties had ever been heard in this country. She has the faculty of giving to any song she sings the proper amount of suggestion by a swish of her skirts or a wink of her eye that is very reprehensible, but decidedly fetching. Fougere now evidently considers New York as much her home as Paris, as she spends her time playing engagements between the two cities. She is one of the high-priced music hall singers, and is never out of an engagement. Perhaps this does not speak well for nineteenth-century audiences, but theatrical managers do not think of this when engaging artistes.

Fougere is said to be quite wealthy, and to own a pretty little villa near Paris. Notwithstanding the vivacity and positive recklessness which she displays on the stage, she is said in private life to be rather demure. One would not think so, however, after taking a glance at some of her pictures. She is one of the most photographed women in the world, and even Lillian Russell



COSTUME DANCE ON A MUSIC HALL STAGE.



EUNICE VANCE.

This is a variety theatre performer who gives performances in music halls all the year around on a circuit ranging from London to Australia.

is not more familiar with photographs than is Fougere.

Juniori Alvarez is another Frenchwoman who appeared a few seasons ago at a New York music hall and created considerable discussion because of the shortness of her skirts and the scantiness of her clothes in general.

She came equipped with a number of French songs that those who know say would not sound well if translated into English. However, this can be said of the songs of almost all the French singers who have come to this country, so that Mlle. Alvarez can be put down as being no worse than her sister-singers.

Eunice Vance is considered very clever

in London. She was, therefore, all the more disappointed when she came to America and met with the coldest of receptions. She sings English comic songs with the dimmest of Cockney accents.

Sylvia Gray is almost as well known among English dancers as Letty Lind, although it is admitted that she is not as clever as that dancer. Sylvia Gray manages to get herself talked about with great frequency in the English papers, and this means that she is able to command a very large salary.

Marie Vanoni is not unlike dozens of other French singers. She comes occasionally to New York theatres, but



THIS IS A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF MARIE VANONI.

She sings in five or six languages and looks to be eighteen or twenty years of age on the stage. As a matter of fact, she is the substantial wife of a well-known German editor in New York, and the mother of grown children.

beyond her French songs and a peculiar switchback motion of her skirts there is nothing remarkable about her.

Mlle. Vanoni was not obliged to go on the stage in order to make her living. Her parents are wealthy and live in Bordeaux. The allurements of the stage were, however, too strong for her, and a few seasons ago she made her appearance in Paris, not, however, without much remonstrance on the part of her father, who did his best to keep his daughter in the sheltering circle of his family.

Lottie Collins—"Ta-ra-ra Lottie"—was more talked about three years ago

than Ada Rehan or Ellen Terry. For years Miss Collins had appeared at London music halls with varying success, until she sang a song entitled "Ta-ra-ra Boom De Ay." The song immediately took with the public, and it reached this country even before Lottie herself came back to sing it. Miss Collins interpreted the song with the aid of a remarkably agile and energetic dance, in which a cataract of lace and a wild, unrestrained, and tumultuous manipulation of skirts displayed a pair of black silk hose to such good advantage that the audience invariably went wild with delight and demanded encore after



LOTTIE COLLINS,

Who has been probably the most widely discussed music hall singer and dancer during the past ten years. Despite her enormous celebrity, she has ceased to be a great attraction to the public, for, like Carmencita, her whole life and energy were put into a single dance, and when the public became satiated with that one dance she ceased to arouse any particular interest.

encore. Miss Collins—who is not a miss, by the way, but the wife of an American newspaper man—made a small fortune out of singing this song, and immediately took it into her head to star. It is said that she has lost almost all her “Ta-ra-ra” earnings on this latest venture.

It is only recently that she had considerable trouble in getting away from a Georgia town, where some members of her company got into trouble. Her wardrobe trunks were held, and she was obliged to miss a performance before

an obdurate Georgia justice would allow her to depart in peace.

Londoners swear by Marie Lloyd. She came to this country, and was so disappointed at her reception that she hardly waited to say good-bye, and left us, a sadder but wiser woman. Americans don't seem to take very kindly to the average English music hall singer. Both Eunice Vance and Marie Lloyd will tell you this with tears in their eyes.

Yberri is an American girl, although you would never think so, judging from



SYLVIA GRAY.

She is one of the original skirt dancers in the English music halls. To Miss Gray and Letty Lind are due the entire school of skirt dancers who have done so much to amuse the public in recent years.

her name. Yberri has never done anything to attract particular attention to herself beyond taking a queer stage name and spending a good portion of her time having herself photographed.

Eheu is a French woman who has come into prominence during the past few years on account of her remarkable voice. It is a high soprano in quality, and yet she is capable of singing baritone songs with great facility. She is a married woman whose husband is a disabled soldier, and she was obliged by privation to go on the stage. Although she is fully forty-five years of age, she is still beautiful, and has the

shoulders and neck of a girl of eighteen.

The music hall star is not alone found in England, or Germany, or France, or Austria. She or he—especially she—is now a feature of theatrical life in such places as Havana, and in still more unlikely places, like Japan and the Malay Islands. Every year or so some manager organizes a company for a round-the-world trip, although it is generally found by those he engages that the trip is about as hazardous and unpleasant a one as most people would care to undertake. It is only a few months ago since a company of music hall singers returned from Cuba, where,



EHEU

at one time, they had been held as prisoners of war by the Spanish authorities, and at another were obliged to flee for their lives from a crowd of insurgents, who conceived the idea that they were spies in the service of Campos, the Spanish Governor-General of Cuba. In consequence of this war-like state of affairs, it can be easily seen that the theatrical business could not have been very brisk. At any rate, this particular company returned to New York on a tramp steamer, and the men of the party had to work for their passage. Havana has always been visited, more or less, by American music hall companies during the winter season, but it is safe to wager that that city will be given a wide berth for some time to come by those who were unfortunate enough to be playing there during

the troublous times of war.

The United States, and especially New York, promises to be in the future one of the most profitable fields for the exercise of the peculiar talents of the music hall performer, and the character of the entertainments provided will be made more and more acceptable to the general run of theatre-goers.

There are times when the most staid and serious find the relaxation of mind which is to be gained through a music hall performance very beneficial, and the sumptuous appointments of recent amusement houses provided for this class of entertainments certainly offer



LOUISE BAREEL



MARIE LLOYD,

Who is a chubby, stout woman, with a high, metallic voice, who devotes her time about equally to such cities as New York, Chicago, London, and Paris. She is one of the few English music hall singers who amuse Frenchmen on their native soil, though she does not sing in French. She is of the robust and hearty type of music hall performers.

great inducements and attractions to one who wishes to cast aside for a few hours all vexations and worries.

The average audience at one of these entertainments will usually be found to include prominent business men and people who shine in all the professions, with, of course, a large proportion of the ordinary sort of person.

There seems to be a growing fond-

ness among theatre-goers for music hall performances, and, this being the case, the music hall stars become of greater importance. At any rate, their services are becoming all the more valuable on account of this tendency of the times; and, after all, the worth of stage people is generally estimated by the amount of dollars and cents they can command from managers.

SENSATIONAL MINISTERS OF OUR DAY.

By J. L. Bratton.

IT is a melancholy reflection that the clergymen who have been the most widely discussed during the month, and whose names have come most often to the surface in newspaper comment, owe little or none of their fame to brains, uprightness, honesty of motive, or godliness of character. It would puzzle any man to pick out five clergymen in the whole length and breadth of America who have added to their celebrity or reputation during the past month by reason of mental or moral gifts.

Genius among the preachers is evidently at a discount. Eloquence is a memory tinged with the names of Henry Ward Beecher and Philip Brooks, and to-day no man among them stands forth boldly, as far as national celebrity is concerned, or on account of the music or force of his oratory. But the country reverberates from one end to the other with the complaints, accusations, and charges of Dr. Parkhurst, the outrageous attack upon the Christian Endeavor Society by Father Phelan, the brutal efforts of Madison C. Peters to charge a murder upon inno-

cent parties, and Tom Dixon's vapid and senseless ravings. The quintette is completed by the Rev. Mr. Lansing.

We give the portraits of these sensation-loving ministers here.

Perhaps Mr. Lansing will excite the greatest interest, for it will be seen that though his mustache is large, bushy, of dense growth, and liberally distributed, it does not conceal Mr. Lansing's mouth. It is a pity that some mechanical contrivance to keep Mr. Lansing's speech within himself had not been hitched on to his mustache earlier in the month, before his brutal and outrageous attack upon President Cleveland. Mr. Lansing is a gentleman who rose in a convention of his brother clergymen and accused Mr. Cleveland of being a drunkard and several other things not necessary to enumerate here. He did not deal in generalities, but detailed instances, such as the occasion of the



DR. PARKHURST'S MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

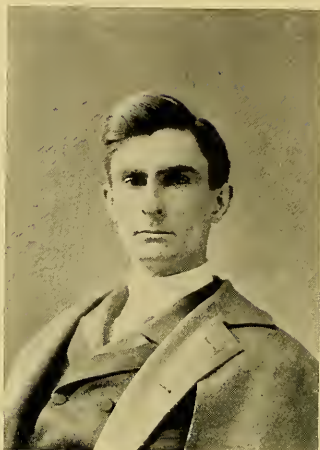
He is a thickset man, with a rather pallid face, and his beard and mustache are of a peculiar, artificial-looking black. It has often been claimed that he dyes it black, but this is not true. The black is of the lustreless, dead quality which suggests hair-dye, but bears no further relation to it. Dr. Parkhurst is now in Europe, but, very much to the surprise of everybody, it is still possible to live in safety in New York.

great naval parade in New York, when, he distinctly asserted, Mr. Cleveland was so drunk that he could not climb on board the reviewing boat, the *Dolphin*. The charges were given with



MADISON C. PETERS,

Another sensation-loving clergyman.



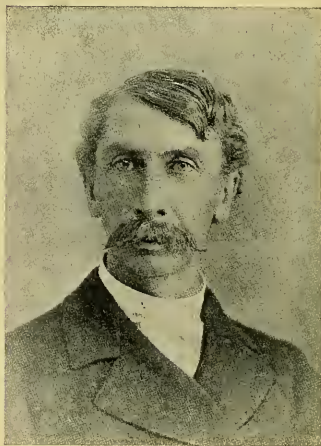
TOM DIXON.

A notoriety-seeking clergyman.



FATHER PHELAN,

The priest whose outrageous and atrocious assault upon the characters of the young men and women of the Christian Endeavor Society has aroused such a wave of popular resentment.



PORTRAIT OF THE REV. MR. LANSING,

Who recently made false charges against President Cleveland, and then promptly withdrew them, after he had succeeded in getting his name in the papers.



BISHOP POTTER,

Whose prominence is due to solid achievements.

great detail. They were a tissue of lies, and it was entirely evident, as soon as the President had taken the trouble to refute them, that Mr. Lansing had spoken as he did, not because he had any particular grudge against Mr. Cleveland, nor because he wished to point any particular moral; he was simply the victim of the prevailing craze among clergymen for notoriety, and he supposed the easiest way of gaining this notoriety was to tell a series of infamous lies about a man whose name was known from one end of the country to the other. Mr. Lansing's subsequent admission that he had no grounds for belief in the words he had uttered would seem to bring him clearly in line for discipline by the governing body of his church, but nothing of this nature has been done. Sensation-seeking is treated with too much leniency by the clerical bodies who have control over the clergymen of the various churches.

Father Phelan's prominence is due to the fact that he assaulted, in a religious journal, an entire body of young men and women, said to be nearly three millions in number, who have pinned

their faith to a simple and admirable creed. The name of their society is sufficient indication of the humility and earnestness which characterize their work. They only assert that they endeavor to be Christians. Nobody in this age has to be told that the rank and file of the Christian Endeavor Society is composed of men and women of irreproachable character, and the assaults of Father Phelan were as atrocious as the attack upon President Cleveland.

As compared with these notoriety-seekers, the lives of two such men as Bishop Potter and Archbishop Corrigan take on a redoubled value. The eminence of both of these men has been attained by solid achievements and methods that have never been questioned, and any student of physiognomy who looks over the seven illustrations of this article could easily pick out the two men whose faces are stamped with sincerity, intellect, and inherent worth.



ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN,

One of the most prominent and respected prelates of the Roman Catholic Church in America, whose life and fame contrast forcibly with the doings of sensation-loving preachers.



AN INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE.

Miss Mary Leiter, the beautiful daughter of a famous Chicago dry goods shopkeeper, and Mr. Curzon, the Englishman who won her hand and fortune.

THE CURZON-LEITER MARRIAGE.

A CYNIC has said that if marriages are really made in heaven—which he thinks there is abundant reason to doubt—most certainly those marriages which take place between rich American girls and titled foreigners are not included in the celestial list. Patriotic Americans have long ago come to the conclusion that there is too much disparity in sentiment between the American wife and the European husband to insure quietude and congeniality in their married lives. But there is a peculiar satisfaction to be found in the recent marriage between Miss Leiter, of Washington, and the Hon. George N. Curzon, since wealth and prominence in this case were only accessory to love.

George Nathaniel Curzon came of a prominent English family, and he himself is to-day the foremost man among

the younger set of England's M. P.'s. In fact, it is confidently expected by his friends that Curzon stands a very good chance of being England's Premier in years to come.

The bride comes of the well-known Leiter family, of Chicago, the head of which amassed great wealth, and who moved his family to Washington some years ago, because of the opportunities it gave his daughters to move in society of which Chicago could not boast. Miss Leiter is a remarkably handsome, as well as remarkably wealthy, young woman, and has been much courted by the gallants of New York, Chicago, and Washington, in which city she has been one of the younger leaders of society for two or three seasons. The new Mrs. Curzon is a brilliantly educated woman, and would be eminently fitted to be the wife of an English Premier.

FROM THE BABY SHOW.

TAKING PORTRAITS FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHIC DISPLAY FOR CHARITY.

By Marion Dare.

NEW YORK, surfeited as it is with an unimaginable variety of entertainment, still keeps a refreshing spirit of interest in childish innocence.

Ever so often, just like the little cities of the country, which have less to amuse them, New York holds a baby show.

What purpose inspires the promoters other than a mean, mercenary hope of making money is hard to understand. Surely no one would expect a lot of doting mothers to undertake an exhibi-

tion on their own initiative, and it would be a very brave man who would run the risk of confronting these same mothers, after the prizes had been awarded, unless he saw plenty of profit in the receipts of the box office.

mothers' love, a baby show would be a barbarism civilization would not permit. An improvement devised in the interest of sweet charity was recently per-



FRANCIS BOOS.



DOROTHY CHASE.

fectured under the direction of Mrs. Champney, in the Photographic Baby Show, held in the rooms of the Society



JEAN DENNILL.

It must be that baby shows are devised by that same class of individuals who scent a speculative profit in exhibitions of the more rare, though not more costly, orchids, and the equally musical, though less inspiring, tabby cats.

From any other standpoint than that of brutal gain, in harmony with the cruel instinct of vanity which suffuses



DAINTY DOTSY GOLDEN.

of Amateur Photographers, on Thirty-eighth Street.

It is gratifying to note that it proved a success. It was decidedly catholic in its scope, not to say democratic, although the cherubic countenance of many an infantile scion of aristocratic family and babies of royal lineage shone upon the walls, side by side with curly headed angels who will be familiarly known to posterity as "Johnny," "Mamie," or "Mike," in that intercourse which loftily disdains surnames.

Lovers of childhood are prone to revel in admiration of flossy tresses and dimpled cheeks, whether they belong to an infantile King of Spain, or the baby hopeful of Bogtown. No doubt, at a baby show, however, the largest crowd would instinctively gather about the offspring of millionaire pretensions, just as at a bench show the throng will be thickest where the wearer of the blue rib-

bon, whose perfections are rated in the valuations of four columns, holds court.

There is no real democracy in dogdom. Blood alone tells in the Society fostered branches of the domestic animal kingdom.

In baby land it is different.

Any one of the little morsels of lovely humanity which looks out from these pages may, if spared to a life of insatiable ambition, rival in ultimate achievement the glorious future of an embryo prince. The tiny form of the least of these may conceal the germ of a Napoleonic personality. Grover Cleveland, or Russell Sage, at the early period of their existence, would have shown no more luminous indications of future

success or greatness.

By preference, only such portraits have been included in this article as pleased the eye of the artist, irrespective of social condition and family eminence.



WALTER BOOKSTAVEN CARMODY.



LITTLE LLOYD RICHARDS.

They were all displayed at the Photographic Show and were greatly admired. Some may suggest methods of posing that will be of interest to mammas throughout the length and breadth of the land who will assure themselves that their own hopefuls would have looked as well.

Ideas of real art in photographic work diffuse rapidly nowadays. The ever-present camera is making thousands of expert amateurs. It may be that these pretty babies in *THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE* will suggest poses and comparisons that will be stimulative in many a home circle. The idea of a photographic baby show is certainly laudable and entirely humane in its execution.

If Smithville Centre has an aspiring genius who should be tempted to compel the youthful prodigies of his community into an actual though involuntary appearance in a public display for any purpose whatever, by offering the seductions of prize money, or what not, let the intelligent mammas of that borough suggest this admirable substitute, indorsed by the great metropolis. Let them exhibit their darlings by proxy. The family physician will be sure to

approve, and the artistic impulses of the community will be as well stimulated.

Besides, a safe loophole will have been left, from which shall emerge those whose infant prodigies won no prizes. It will be easy to say, "Oh, that was such a poor picture of Teddy, dear little fellow," and "Kitty simply would not sit still when the photographer was trying to take the pictures."

Cousins and aunts, godmothers, sisters, all, in fact, but the friend of the family, who detests children, anyway, concur in this view of the case.

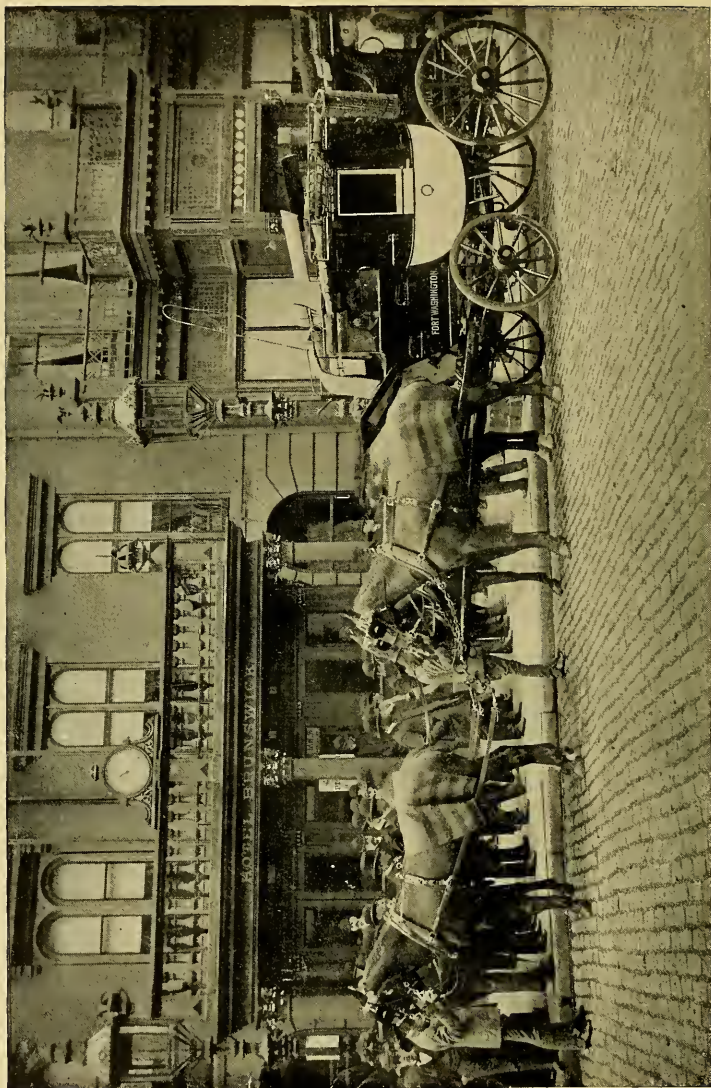
All is thus explained. If the pictures had not failed in their mission of reproducing the charms of the various youngsters, each would have won first prize.

Winning or losing, however, they are not cheated of parental approval.

Not even when the prize beauty of Trotter's Alley grows to pre-eminence among plug-uglies, can the mother's eye be deceived in the perception of those inmost indications of preternatural purity of lines and contour which, through the clairvoyant power of maternal love, discovers in every individual some trace of the angel.



MANON ROGERS.



HORSES OF THE COACH WHICH RUNS REGULARLY FROM HOTEL BRUNSWICK TO THE COUNTRY CLUB
Standing in front of the hotel waiting for the party to mount the drag.



COACHING MEN WALKING THEIR HORSES ALONG RIVERSIDE DRIVE,
AND WATCHING A SMART YACHT RACE ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

COACHING IN NEW YORK.

ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR RECREATIONS OF SOCIETY.

By Charles Ogden Card.

MAKING sport of the customs of our forefathers" was the description one of the wits of the "Country Club" gave of coaching as a fashionable pursuit of the smart set.

Rather incorrect and not wholly conclusive as a definition, yet in a way characterizing clearly a tendency of wealth and leisure to devoutly practice usages which advancing civilization has rendered obsolete, and can, therefore, be revived only by the expenditure of much money.

In this manner society separates itself more widely from the common herd,

and also gains credit for its tender reverence of ancestral customs.

Coaching, however, is one of the most justifiable of society's fads, and in spite of the fact that vast incomes only can sustain the expense of maintaining in proper style an institution no longer needed for commercial ends, it furnishes much healthful enjoyment in the open air.

The coaching club is one the most exclusive of all social organizations. Membership can only be had by those who have set up a coach of their own, running regularly over a route to some country place.

The Pioneer, which runs daily this season, rain or shine, from the Brunswick to the Country Club, makes the trip by frequent relays of horses in about five hours.

Luncheon being served at 2 o'clock at the club, there is time for a stroll before the return to town.

The members have revived, even to the smallest detail all that was essential to the institution, as may be seen by the little red notice posted on the Brunswick, giving the hour of leaving and other information necessary to patrons of the club.

The annual drive this season will be to the country house of Mr. Thos. A. Havemeyer, at Morristown, N. J.

No ladies are allowed to participate in these events, and it is safe to believe that the aristocratic individuals who indulge in this annual excursion have such an altogether joyous time as only unlimited wealth can offer.

Last season the trip was undertaken with the intention of reaching the country house of Mr. Eugene Higgins, and there is no information to disprove the statement that it proved entirely successful.

This season also finds the coach Enterprise plying between the Hotel Plaza and Rye, and finally a third coach, the Spuyten Duyvil, has been started to run between the Plaza and the Suburban Riding and Driving Club, at 217th Street and Kingsbridge Road. The trial run was made two weeks ago, with J. Dickman Brown as the whip, leaving the Plaza at 2.45 P. M., and returning at 7.45, the route lying through Central Park, up St. Nicholas Avenue, by Fort Washington, and Inwood.

The accompanying illustrations give a fair idea of the general sumptuousness of the turnouts.

Few of the *grande dames* of a century ago could enjoy the exhilaration of such lively journeys as modern coaching affords, and it is doubtful if such excellence was arrived at in those days by professionals, as shown by T. Suffern Tailor, Clint Smith, Frank Baird, and the other young men of wealth who are expert in tooling the coaches of to-day.

This goes to furnish additional proof of the fact that the possession of a large

income does not necessarily deprive one of the ability or inclination to acquire a profession.

It does not follow, however, that if thrown on their own resources, the erstwhile millionaire drivers could earn their livings as teamsters.

They would be able to give points, doubtless, to many a brawny mariner of tempestuous Broadway and wild West Street, with its fearful tangle of trucks.

On the way to Tuxedo, or Claremont, or at Newport, or in Paris, gamely guiding the spirited four with a freight of beauty and fashion confided to their skill, these men are superb.

Accidents with them are rare and seldom serious. But then they have time enough and can afford to acquire the art of handling the reins before exhibiting their accomplishments in public. When the art is acquired, society gratefully accords the opportunity for frequent employment in season.

And lest there should be those who think the driving of a four-in-hand is no great feat, let it be said that there are few men who attain the necessary skill. It requires something beside the ability to crack a whip and pull a rein at a turn in the road. It demands nerve, courage, steadiness of hand, and strength of muscle, beside a discriminating judgment and the ability to think quickly and accurately.

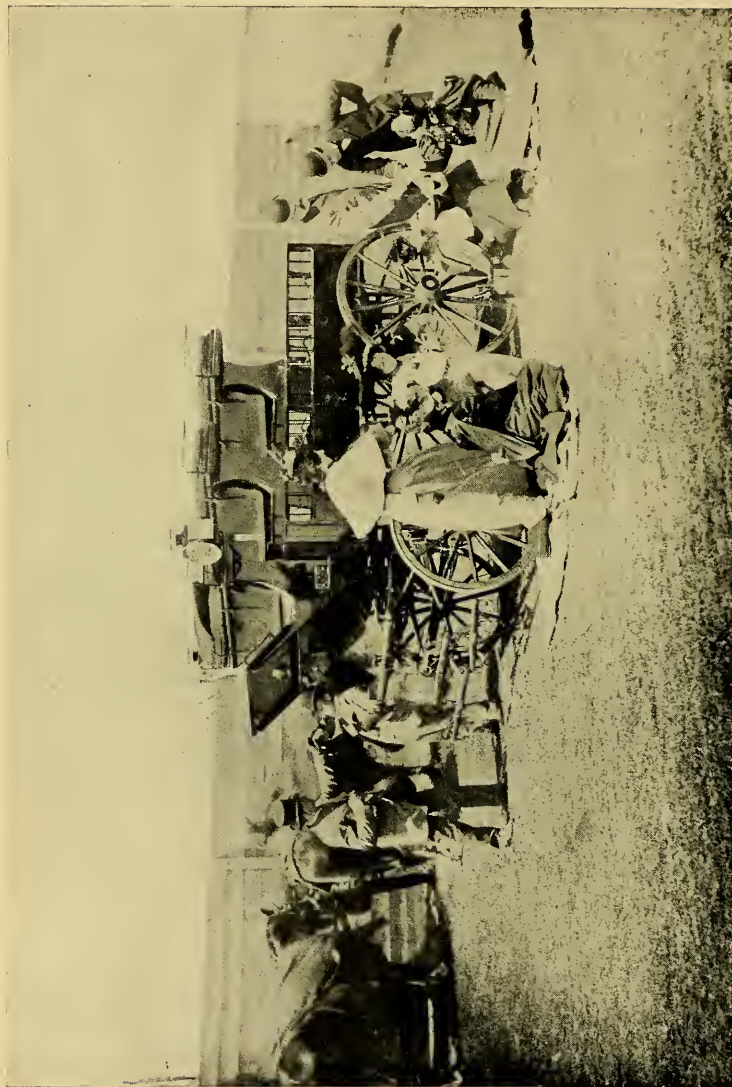
Many a disaster has been averted in the annals of coaching by the exercise on the part of the whip of many of the same qualities of mind that mark the brilliant general in the field.

As to the peculiar delights of bowling over a beautiful road in the clear, summer air, at a ten mile an hour gait, the imagination of those who have not enjoyed the experience can be trusted to give a wealth of pleasurable details that need not be filled in here.

To the average person who toils ten hours a day to provide a modest living for himself and family, the nearest equivalent he can enjoy is loading his family upon the front seats of an open trolley car for a long spin through the lanes and meadows cobwebbed with the wires of this latter-day conveyance, the coach of all classes.



PULLING UP AT THE BRUNSWICK AFTER THE LONG DRIVE TO NEW YORK FROM THE COUNTRY CLUB.



TYPICAL SCENE ON A FOUR-IN-HAND DRIVE IN THE COUNTRY.

The horses are blanketed and an impromptu luncheon follows. Even the coachman and groom may be seen in the background, refreshing the inner man.



PUTTING THE GIRLS UPON THE BRAKE, AND GETTING READY TO DRIVE HOME AFTER THE LUNCHEON.



SCENE AT THE CAT SHOW IN NEW YORK.

Over 200 cats were exhibited at this show, and the women patronized the entertainment from early morn until late at night as long as it continued.



THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A PURE SPECIMEN OF THE IRISH TYPE OF BEAUTY,

And was so decided by Sir Frederick Leighton, of the British National Academy. As a matter of fact, the original of the picture is a Hungarian, but details of this nature do not interfere in any way with the canons of art.

NATIONAL TYPES OF BEAUTY.

FEMININE LOVELINESS SURVEYED FROM SEVERAL STANDPOINTS.

By George L. Wilson.

IT is well to start out with the statement that of all types of beautiful women the American is the irresistible ideal. Foreigners galore have been gallant enough to admit this, and their lips and pens only testified to what their hearts had previously asserted.

If only Max O'Rell and other equally sagacious critics of this country had so

confessed, there might be room for doubt of their sincerity, provided we were not already, by the evidence of our own eyes, convinced of the truthfulness of their praise.

But when critics of their own sex yield the palm to their American sisters, what more is to be said?

The circumstantial evidence furnished by international marriages



A CHICAGO GIRL WHO IS BELIEVED TO REPRESENT THE SLIM AND GIRLISH TYPE OF BEAUTY IN THE NORTHWEST.

would strengthen the case were it not for the fact that so many of the most beautiful American girls have the prettiest fortunes imaginable.

Nowadays, however, beauty unadorned is not in vogue. Embellished with a few millions, it presents a far more rational and fascinating appearance.

There is one thing to be said of the beauty of American women that accounts for its power of pleasing all tastes. So many nationalities have blended their purest, finest types to produce the radiant flower of American womanhood that, to the eye of the visitor from some foreign shore, there is always an indefinable trace of a lurking familiar lineage beneath the refined contour of faultless cheek and peerless brow.

The American type has the remin-

iscent trace of a composite photograph.

The gallant gentleman from across the water views it at first with somewhat the same feelings that might be attributed to the sculptor who comes upon the peerless handiwork of a master in some rare collection, and sees but faintly concealed beneath the exquisite lines of the chiselled marble the familiar lineaments of his own dear ideal. There is to the experienced eye of the cosmopolitan a trace of every clime and all perfections in the rare loveliness of many purely American types.

Although tastes differ, yet real beauty is instinctively recognized, whether in the calm, stately, and vigorous English girl, the petite and vivacious Parisian, the voluptuous, dark damsels of southern climes, or the dashing, darling divinity of the new world, who unites under varying conditions the charms of every clime, with an independence of thought



A VIVACIOUS SOUTHERN GIRL.



THE STATELY ENGLISH TYPE.

Crawford, have given us in their novels come nearer the accepted standard. Of course, it is not necessary to accept the portraits of the romancers as absolutely faithful likenesses, yet a gallery painted by the most popular writers would be found to contain a pretty comprehensive study of the most noteworthy types, which might be considered as defining a national standard.

There is the Chicago girl, who, in her slim, girlish freshness, typifies the boundless freedom of the measureless expanses of the region north and west of the great lakes.

The Boston girl, in contrast—stately, elegant, conveying inevitably the impression of intellectual life which permeates the very atmosphere of the Hub.

and action that is not the least of her seductions.

Mr. Henry James has done his best to immortalize a type of the American girl in "Daisy Miller," but his effort does not place before us the well-bred, refined, and altogether lovely creature who is representative in the best way of young American womanhood.

Neither do the women of Mr. Bret Harte, with their occasional lapses from social proprieties and their frequent trace of Spanish blood, which makes them typify, to a degree, the beauty of his "Pacific Slope."

The Southern woman with Creole fascinations, whom Mr. Cable knows so well how to depict, is preferred of many; but, after all, the clever and aristocratic girls of the East, whom Mr. Howells, and more lately Mr.



A TYPICAL NEW YORK GIRL.



MISS MARTENS,

Who has won the prize for beauty at Paris, Lyons, and Nice.

The New York girl—aristocratic, with superb form and carriage, and some ineffable charm which belongs to familiarity with the keenest activities of social supremacy.

The girl of the South, from Washington to New Orleans—graceful, hospitable, and altogether charming, with the suggestion about her of capricious luxury, which a century of slave holding and a multitude of servitors may have brought uppermost, and a trace of the languor and all of the rich tints of a flower born under southern skies.

It is hard to individualize all of the types which impress a foreigner, yet it is safe to say that where mere resemblance in facial contour ceases, the American is widely differentiated from every other type of beauty under the sun.

There has been no little change in the last century in popular taste respecting feminine beauty, which has been largely effected by more rational methods of living, and a larger view of women's participation in out-of-door sports and amusements.

Time was when the languid lady who reclined for the greater part of the time on a luxurious couch, holding in her lily-white hand nothing more taxing to her muscles than a feather fan, and chiefly occupying her mind with romances of the Richardson or Fielding type, or with poetic effusions of the Byronic school, was considered the most fascinating and lovely of her sex.

Nowadays the girl who rows, rides, plays tennis, and enjoys the vigorous health which Nature intended should be her portion, is accepted as the ideal woman, in whose physical charms poets and romancers delight to revel.

In this respect the English and American women are on very much the same footing.

A popular interest in athletic sports has permeated Society in both countries, and leaders of fashion are to



AN ITALIAN MODEL,

Who is accepted by painters as a national type.

be found cultivating the roses which bloom on the cheeks of those who love the outer air and healthful exercise.

There is no doubt but that the standard of beauty has been very greatly raised in consequence. There may be no individual examples of more surpassing loveliness than existed under the old conditions, but there is a far greater number of surprisingly beautiful women, who owe a greater part of their charms to a rational method of living.

The beauty of Irish women has been proverbial, yet no country which has supplied so many daughters of surpassing loveliness has offered as the birthright portion less of



FROM BOSTON.



THE WIFE OF A PHILADELPHIA SCULPTOR.



A LOS ANGELES SOCIETY LEADER.

material luxury, or greater climatic gifts.

Irish women, moreover, retain their

charms to a surprising extent, even after middle life.

It is the women of the tropics who fade most quickly, just as they blossom earliest into the full, rich charms of maturity.

The French woman alone of all types, or rather the Parisian, never grows old. At least, when she is no longer young she has disappeared utterly from the public eye.

With her to become *passe* is to be annihilated.

Thanks to favoring conditions of national prosperity and an enlightened view of the sphere of women, together with opportunities for a change of climate within a day's journey to suit all physical vicissitudes, the American woman at her best is apt to reach an advanced age more gracefully than she did a century ago.



A BLUE GRASS BELLE.

The opportunities for travel have also brought their educational and refining influences.

Psychologists assert that our environment and whatever influences our thought, writes its record upon our countenances. So that another century of rapid development in all that affords material and mental luxury is sure to stamp its impress upon the

purely American type, which will be recognized the world over.

Perhaps by that time we shall have a national school of writers who shall spread the name and fame of the loveliest of their sex to the uttermost parts of the earth. Perhaps our poets will then sing more enchanting praises of starry eyes, teeth of pearl, and ruby lips, and all the other potent charms of



AN ENGLISH IMPORTATION.

faces of our American women and give them still further precedence over all other women of the earth. For there is no doubt but that the art of living is being more carefully studied by Americans than by the people of any other country, and with more widespread conditions for gratifying every impulse which tends to progression.

A century more will find the races still more closely amalgamated in a

ideal beauty, than have ever before been put in praiseful verse.

If, however, the great and mighty of other nations continue in increasing numbers to take from us the most glorious buds in our rosebud garden of girls, and transplant them to other climes, we may be compelled in self-defense to establish a national gallery of portraits in order to retain evidence on our own soil of what might well be our



MISS WILHELMINA STAATS,

A representative of the Pennsylvania Dutch families.

proudest possession. So long as our wealthy men persist in marrying their beautiful daughters to dukes and princes, it will be impossible to prevent the exodus of fair women.

There is one consolation, however.

The world over an American-born woman is known as such. She never loses credit for her birthright privileges in a land that is conspicuous for most that makes a dower of beauty a desirable and priceless possession.

JUNE'S WARBLERS.

JUNE will find the song birds here ;
 Feathered warblers, piping clear.
 In the high roof-gardens, too,
 Song birds, featherless, will do
 Dainty dances, light and free,
 They have brought from over sea.
 Warblers such as these, I vow,
 Beat the bird upon the bough.



MRS. REGINALD DE KOVEN.

A woman of the month.



THE NEW LADY BERESFORD,

Who was formerly the Duchess of Marlborough, and prior to that Mrs. Hammersley and Miss Price, of New York.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE MONTH.

DURING the past month Lady Beresford, or, as she is better known, the Duchess of Marlborough, startled the world—or that part of it that is startled by such things—with the announcement of her third marriage. She was a Miss Price originally, and, when a very young girl, became the wife of a Mr. Hammersley, a millionaire. She was a widow in a short time, and was then wooed and won by the Duke of Marlborough, a high-minded aristocrat who had incurred considerable odium on account of the part he played in a domestic drama which led to a divorce suit, and which made him the co-respondent. On becoming possessed of an American wife, however, he is reported to have performed the gym-

nastic feat of toeing the mark, and forthwith led an exemplary life. His death, after a few years, caused considerable discord in the family he left behind, for his son refused to recognize the American mother-in-law, whose dollars, by the way, had renovated the ancestral domains, which were in a shocking state, owing to the dissipation of the late Duke. A compromise was at length brought about, and affairs settled themselves more or less satisfactorily. The dowager Duchess of Marlborough is now Lady Beresford, and is still a very handsome woman. She represents, indeed, the triumph of American characteristics and will-power under trying and distressing circumstances.

Aubrey Boucicault is the son of his

father, and a handsome one at that, as many enthusiastic, but somewhat weak-minded girls will gladly indorse. Dion Boucicault, the father in question, made his reputation as an actor, a playwright, and a theatrical manager, and secured more than one fortune, most of which were expended with considerable *eclat*. The son is a young actor, twenty-seven years of age, who is a

actor of agreeable methods and carriage, and New Yorkers will remember his work when he was with Richard Mansfield. More recently he lives in our remembrance on account of his acting and singing in "The Magic Kiss," when he enacted the part of *The Baron de Grimm* "pleasingly," as the critic would say, and sang his score somewhat tunefully. The incidents of



AUBREY BOUCICAULT,

*Who has been singing in comic opera in New York, and
who is becoming a matinée girl's hero.*

useful adjunct to almost any theatrical company in the capacity of "walking juvenile," for he has what the great Vincent Crummies would call a regular comedy manner. Young Aubrey's appearance in a revival of "Pink Dominoes" in London some six years ago brought him into notice as a young

man whose married life are not such as to inspire reverential awe nor overpowering respect for him.

Eleanor Mayo is Eleanor Mayo no longer, except in theatrical annals. She married a Philadelphian of wealth, and the impression of her friends seems to be that she deserved her good luck. It

is reported that while earning her salary—salaries, perhaps, as the amounts differed materially at different times—she supported her mother and sister and brother in the most filial and sororal manner possible. It is worthy of mention, because it is a feat apparently not easily performed by some of the most successful theatrical people. Miss

the wife of her husband, as might be supposed by those to whom Reginald de Koven's name is so familiar on account of his prolific creations of comic opera, but solely on her own personal merits. Mrs. de Koven has embarked on the troublous ocean of a literary career. We say troublous in a general sense only, and not as conveying any sugges-



ELEANOR MAYO ELVERSON.

She was formerly a Miss Mayo, and as the prima donna of the "Princess Bonnie" Company, she captured the hearts of Philadelphia gallants, and finally married Mr. Elverson, a wealthy Quaker City publisher.

Mayo was celebrated for her beauty while on the stage, and won her wealthy husband through that gift and her "charming *naïveté* of manner." That was the eulogium pronounced on the occasion of her marriage by an appreciative reporter.

Mrs. Reginald de Koven becomes one of the most prominent individualities of the month, not by virtue of being

tion of its being so to her, for her voyage so far has been without any cruel reverses or accidents. The literary profession is a singularly unprofitable one to most people, and it always will be; but, nevertheless, the man or woman who feels that he or she has a story to tell will most certainly tell it in spite of the obstacles that may present themselves. Mrs. de Koven feels that she

is in such a position. She had a story which she was ready to impart to a more or less listening world, and she produced it. The name of the story is "A Sawdust Doll." The purpose of it is stated very plainly by the author, if not in her book, at least to her friends and to whomsoever she believes sympathizes with her aims. This purpose is to present the American wo-

ten for the purpose of criticising the book itself, we abstain from recording our opinions concerning its details.

Mrs. de Koven deserves attention as a woman of the month for another reason, relative to the original one. It is as a Society writer that the public looks upon her. And, it may be said truthfully, it is as a Society leader that she desires to be known. Mrs. de Koven



EX-MAYOR HUGH J. GRANT, OF NEW YORK,

Who has become a benedict at forty-two.

man "just as she really is"—to portray her feelings, fads, fancies, and favors as they really are, and not only that, but to have them portrayed *by* an American woman. "A Sawdust Doll" is not in any sense the book, or even a book of the season; it is not much talked about, nor is it ever likely to be, but it is not an unacceptable contribution to literature. The slight undercurrent in it of the "eminently improper" is, we presume, somewhat of an obeisance to the modern taste; but as this article is not writ-

says that it is hard for the public to believe that persons in society can really accomplish something. It was so with Reginald de Koven; his friends were disposed to regard his musical work as something of a pastime more than the signs of an ambition, but his hard work has won the day. So his wife thinks, at any rate. It was a triumph for the Clean Collar, as she expressed it.

"A Sawdust Doll" is not the first specimen of what literary ability she may possess that Mrs. de Koven has

published. Her first effort was a translation of a French book, called "Le Pêcheur d'Islande," and caused no particular comment. Poems and short sketches have occasionally been contributed by her to the Chicago papers, from which town she hails. She is a Latin and Greek scholar. She is a daughter of the millionaire Senator Farwell, of Illinois. There is, by the way, an attractive feature about Mrs. de Koven,



GEORGIA CAYVAN,

Who has disappeared entirely from public view, but who, it has been rumored, would return to the stage in the near future.

relative to her latest book. She does not think she has written a great or a fine book, and that is something unusual in a young authoress.

Ex-Mayor Hugh J. Grant, who is now a benedict of the deepest dye, is an out-and-out Tammany man. This is to be regretted from the reformers'

point of view, but then he is one of the most valuable adjuncts of that organization. His marriage to Julia Murphy, the daughter of United States Senator Murphy, of New York, also a prominent member of New York's Democracy, brought him many congratulations from persons in and out of the Democratic machine, for whatever may be said of the Senator's political character and conduct, all who knew his daughter had nothing but praise for her. She was rated a sensible and unaffected girl. "Hughie," as the bridegroom was called by his friends, was the youngest mayor ever elected in New York City.

It has been rumored during the month that Georgia Cayvan was to make her reappearance in New York, but she disappointed her friends by keeping in seclusion. Some months ago Miss Cayvan disappeared from the Lyceum Theatre, and is now living in France, or so 'tis said by those who pretend to know of her movements. Georgia Cayvan's retirement from the stage of the Lyceum is still an unexplained mystery. The public was informed by Mr. Daniel Frohman that she left in order to take a vacation, but she received no ovations or farewells on her departure, such as one would expect an actress of her distinction to receive. The truth seems to be that Miss Cayvan got it into her head that she was not being treated with the consideration to which she considered herself entitled, and a series of minor worriments of this character caused a breach in the good feeling that had hitherto existed between actress and manager. Perhaps she was not well treated. At any rate, she disappeared completely, and now New Yorkers are asking when she will return. No one seems able or willing to answer the question for Miss Cayvan.



STUDIO SCENE FROM THE STAGE PRODUCTION OF "TRILBY."

This picture shows Svengali at the piano, and Gecko playing the violin alongside, Zou-Zou, Dodor, The Laird, and Taffy dancing with the models, and Little Billee and Trilby sitting on a settee in the foreground. On the wall, at the back, will be seen the design of Trilby's foot.

THIRTY DAYS OF THE STAGE.

TRILBY still remains the theatrical topic of the hour. If "the play's the thing," the thing undoubtedly is "Trilby." Out of the odd two or three millions of persons in this country and in England who have read, admired, and seen the dramatization of the book, probably a solid half have already tired of the subject, and vote it an everlasting bore, but it is still a craze with the remaining *métier*, and will remain so for many months to come, until its admirers shall have become smaller by degrees and beautifully less. But Trilbians will continue to be brought forth, dissected, and discussed to the verge of distraction as long as the book remains on a standard list of

English classics, and the greatest trilbianism outside of the book is, of course, Paul M. Potter's dramatic version of it. It is a version so good that not even the charge of perversion has been laid against it—a circumstance that was bound to take place had there been any harsh dispraise of the playwright's attempt. But his triumph has been so complete that his enemies are silenced.

Last month we gave an account of how the play was written by Mr. Potter, the causes, the minutiae leading up to its completion, that so interest those who find interest in a study of the stage. This month the play forms the leading and probably most interest-

ing topic in a resumé of what has taken place on our stage during the past month. The illustration that heads this article gives a capital representation of the studio scene in the play, where all the principal characters are seen in the most characteristic and life-like occupations. The musicians, *Svengali* and *Gecko*, are at the piano and violin; *The Laird* and *Tuffy* are gayly dancing with a couple of lively artists' models, and the minor characters of the

terly work in the rôle of *Svengali*. It was evidently a case of the hour and the man, for no part in the play has been so well acted. Miss Harned's *Trilby* caused a little disappointment at first, for theatre-goers expected to find a life-like impression of Du Maurier's drawings of his heroine, but in spite of her alleged shortness of stature and what was called her un-*Trilby*-like face, she also has earned a triumph for her work. A word of praise is due, too, to the actor



MISS BENNETT.

A young Boston girl who made her debut in "Trilby."

story are engaged in similar festivities in the immediate foreground. *Little Billee* and *Trilby* are conversing like the lovers they are. A realistic touch to the picture is lent by the drawing of *Trilby's* foot on the wall; it is *Little Billee's* immortal sketch. On this page is seen the photograph of Miss Bennett, whose dance in this same studio scene will be remembered by those who have seen the play.

Next to Paul Potter, the largest praise is due to Wilton Lackaye for his mas-

who undertakes the part of *Zou-Zou*.

The dramatization differs in some respects from the novel, but not materially. The key-note of the playwright's work lies in his statement that the groundwork of the play—its backbone—is not the loves of *Trilby* and *Little Billee*, but the subject of hypnotism. Finding this as an admirable basis (on account of its cogency, and, not least of all, its originality from a dramatic point of view) the rest was easy for Mr. Potter. The play has been so thor-



SYBIL JOHNSTONE,

Who once played Iza in "The Clémenceau Case," and Trilby in Paul Potter's play.

oughly welcomed by the public that three other companies were formed, immediately upon its first production in Boston, to give performances at different parts of the country, and by the time that this number of the magazine is published no less than six provincial troupes are expected to be on the road playing "Trilby." Three actresses who are taking the title rôle are Sybil Johnstone, Mabel Amber, and Eleanor Barry. The pictures of the first two will be found on pages 384 and 385, and a word regarding them will not be amiss.

Sybil Johnstone is a statuesque young woman, who had never enjoyed any notoriety worth speaking of until a few years ago, when she startled theatre-goers by something she did in "The Clémenceau Case," in which she took the part of *Iza*. That something

sounds tame enough now, but it was notable then. It was the exhibition of herself in the costume of the ordinary living-picture of to-day. It raised such a hullabaloo—indeed, a storm of protest—that the exhibition was greatly modified in some important details, and the performance was minus a "feature" until the demise of the play. Mabel Amber used to be the leading lady in Nat Goodwin's company, and is an experienced actress of no mean ability. Whether her opportunities to make an advance in her new work will be enhanced will be more a question of locality with her than anything else, in all probability.

From "Trilby" we pass on—regretfully, for it is a subject, once taken up, not easily dropped—to a very different exposition of theatrics. May Merrion comes into notice this month as a



MABEL AMBER,

Who is taking the part of Trilby in a road company.

"variety" performer of more than usual cleverness. There are many worthy persons who will tell you that it is the success of this kind of performances that prevents the elevation of the stage, which everybody speaks of so glibly. They will asseverate that the stage is degraded by the amusing songs, dances, and contortions that the gaping public pay their dollars to gape at, but we do not and cannot agree with them. There is much sterling merit to be found on the variety stage, and, after all, it is merely a matter of humor with the theatre-goer. Roast beef is staple, conservative, and health-giving, but lobster à la Newburg is a welcome change at times. So it is with the difference of fare provided by the stage. We acknowledge, unblushingly, that we cannot do without the songs, the dances, and the contortions, but insist on their being well done and well

served. All this argument may incline the reader to think that we suppose all the virtues and ability of the variety stage to be centered in May Merrion, but although she called the discussion forth, such was not our insinuation. Of her kind, however, she is good. She is good-looking, too, and that never militates against the variety performer.

"Oliver Twist" is a drama of the good old times, and its recent revival is worthy of notice, by reason of two of the principal actors. The more important of the two is Charles Barron, who plays *Bill Sykes*. Mr. Barron is an actor of the old school. His reputation about ten or twelve years ago was of the highest, but he dropped out of sight, as far as metropolitan notice was concerned, and on his appearance here now he is comparatively a stranger to the majority of those who saw him at the American and the Star Theatres. His render-



MAY MERRION,

A vaudeville singer who has succeeded in having herself talked about.

ing of the ruffianly burglar is to be highly commended. The other prominent player in "Oliver Twist" is Elita

Proctor Otis, whose personality has been interesting ever since she ceased to be a Society girl and entered the



SCENE FROM THE DRAMATIZED VERSION OF "OLIVER TWIST,"

Nancy (Elita Proctor Otis) and Bill Sykes (Charles Barron) in the second act.

dramatic profession in earnest. Miss Otis' work consisted at first of taking the parts of characters such as she herself had been—namely, Society women—and she created much talk concerning the "natural way" with which she wore the expensive and fashionable costumes in such plays as "The Fringe of Society" and Augustus Thomas' "New Blood." It was, by the way, while acting in the latter piece that she met the artist to whom it is rumored that she is engaged to be married. Miss Otis gives a highly dramatic performance as *Nancy Sykes*, but has been criticised as overdoing her part in the murder scene. It was said of her that she was "too bloody." But perhaps the actress knows her audiences, and she can at any rate afford to disregard that particular stricture. It may be said that the fair success that has attended the performances of "Oliver Twist" is a sign that the public are not prejudiced against the revival of old plays when they are really good as well as old.

"The Gaiety Girl" is back in New York once more, but Dotty Preston is not a member of the company. She belonged to it when it burst upon us last summer, but, on its going on tour she found too much that was pleasant in this city to depart with them, so she stayed behind. Miss Preston has a passion for getting photographed, but we do not blame her; the proofs seem to give her considerable satisfaction, and she is not without physical charms. She is exceedingly English, but her dudish admirers consider it one of the most valuable gifts vouchsafed her, and would not deprive her of the opportunity of dropping her H's when ever she felt so disposed for the world.

Living pictures are still in the ring. This is a matter of chagrin to the same people who decry the variety stage, but these purists are beginning to think that this one source of annoyance will disappear before long, for they tell us in much and voluminous correspondence, that although the living pictures



DOTTY PRESTON

Who came to this country as a Gaiety Girl, but who has become Americanized.

linger, the hues of disintegration are commencing to spread over their pallid limbs, and the mourners momentarily

expect to see the plucking of the coverlet commence. At all events, they are still with us, and in spite of the fore-



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A PROFESSIONAL DANCER POSING AS A LIVING PICTURE.

bodings of the opposition, they create sufficient interest to suggest new ones every now and then, although the public did not patronize the bronze paint variety with unusual alacrity. On page 388 will be found the picture of a certain well-known dancer, who posed for her friends' benefit as a living picture, and, on the next page, one of the latest "vilographs" of Thelle's painting of the chrysanthemums.

John Hare is a man who stands in the highest class, in the estimation of his fellow-countrymen, of English actors. He reminds the American play-goers somewhat of the veteran Charles W. Couldock, although he is not as old a man as the latter. Mr. Hare is an actor-manager, and earned his latest triumphs at the Garrick Theatre in London, where he presented high comedy and dramas of the most thorough and



JOHN HARE.

He is an English actor of great reputation as a player of old men's rôles. He will come to this country next season, and star in "A Pair of Spectacles" repertoire.

dignified description. He made a great reputation in "A Pair of Spectacles" (which he will give next year in this country), and his picture in this article is reproduced from a photograph taken in that play. He is about forty-five years of age, and has a son on the stage. The young Hare is a great chum of Henry Irving, Jr., and the young men have taken several parts in the same play together in their short professional careers. John Hare is supposed to be a wealthy man.

Mrs. Annie Yeamans is the mother of two bouncing daughters, Jennie and Lydia, both of whom have spent many years on the stage, and the latter of whom is a married woman,

but the old lady—if she will pardon our calling her so—has not yet retired from the dramatic profession by any means. She is the most important member of Harrigan's company, after Harrigan himself, of course, and it is hard to say who would fill her place. She has occasionally resigned, owing to some slight differences, such as are caused by her taking a girl from the company to be her maid, but the quarrels have been patched up, and she has returned. Just now Mrs. Yeamans is in evidence through a claim that she says she has against Estelle Clayton, actress and librettist of "The Viking," which claim amounts to the sum of \$250. Miss Clayton doesn't say a word in regard to the claim, for she is occupied at present by her settlement with the Actor's Fund Association.



MRS. YEAMANS,

Harrigan's leading lady, who says that Estelle Clayton owes her \$250.



LILLIAN RUSSELL IN THE FIRST ACT OF "LA PERICHOLE."

This opera was produced during the month at Abbey's Theatre, New York.

Our picture of Mrs. Yeamans was taken while she was performing in "Cordelia's Aspirations," and in it she doesn't look very amiable. Mrs. Yeamans was never credited with being as meek as Moses, nor with possessing a temper as sweet as honey.

Lillian Russell, whose popularity is expected by her friends and managers to be unending and immortal, was seen during the month in Offenbach's opera, "La Périchole," and in de Koven and Smith's Russian opera, "The Tzigane." What the fate of the latter will be is not yet decided, but New Yorkers can never forget their Lillian, and a really very large number go to see her and to hear her sing, irrespective of the medium by which she may choose to exploit herself and her charms. Miss Russell is an actress who has had a great

deal to contend with—difficulties of which she does not speak, save to her personal friends—but she is the kind of American girl to courageously confront her obstacles, and her personality is always interesting. Much has been said concerning her marriage ventures, and she is not at all backward in joining in the jokes uttered in that connection, but her veiled references to them on the stage are in questionable taste. Of her beauty there was never any doubt, and her figure when she was slim was a thing to marvel at. She is now inclined to stoutness, and that is a state of affairs which does not please her at all. No one, not even a favorite prima donna, can expect to be called "airy fairy" when she tips the scales at something like 200 pounds! But this will hardly be Miss Russell's fate.



A POINTER FOR THE ANCIENT REAPER.

HILLS—How is it that Mrs. Fleighleigh cuts such a wide swath in Newport?
DILLS—She uses a coupon-clipper.

KNEW WHAT HE COULD SPARE.

MAMMA—Yes, darling, those dear little boys have no father and no mother—and no good Aunt Jane.

FREDDY—Oh, poor little boys!
(*With cheerful alacrity*) Mummy, dear, may I give them Aunt Jane?

BLISSFUL IGNORANCE.

SHE—Oh, no! I cannot let you kiss me. What would papa say?

HE—He wouldn't say a word.

SHE—What!

HE—Certainly not; he wouldn't know.



ON SUNDAY MORNING.

WIFE—I'm ready at last. Here's your hat, and now we'd better hurry to church.

HUSBAND—Church? Oh, you were so long dressing that I forgot all about church, and made an appointment with myself to stay at home.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO SPEND THE SUMMER?

Have you given the matter any thought? The farmers, hotel-keepers, and the West Shore Railroad have done it for you. New resorts have been established near New York and in the Catskill Mountains.

An elaborate illustrated book will soon be issued by the West Shore Railroad giving a long list of summer homes and outing places. The work can be had free on application or by sending six cents in stamps to H. B. Jagoe, G. E. P. A., No. 363 Broadway, New York.



A POSSIBILITY.

She sits alone upon the bench,
And muses on a phrase that's French;
She waits for tardy Him pro tem.—
It may be a "Cherchez la femme!"

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THINGS.



TO BE DISAPPOINTED.

The waiter he is waiting,
With patience unabating,
While I shall finish my cigar and coffee at my
ease ;

He is full of expectation,
Not to say determination,
But I'll never tip him, for he spilled some soup
upon my knees.

A SERIOUS CASE.

MRS. DE TANQUE—Doctor, my husband hiccoughs night and day. It's terrible.

DOCTOR—You must give him some serious shock—some surprise, you know.

MRS. DE TANQUE (*pondering*)—Well, I'll tell him that I am going to stay home from Newport next season and take in the roof gardens and the beaches with him.

DOCTOR—That certainly would be a surprise to him, madam, but don't you think that would be overdoing it a little ? The shock might kill him.

THE UNEXPECTED KIND.

REGGY—Did Miss Jones make a strong impression on you last night ?

DE JONAH—Yes ; but it didn't compare to her father's when I asked him for her hand. I'll carry that impression for life.

ON THE WAY TO THE POST.

THE OLD HAND—You haven't been in business long, eh ?

THE GREEN ONE—No. In fact, this is my first race.

THE OLD HAND—You've got lots to learn, young feller. Tell you what to do. You just stop behind and see how the rest of us do it.

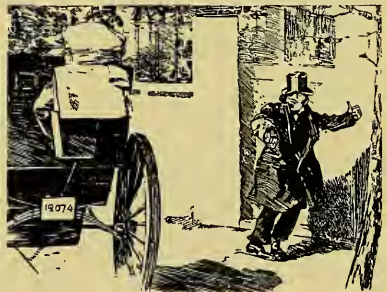
FORGIVEN.

MAY—Papa, why don't you like Mr. Pippy ? He is so very self-sacrificing.

PAPA—Yes ; he's so self-sacrificing that he tried to commit suicide and failed three times.

MAY—Oh, but he failed rich each time.

PAPA—Gad ! you don't say. Take him, my child, and I'll make him a partner.



DOUBTFUL.

FARE (*who has been celebrating*)—Now, how do I get to zher house ?

DRIVER—Straight ahead, sir.

FARE—Straight ahead ? Then I'll never get zbare !



NO END OF TALKING.

HUSBAND—Now, don't be late at that confounded women's meeting of yours, if you can help it. I am going to sit up for you, remember.

WIFE—I wouldn't do that, dear. We have made a rule that only one member shall talk at a time, you know.

“Ted Robinson became a happy father the other day. It's a daughter. He says she is going to be a living picture—”

“A what?”

“A living picture of her mother.”

POVERI LITERATI!

MISS QUERICUS—What do you write under mostly—a pseudonym?

NOVELIST—No; mostly under a financial cloud.

VERILY.

MACY—What's the worst practical joke you ever saw perpetrated on a New York man?

DACER—Brooklyn!



NOT WHAT SHE MEANT, BUT—

VIOLA—I think papa is as mean as he can be. He refuses to let me marry Lord Knobcrane. It's a terrible shame that he won't give me a—

TOWSER (*suddenly*)—Bow-wow.



OVERHEARD AT NEWPORT.

"I wonder why it is, papa, that those Brown people call their yacht *The Waterfly*?"
 "Old associations. The father made his money in the milk business!"

QUEERED.

WIBBLE—I hear that young Jinks has broken his engagement with Miss Flyer.

WABBLE—Yes, and it's odd the way it happened, too. You see, he left a phonograph at the house so she could whisper a "good-night" into it just before she turned out the gas, and send it to him through the post. Quite romantic, you see. Well, you see, in the excitement of the affair she forgot to shut the machine off, and he not only received her words, but a large and varied assortment of snores that had accumulated while she was asleep.

TOUCHED DEEPLY.

AUTHOR—Were you not touched at the great climax of my play?

MANAGER—Indeed I was (*savagely*) to the tune of ten thousand bones!

MAGNIFICENT TERMS.

RURAL MANAGER—My season has been a failure, my folks are starving, and I should like to engage you to play "*Othello*" for a week.

BARN STORMER—With pleasure, if your terms suit.

"Well, I will give fifty per cent. of all the vegetables that are thrown at you."

JUST AS BAD.

SHE—Did you ever write any jokes?

HE—No, but I've had stomachache, earache, toothache, headache, backache, and corns.

FOREIGN NOTES OF REAL INTEREST—
 The Bank of England's.

EFFECTUAL.

MRS. YOUNGMAN—I wish I knew some way to prevent the baby from sucking his thumb.

BACHELOR UNCLE—Hum! Let me see. There ought to be some way. Why, yes! I've thought of a plan already.

"Oh, thank you very much. What shall I do?"

"Muzzle him."



A GENTLE GUY.

CROSS HUSBAND—Why in thunder did you spread lunch out here to-day? It's as cold as blazes.

WIFE (*carefully*)—Why, what extraordinary weather! It's worth coming out just to experience it.

WAY UP.

ETHEL—What do you mean by saying that Bixby is "a high-strung chap?"

MARX—Well, he has been all but hanged twice for horse-stealing, hasn't he?

ACCOUNTED FOR.

MRS. RICHESSE—Mrs. De Billion seems to be a very domestic character.

MRS. DE GRUNDY—Why not? Old De Billion married his cook.

CELTIC INGENUITY.

"What the deuce are you doing right on the top of that tree, Mike? Don't you see that it's being cut down?"

MIKE—Yes, your honor; the last toime ye had a tree cut down it fell on the top of me, and, begorra, Oi'll be safe this toime.

ILLUSTRATED DEFINITION.



"Out for the dust."



HER BRIDEGROOM.

HE—You have a magnificent horse, Miss Meadowbrook, but permit me to say that he is not half as magnificent as his rider, even if she did refuse me last night.

SHE—You are exceedingly kind, Mr. Mitten, and I think I shall have to make you my groom after all.

TOUGH TOIL.

"Goodluck has had his salary raised; was it for extra work?"

"Yes; he always listens when the proprietor tells his baby's smart sayings."



NEXT TO AN EMPORIUM.

MIKE—Thot felly back by the statoo said a mon riding a bike a noight loike this must have wheels in his cranium. Ol've a moind to dismount and make him swally ther insoolt.

BARNEY—Insoolt! Thot wor a compliment. He t'ought yez must be a milliouaire. It takes a power of money to support wan o' thim wheel craniums.



BOUND TO PLEASE.

SHE—Cabby, can you drive me to the Park?

CABBY—My experience with ladies, mum, is that they can't be drove. I allers goes where they wants me to go.

THE PREVAILING TINTS.

NAWVICE—I don't quite understand football, and couldn't follow the game very well. How can I distinguish the defeated team? I mean, what are their colors?

FRESHMANNE—Er—black and blue.

A MAN, having lost the key of his safe, wasted three days trying to get it open without success. Then he was adroit enough to get somebody to hint to his wife that letters from another woman to him were in that safe, and in ten minutes she had it open with a crowbar.

Cents. 100 BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS.
THE SUMMER GIRL. THE WOMAN REPORTER.
THE NEW HARRISON PORTRAIT.

10

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

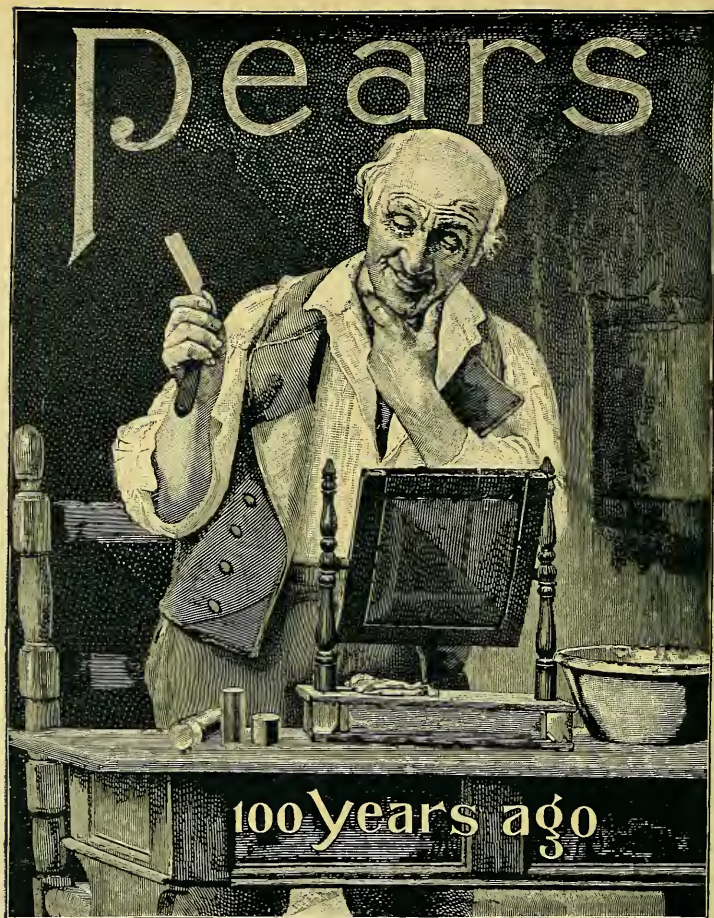
15327aai JULY, 1895.



THE NEWPORT TENNIS GIRL.
(See article, "Newport's Summer Colony.")



THE ACTRESS ON THE BEACH.
(See opening article.)



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THE ACTRESS GOES OFF FOR HER MORNING SPLASH.

(See opening article)

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

No. 6.

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1895.

Nine Full-page Illustrations.

<i>The Actress goes off for her Morning Splash,</i>	- - - - -	401
<i>An Up-to-Date Mermaid,</i>	- - - - -	403
<i>A Chorus Girl Rehearsing her Part,</i>	- - - - -	404
<i>Three Chorus Girls Larking at Rehearsal,</i>	- - - - -	405
<i>A Prize-Winning Picture,</i>	- - - - -	406
<i>The Woman Reporter in Tights,</i>	- - - - -	407
<i>A Young Ballet Dancer Rehearsing,</i>	- - - - -	408
<i>A Comic-Opera Singer,</i>	- - - - -	409
<i>An Afternoon Nap on Deck,</i>	- - - - -	410
A Summer Day in the Life of an Actress, With five illustrations and tail-piece.	- - - - -	411
An Appeal,	- - - - - <i>Will Burton</i>	417
The New Harrison Portrait and its Painter, With head-piece and four full-page illustrations.	<i>Henry Warcom Newton</i>	418
A Week in the Life of a Woman Reporter, With six illustrations and tail-piece.	- - - - -	425
A Midnight Supper at Delmonico's,	- - <i>Drawn by S. Revere</i>	432
Some Folks of the Month, With six portraits.	- - - - -	433
Letty Lind, the Famous English Dancer, Illustrated by four photographs.	<i>Barton Clarke</i>	438
In New York Studios, With seven illustrations and portraits.	- - - - - <i>William Champney</i>	441
Which Will Win? With photograph of Valkyrie III.	- - - - - <i>H. C. Ross</i>	446
New York Society and the Wheel, With three illustrations.	- - <i>John S. Clarke</i>	448
Stronger than Sandow, With three illustrations.	- - - - - <i>J. D. Lenz</i>	451
Thirty Days of the Stage, With three full-page portraits and nine others.	- - - - -	454
Newport's Summer Colony, With eleven illustrations.	- - <i>Arthur Harland</i>	465
The Lone Woman in New York, With five illustrations.	- - <i>J. S.</i>	475
The Lighter Side of Things,	- - - - -	480

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THE WOMAN REPORTER, TO SERVE HER PAPER BECOMES A CHORUS GIRL.



AN ATLANTIC CITY CONTRETEMPS.



A COMIC-OPERA SINGER TRYING TO LOOK LIKE A TRAGEDY QUEEN.



THE ACTRESS TAKES AN AFTERNOON NAP ON DECK.

(See opening article.)

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

JULY, 1895.

No. 6.

A SUMMER DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN ACTRESS.

JUST why the summer girl should be so different in this year of grace 1895 cannot be explained, but that it is so there is no manner of doubt. It is the theme of newspapers, essayists, and observers of human nature. Accordingly, the way a New York actress who is summering at Atlantic City puts in her time will be of interest to the readers of the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

She gets up at about eight o'clock, and, after lounging around for a few minutes, she proceeds to take her morning plunge. She undresses herself and steps into her bath, which is filled with fresh cold water. She gets completely in, and after the first convulsive shiver she really enjoys the cold splurge. She does not stay in long, for that would mean a cold, and she has not come to Atlantic City to catch a cold; so she jumps out at the first sign of a chill, and dries her body vigorously. That brings about a thorough circulation, and she feels in excellent spirits. Then she dresses and has breakfast.

After a decent period for digestion our actress goes out for exercise. What she seeks is a good, hard constitutional,

and she goes where the rocks are. Rocks are not easy things to clamber, but they afford lots of fun, even when the surface is slippery, which it generally is. It should be stated that the actress is not a star, nor is she one of the big guns on the New York stage; but she is fairly well known, and her figure is said to be one of the finest. That is why her progress is watched



HER MORNING EXERCISE.

with considerable interest by those men who happen to be in the neighborhood when she is rock-clambering. Perhaps this causes her embarrassment, and then again perhaps not. She is used to admiration, but she will not put up with it when it is forced upon her, and the admirers can guess that by her manner and carriage. So they keep a respectful distance. Onward she goes, surmounting crags and jags, and keeping her equilibrium, now and again coming across very dangerous places; but she exercises care, and nothing dramatic takes place. This is well, for if she were to tumble—but we cannot bear to conjure up such a dreadful hypothesis.

After her rock-climbing trip a half-hour's rest is taken. Then the actress dresses in her bathing costume and goes down to the beach. You might think that she must be exceedingly fond of the water to go into it twice in the same day, even though the first immersion was in fresh water; but it is not for more exercise of this kind that she makes her way to the beach. She has a stunning bathing costume, and there is enough of the Old Eve in her to make it an object to show it off to those who parade on the beach for amusement. So down she goes to the shore in her entrancing raiment, and with one or two friends, or occasionally by herself, she perambulates upon the sands. Now indeed is her figure shown to the best advantage. The tightly fitting waist displays the upper part of her figure to perfection, and the short skirt is just short enough to establish a pleasing *ensemble*. Her legs are encased in tights, and her walk is "of the gods, divine." No wonder that many people stop in their walk and express their admiration openly. Some of the older women wonder "what the girls are coming to," and those of them who are told that she is a New York actress immediately say that they might have known it—"the brazen thing!" But

the actress cares nothing for that. She knows that she is beyond criticism and that all the men are admiring her. As for the envy of the women, what greater balm to her soul can there be than that?

This is a day for show purposes, apparently, for, after the actress has left the beach and gone home to lunch, to the relief of maidens who think themselves worthy of more attention than they have been heretofore receiving, they are astounded by seeing her again on the beach in the afternoon—this time attired in a bicycle suit. "What ignorant ostentation!" you may be inclined to observe. Nay, nay; this is serious now. Not only does she arrive in cycle costume, but she is accompanied by her wheel. This is a new fad, and is another of the *novæ res* of 1895. "Bicycling on the beach?" Yes, indeed. The cycling suit does not differ in great respect from the bathing suit, for the girls are using them nowadays for both purposes. In many of the summer resorts there is a long stretch of sandy beach which is at times quite hard and which makes a splendid boulevard. What more easy or natural, after a hard ride, to slip off the machine and sink into the cool and comforting briny? The very thought is an inspiration, and could not have been left long unknown to our American girls. So the actress has a fine time on her bicycle, and spins along the beach, to the mingled envy and admiration of the loungers on the shore. She feels that she has secured another triumph, and that if this sort of thing keeps up very long she will soon be the most talked-about girl in the place. That consumption, if not devoutly to be wished, will certainly not cause her great pain, and she smiles as she thinks of it.

But by this time she is terribly tired—"used up," she calls it—and she has an appointment with a young New Yorker this afternoon at four o'clock to go for a sail on his yacht. She goes, of



THE ACTRESS GOES OFF FOR A SPIN ON THE BEACH.

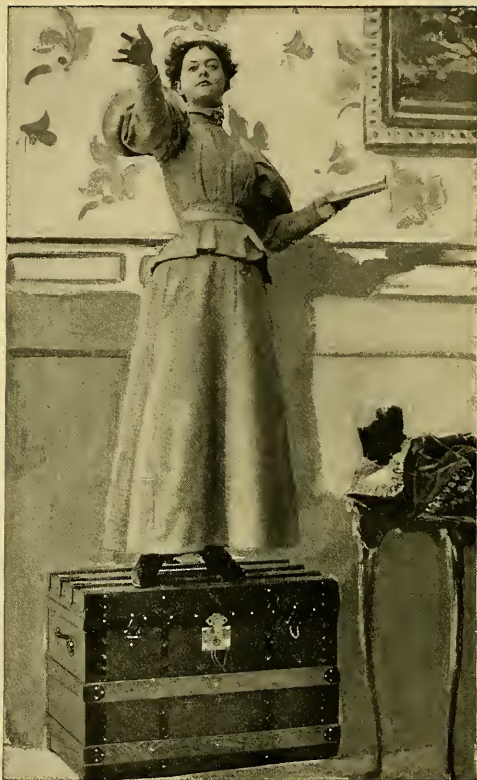
READING HER NEW ^AROLE AFTER LUNCHEON.



SHE GETS READY TO TAKE SOME SNAP-SHOTS FROM A YACHT.

course. It is all in the day's work. She takes her camera with her, for she is something of a kodak fiend in a small way, and she is told that there are many

views and "birds'-eyes" worth taking a snap-shot at. As the yacht cuts along the invigorating air has a great effect on her, and a keen sense of enjoyment



WITH HER TRUNK FOR A STAGE, THE ACTRESS REHEARSES HER LINES IN
A NEW PLAY.

at simply living animates her being. A little lunch is served, and several large bottles that look very much indeed like champagne—in fact, to be comprehensively and explicitly truthful, they *are* champagne—make their appearance, and the contents are quickly transferred from the insides of the bottles to the insides of the passengers. Conversation becomes more spirited,

and jokes are the order of the day. But this is not a bacchanalian party, and a certain amount of restraint is observed. Our heroine, who is the principal guest of the party, thinks about this time that she would like to take some of those views that she has heard so much about from the deck of the yacht, so she is placed in her armchair at a convenient spot. She fixes her camera in position,

and awaits something interesting to come within her perspective. She does not feel inclined to exert herself, and her thoughts are slow. When she finally fashions out a coherent idea in her brain it is to the effect that it has grown exceedingly dusky all of a sudden, and she starts up in alarm. But a laugh greets her, and she is informed that it is early evening and she has been asleep for the last three hours, and all the pretty pictures for her camera have faded away into the distance.

She returns to her hotel, and after her dinner there she retires to her room and takes out several sheets covered with typewriting. It is her part in the new play that comes out in the Fall, and she has not yet become letter-

perfect. So this evening she puts aside for study, and harangues to herself the sentences that she will have to say in the play, and in a rapid undertone answers with the speeches of the others, so as to get accustomed to her cues. It would be an impressive sight, were one to come upon her alone in her room, with her arms gesticulating wildly, her mouth open, and her features now expressing woe, now surprise, and now love. It is an old story to her, this kind of study, and she knows its importance too well to allow herself to be interrupted.

This, then, is her day at the seashore. It has been a busy day, and she is ready for pleasant dreams. Good-night to her.



AN APPEAL.

O soubrette, soubrette, or, if you like,
Soubrette,

I saw you the other day on a bike—
"Twas wet.

The rain had totally spoiled your
gown

And lace;

Your golden hair was hanging down
Your face.

O soubrette, soubrette, or, as before,
Soubrette,

I conjure you, ride a wheel no more,
My pet.

You're had enough on the burlesque
stage,

I feel,

But the sight of you puts me in a rage,
A-wheel.

WILL BURTON.



THE EASTMAN JOHNSON STUDIO

Where ex-President Harrison posed for the portrait to be hung in the White House.

THE NEW HARRISON PORTRAIT AND ITS PAINTER.

By Henry Warcom Newton.

WHEN ex-President Benjamin Harrison visited New York last month the gossips asserted that he had come to investigate his chances for the Republican nomination in 1896, and that, in spite of his reiterations that he was here merely to allow his friends to make social calls upon him, he was really looking around in order to discover how the land lay. Mr. Harrison also stated that he had come to have his picture painted for the White House. Now, the picture could have been painted two years ago, and still more conveniently last summer when the distinguished gentleman was

in this city ; but as he has chosen this year, and as the picture, as painted by Eastman Johnson, is the subject of this particular article, it would scarcely behoove us to inquire too closely into the exact veracity of General Harrison's statements.

Eastman Johnson lives at 65 West Fifty-fifth street, which is a few doors east of Sixth avenue, on the north side of the street. It is the usual looking kind of a house in that neighborhood, and consists of four stories, on the top of which is the artist's studio. That makes three flights of stairs for him to climb before he reaches his eerie; and when it



THE NEW PAINTING OF EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON.

This is the first authentic reproduction of Eastman Johnson's work that has appeared in any publication.

is stated that Mr. Johnson was born in 1824 and is therefore seventy-one years old, and that in addition he is afflicted with an exceedingly gouty knee, it will be understood that it is extremely difficult to get him to come down when he is up stairs and to go up when he is down. The latter feat, however, was accomplished by a representative of the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE who called upon the artist at his house to interview him concerning the portrait about which every one was talking.

Mr. Johnson invited the representative of the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE up to his studio. The other rooms on the floors passed on their way were seen to be plainly but tastefully furnished, and the walls were covered with hundreds of pictures, nearly all of which were evidently the work of Mr. Johnson's brush. The ascenders were passed at this moment by a couple of "movers" who were carrying from the house a large picture of General Miles, a reproduction of which will be seen in the picture of the studio which heads the beginning of this article.

It is near this picture that the entrance of the studio is placed. As the visitor comes in the room he faces a large window which takes up the entire north wall of the studio, and the light of which is graded by heavy curtains which slide forward or backward by a series of strings. In front of the window is a number of cabinets and small bureaus, many others being scattered around the western wall of the room; all of them are exceedingly antique and artistically finished, as becomes the studio of an artist of Mr. Johnson's experience. In the middle of the studio is a cross arrangement of gas jets, and on the opposite half wall is a model of a birch-bark canoe which the artist had made for him when he was last in the Northwest. Midway between the gas jets and the half-wall was the portrait which the visitor had called to see—that of ex-President Harrison. The portrait

stood on a large easel which moved on casters.

The artist stood in front of it for a few moments, and his own appearance was well worth a study. Although seventy-one years old, Mr. Johnson is as chipper as Russell Sage and is as full of life and go as any man two-thirds his age. In spite of the affection in his right knee he moves about with considerable alacrity, and converses clearly and easily while he works. He is about five feet and eight inches in height and has a slight suggestion of a "presence." His hair is gray; his pointed beard is a bright white. He usually wears a pair of spectacles, and he smokes a heavy meerschaum pipe, or keeps it in his mouth the greater part of the time, even when it is not alight. His eyes are dark and snappy. A short working jacket and a pair of leather slippers are features in his personal description.

"Mr. Johnson," began the interviewer, "how many sittings did General Harrison give you for this portrait?"

"About eight or nine—I forget exactly which," replied the artist; "but the sittings were not of equal length, and I have done a good deal of the work in his absence."

"This is not, I believe," continued his questioner, "the first portrait of an ex-President you have painted for the White House, is it?"

"Oh, no; I have painted Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Arthur. Mr. Cleveland I have painted twice, once for the White House and another time for the Gubernatorial mansion at Albany, where he resided when Governor of New York some years ago. Ex-Secretary Folger I have also painted twice."

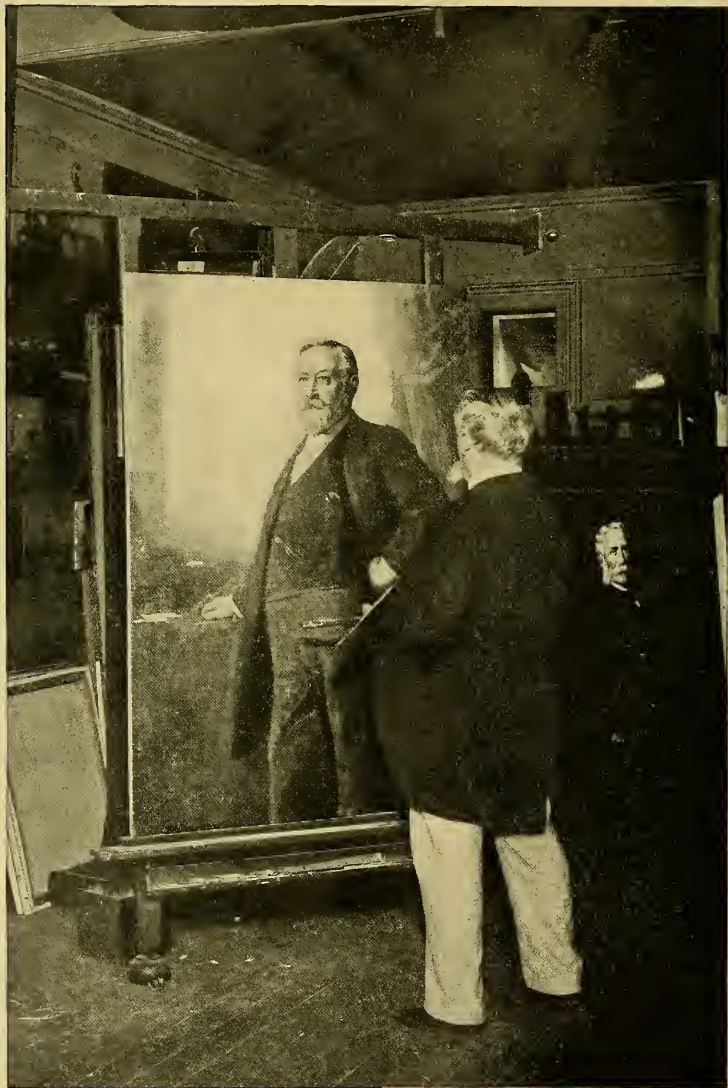
In reply to a question as to what other great men he had painted, Mr. Johnson hummed and hawed, and wanted to know what constituted a great man. This was a poser, but the difficulty was obviated by adopting the expression "well known."

"Well," said the artist, smiling



WHERE THE PORTRAIT WAS PAINTED.

With a likeness of the artist, Eastman Johnson.



MR. JOHNSON SURVEYING HIS UNFINISHED PAINTING.



MR. JOHNSON PUTTING A FEW FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE HARRISON PORTRAIT.

"there are Bishop Potter, Dr. McCosh, ex-President Porter of Yale, Hugh N. Camp, General Miles, whose picture you saw but a few minutes ago leaving the house, Charles O'Connor, and many others."

"Had you ever met Mr. Harrison before you received this commission?" Mr. Johnson was asked. He replied in the negative, but added that he was pleased at having met his sitter, for not only was he an excellent poser for portrait purposes, but he had a charming manner.

"Did you not find Mr. Harrison of a cold disposition? Were you not struck with the reserve of which his acquaintances continually speak?"

"I know there is a general impression to that effect," replied the artist, "but I did not find it so at all. Mr. Harrison did not talk when he had nothing to say, but his conversation was frequent and instructive. He is, in short, an ordinary and amiable gentleman. Of course we did not touch upon politics in the slightest degree."

"What did he have to say about the public interest in this picture that you are painting? Did he suggest any secretiveness, or was it a matter of indifference to him?"

"Well," Mr. Johnson immediately answered with considerable vigor, "it was a complete matter of indifference to him at first, but a so-called artist came into the studio the other day while he was here and made a sketch of the canvas. His sketch was printed next morning on the front page of a morning newspaper. It was abominable, and it irritated the General to such a degree that he became disgusted with anything more of the kind being done. However, that does not apply to the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE, as I shall have no objection whatever to having your artists make all the pictures you deem necessary for illustrating your article."

"I see, Mr. Johnson, by the many

landscapes and other studies on the walls, that you do not devote yourself entirely to portraits, although I suppose portraiture is your forte?"

"Not necessarily. One of the most successful pictures I ever painted—at least, it was the first one of any consequence—was 'The Old Kentucky Home' that I painted while I was living in Washington. The original picture is now in the Lenox Library, and was the property of the late Robert L. Stuart. I painted that in 1858. But the first portrait that I executed was the face of an old family servant of ours, and she was, I think, the homeliest woman I have ever seen."

"What masters have you studied under, Mr. Johnson?"

"None. I worked by myself. While I was in Germany, Leitzer was there, and indeed he was the cause of my going to Europe, but I was no pupil of his in the ordinary acceptance of the term. I went to Germany in 1849—to Düsseldorf. I have also worked at The Hague, in Holland, and in Paris. I was at The Hague four years, and there learned a lot about painting faces."

"How have you lived since you returned home?"

"I came from Washington to New York with 'The Old Kentucky Home' picture, just then finished, in 1858, and took a studio in the old University Building. My studio there was torn down two years ago when they started to rebuild the old place. I lived there fourteen years. Then I came to Fifty-fifth street, and have been here ever since."

Mr. Johnson's portrait of President Harrison has been painted for the White House—an honor that has been accorded very few artists—and in addition to his honor Mr. Johnson received for the portrait a sum of money far in excess of that which is generally paid for such work. It must be pleasant to be paid handsomely for being honored. Who would not be a famous portrait painter?



ON MONDAY THE WOMAN REPORTER SPENT A DAY WITH THE SURGEON ON A NEW YORK HOSPITAL AMBULANCE.

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF A WOMAN REPORTER.

By a Member of the Woman's Staff of a New York Paper.

THE extraordinary discussion which has been waged for some time about the work of women in the reportorial field seems to have

merged itself into a general amazement that women can be found who will carry out the assignments of the city editors of the daily papers. The public which



ON TUESDAY SHE GOT REALISTIC MATERIAL FOR AN OPIUM-DEN STORY

censures women for going to unaccustomed places is, of course, responsible for the results which it condemns. One of the most sagacious and far-seeing editors in the city of New York, when he gave me my first sensational assignment, said :

"I want you to go down into the Hudson River tunnel and get in one of the air locks with the workmen. You will be practically buried in mud and you will feel as though you are in danger. As a matter of fact you will not be exposed to the least possible danger, and will be quite as safe from insult or harm of any sort as you would be in your own house."

"What is the use of my going, then?" I asked innocently.

"You are going," said the city editor, "because the public has never heard of a woman being in such a position be-

fore. I lie awake nights trying to think of places which women have not visited and to which I can send the women reporters of this paper without danger to their lives. A woman in a strange place strikes the average reader as a morsel of exquisite taste. That is all there is to the subject of women reporting."

There are several women reporters on the journal with which I am affiliated, and probably the history of a week in the life of any one of them would be fully as interesting as that of a week in the history of my own life. All a woman need do is to assure herself that there is no danger of going into hysterics at any particular awkward moment, and if she can keep a cool head on her shoulders she will be capable of fully carrying out the instructions of her city editor almost to the letter.

I began a typical week's work by going to a prominent hospital in New York and making arrangements with the superintendent by which I was permitted to ride with the ambulance surgeon whenever he was called. This seemed at first to be an assignment that would not call for much experience. I had a dim and hazy notion that the am-

ing and expectant crowd and a battered or ill victim. The ambulance surgeon, in a quiet, quick, and incisive way, would diagnose the case and give the patient some slight treatment. Then the stretcher was brought, the patient placed in the ambulance, we mounted our seats, and, with the bell clanging as we approached every street crossing, we



ON WEDNESDAY SHE SLEPT IN A CHEAP LODGING-HOUSE.

bulance occasionally went out when the police rang for it. I did not know that some hospitals supported two or three ambulances and that they were practically on the go all day long. There is a dreary story of the results of suffering, disease, brutality, and crime. We went from one tenement house and police station to another, and in every instance it was the same story of a wait-

hurried to the hospital, where we waited in the cool corridors until another call came in. It was an experience that was not devoid of excitement, and yet it had features that were so full of misery and gloom that I was glad when it was finally ended.

The next day I was assigned to find out what I could of the mysteries of an opium den. This I thought at first ob-



ON THURSDAY SHE MINGLED WITH THE BATHERS AT NEWPORT.

jectionable, but duty must be done and I said nothing. I took no detective with me, for I determined to do the best I could single-handed, and when I made

in watching my neighbors. They were nearly all ragged and poor, to judge from their dress, though some of them, of course, may have been disguised. I

my appearance in the Chinese quarter I was dressed like a tough East-side girl—frowzy and frowning. I presented myself at the most likely-looking place in Pell street, and simply saying at the door that I “had the habit”—for I knew the slang—I was admitted to a room at the back that was a beau-ideal of an opium den. Around the room, which was a long low one, were stretched small beds with only rugs on them, and very dirty rugs they were. The beds were in three layers, and nearly all of them were filled with men and women. I took a pipe and had it charged with the drug, and, after a Chinaman lit it for me, proceeded to smoke. I have “hit” opium before and knew when to stop. I was occupied chiefly



ON FRIDAY SHE MADE HER FIRST APPEARANCE AS AN CHORUS GIRL, BUT NOT WITHOUT SOME TREPIDATION.



ON SATURDAY SHE ENDED HER WEEK OF LITERARY LABOR BY GETTING HERSELF INTO JAIL, THUS PROVING, BEYOND A DOUBT, THE NECESSITY FOR VERSATILITY AND NOVELTY IN THE MAKE-UP OF A WOMAN REPORTER.

wrote an account of this, for which I received many compliments from the editor-in-chief. It was interesting, but, to tell the truth, I don't like that kind of work the least little bit.

On Wednesday I was instructed to get some practical experience of cheap lodging-houses. I wended my way, of course—you would guess it in a minute—to the Bowery. I found the cheap lodging-house. There were any number of them. I was charged ten cents for my night's lodging. It is needless to say that I was suitably attired. The room I was ushered into was about the dirtiest place I ever hope to see, although I am told that there are dozens of others ten times worse further east. But not for me. It was an ordeal I hated to go

through, but I stayed there all night. On one side of me was a miserable young woman who was continually bemoaning something—I may have guessed what, but never mind—and on the other side there lay the loathsome hag that ever grew old. If misery makes strange bedfellows, what shall be said of the newspaper business?

The next morning the city editor turned round suddenly to me and asked me if I had ever worn tights. I said no, wondering what was coming. Although I have been on the stage, it was always in the "legitimate," and I was a stranger to fleshings. "Well," he said, "I'm glad of it. I want the experiences of a girl who puts on tights for the first time, and I will manage

your public appearance all right. Here is a note to the stage manager of the — company; he will attend to all the necessities. Go to him." This was all, and I had to do the rest. I went to the theatre and gave my letter to the manager. It was simply a request that I should be placed in the chorus of the burlesque that night—for what reason he was left to guess, I suppose, if he didn't know: I did not tell him. I put on the tights, which didn't bother me a bit, and I was commencing to wonder where the experience came in. I soon found out. As I was standing in the wings my arm was taken by the manager, and I was placed in a row which was walking out on the stage. I suddenly found that I was standing in front of a huge concourse of people who all seemed to be staring at me alone, with my legs in a condition that made me blush all over! However, I tried to put as good a face on it as possible.

My next duty was a more pleasant one. It was to spend a day on the beach of a popular summer seaside resort and make a story of it. I did make a story, but it wasn't a very exciting one. What amused me most was the energy of the

summer girls. They all seemed to be so different from what they used to be. Swimming, diving, and all kinds of rough-and-tumble larking were the order of the day. I suppose there are many old-fashioned people who would object to the way the New Girl disports herself, but the dudes seem to think it lots of fun. So do I, but I don't do it myself.

The next day was Saturday, and I was calmly informed that I was to get arrested and put into jail. I might have protested, but I knew better; so, as the easiest way of getting arrested, I went into a large dry-goods store and abstracted a lace handkerchief. I was immediately spotted by a female detective and taken to the Jefferson Market Police Court. Refusing to give any name, but stating that I could furnish all the necessary bonds, I was remanded and put into jail. But I was not left long in suspense. I had been incarcerated for about two hours when I was released, and found that the "trick" had been accomplished by a ward politician who was a friend of the city editor.

The next day was Sunday, and I—just rested.





A MIDNIGHT SUPPER AT DELMONICO'S.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT,

Who was called to New York by Mayor Strong, from the Civil Service Commission in Washington, to become President of the Police Commission. He now dominates and controls the entire force.

SOME FOLKS OF THE MONTH.

ONE man has come prominently before the country during the past month and has continued to attract marked attention, especially in New York. This man's name is Theodore Roosevelt, and no New Yorker will deny that he is one of the most interesting men of the month.

When Mayor Strong was looking around for an energetic, incorruptible man to fill the important position of President of the Police Commission, his mind reverted to Theodore Roosevelt, whom he had watched carefully for some years and who seemed to fill the bill exactly. Theodore Roosevelt comes of one of the foremost families in New

York, but it was not his place in society that secured him an important post in the government service at Washington. Mr. Roosevelt had shown energy and a considerable amount of dogged perseverance in the various positions he had occupied, and when President Harrison placed him at the head of the Civil Service Commission the public generally commended him for his choice. Roosevelt is an uncompromising reformer, and the Civil Service Commission has done as conscientious work during the time he was at its head as any other department of the national government. Mayor Strong called him to New York, and at first he did not re-



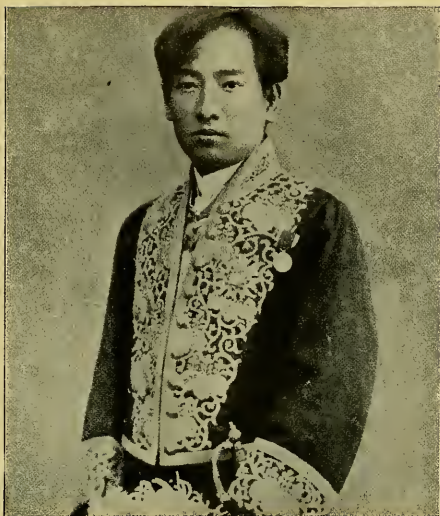
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SYBIL JOHNSTONE AS "TRILBY."

This is the actress whose scant attire startled New Yorkers a few years ago when she appeared as Iza in "The Clemenceau Case." After the withdrawal of that piece she dropped almost completely out of sight until she again came before the public in a portrayal of Du Maurier's heroine. Miss Johnstone is taller than the other women who have been playing Trilby, except Blanche Walsh, and for that reason only she more nearly approaches the ideal.

spond as freely as the reform mayor had hoped. But influence, perhaps aided by a natural desire to distinguish himself in the service of the present municipal reform administration in New York, induced him to accept. The moment he stepped foot in New York and assumed control of the Police Commission there was a revolution in the Department. Superintendent Byrnes was retired, the entire force was given a violent shaking up, and finally it was announced that the President of the Commission was desirous of also becoming Chief of the Police Department. Those who know the Commission's ambitious President do not doubt that if he were to become Chief he would inaugurate a reign of rigid discipline such as has never before been known in New York. Roosevelt is nothing if not radical, and he is a rampant enthusiast in anything he undertakes. For that reason many people have thought that Mayor Strong made an error in selecting him, but up to date it cannot be said that he has made any mistakes.

Sybil Johnstone has joined the list of stage Trilbies, and although she is not remarkable for her resemblance to what Du Maurier's heroine is supposed to look



From *The Sketch*.

ITO MIYOJI

Is his name, and he is a man of much importance in Japan. He is General Secretary of the Japanese Cabinet, and he thought that Japan should push the war against China to the bitter end. He resented the interference of the European powers, but was overruled by the Japanese Emperor.

like, it must be admitted that she is far more suited to the part than are some of those actresses who have been selected by managers. Miss Johnstone is chiefly remarkable because of the discussion she created some years ago when she portrayed the part of the scantily-clad *Iza* in "The Clemenceau Case." This play was produced at a New York theatre and was one of the boldest things of the kind that had ever been seen in the metropolis. Miss Johnstone had never attracted a great deal of attention previous to her appearance in this piece, but the papers discussed her *Iza* to such an extent that she found herself in great demand among managers. Miss Johnstone will star next year in "Trilby," and, unless Blanche Walsh should take

it into her head to play the same part, she will be the tallest *Trilby* on the stage.

Ito Miyoji is not a very pretty name, but Japanese names are not, as a rule, marvels of euphonious beauty. Ito is the General Secretary of the Japanese Cabinet, and during the past month has had considerable to say regarding the settlement of the Chinese war negotiations. Mr. Miyoji thinks that Japan is perfectly able to paddle her own canoe, and does not believe in foreign interference. He made a strenuous objection to the attitude of the European powers toward Japan, but was obliged to succumb to the majority. He did not do this, however, until he had indulged in considerable talk of the pyrotechnic kind; but Europe is still dab



Reproduced from *The Sketch*.

ARTHUR ROBERTS,

The most prominent singing comedian in London.

bling its fingers in the Eastern pie, so that Ito has not been altogether successful as an ardent Home Ruler.

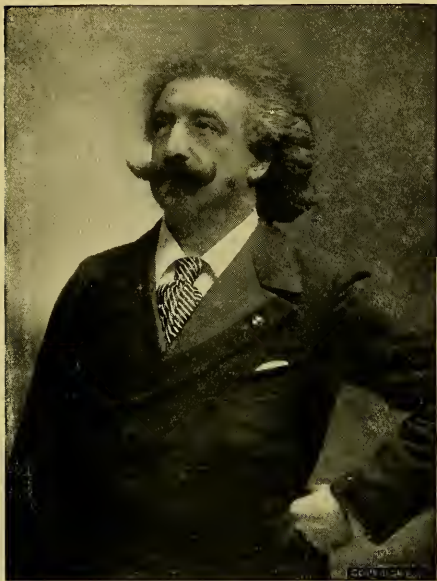
Arthur Roberts is quite another kind of man of the month. He is appearing in London in "Gentleman Joe," an eccentric theatrical production that will shortly be brought to New York, according to present rumor. Roberts was a music-hall favorite many years ago, but he has made such a big success in burlesque that his oddities are greatly in

demand for that class of entertainment. He was at one time the head of an organization known as "The Arthur Roberts Company, Limited," but the venture was not a success. Americans in London are said not to appreciate Arthur Roberts, but he would probably be a drawing card in New York.

Vesta Tilley came to our shores for another visit a few months ago, and received quite as much attention from the New York papers as if she had been a



VESTA TILLEY.



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JOSEPH HOLMANN, THE VIOLONCELLIST.

Holmann is one of the greatest 'cellists that have visited our shores in years. He has just returned to Europe, and has been engaged for a series of court concerts in Vienna. His fees for these concerts are greater than have ever before been received by a 'cellist.

princess. Miss Tilley is not even a Lady Something-or-other, however. She is a vaudeville star whose particular specialty is the portrayal of dude and swell types. She has the reputation of being the best dressed male impersonator on the stage, and she it was who first introduced into this country the bowknot style of cuff fasteners that haberdashers have been trying to convince their customers are the proper thing.

Joseph Holmann sailed for his native shores some weeks ago and left behind him almost as many admirers as the

great Paderewski himself. Holmann is a 'cellist of wonderful dexterity, and on his first appearance at a New York concert created a profound impression. He has a leonine head surmounted by a wavy mass of silken hair. While in New York he was fond of promenading Broadway for the delectation of the women on that thoroughfare, and it is only fair to say that the women in question rather liked it. Holmann has just been engaged for a series of court concerts in Austria, and the fees for his services are larger than have ever before been paid to a violoncellist.



From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey, London.

MISS LIND IN THE FIRST ACT OF HER NEW PLAY, "THE ARTIST'S MODEL."

LETTY LIND, THE FAMOUS ENGLISH DANCER.

By Barton Clarke.

LETTY LIND is one of the most peculiar figures on the English stage. By this it is not meant to be understood that she is a humpbacked maiden, or that one of her ears is larger than it really ought to be, but that an odd interest centres round her which it is difficult to explain. One of the strange features about Letty Lind is that, although she has been in this country

not more than twice, if as often as that, and although her methods, mannerisms and attractions are unknown to the majority of New York play-goers, her name is, nevertheless, a familiar one to New Yorkers.

Letty Lind is a woman between thirty-five and forty years of age, but she is of a *petite* frame and full of loveliness, and does not look on the stage more

than twenty-three or four. That this is an advantage will be conceded by all, for the majority of actresses, and especially dancers, cannot conceal their ages as well as that. Nellie Farren was equally fortunate. She used to be called the ever-young—but not ever-lovely. She did not seek that honor, and it was not vouchsafed to her. Nor does Letty Lind seek it, although she has an attractive face, as can be seen



Photo. by W. & D. Downey, London.

MISS LIND IN A GROTESQUE DANCE IN THE SECOND ACT OF "THE ARTIST'S MODEL."

by the accompanying illustrations.

Miss Lind is now appearing in "The Artist's Model." She takes the title rôle, of course, and enacts the part of a rollicking maiden who poses for all kinds of pictures—the "altogether," we believe, being omitted from the stage performance. In the absence of the artist the model is seized with the spirit of frivolity and plays all sorts of pranks upon him and his visitor. She is the cause of many a farcical muddle, but she is also the means of averting a serious misunderstanding in the play, and comes out triumph-



From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey, London.

THE "AWKWARD" DANCE IN THE SECOND ACT.



From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey, London.

THE YOKEL DANCE.

ant at the finale. She dances several times during the course of the play, as the performance is the usual kind that Charles Hoyt has rendered so popular in this country, and variety turns are interpolated here and there with varying justification.

Letty Lind's legs are her fortune. She has no voice to speak of, unless one speaks of it with cruel candor. She has as much music in her throat as a raven, but she is well aware of this drawback and causes much amusement by making fun of it herself. Many of her most comic performances are made so by the raucous way she sings the songs allotted to her. Her "imitation of

Cissie Loftus imitating Letty Lind" has amused the Londoners a great deal.

She has an abnormal sense of humor. In our own country Isabelle Coe and Marie Dressler have it, and so have some others, but their kind is few and far between. Letty Lind is of the fortunate few.

The Gaiety Theatre in London has been the scene of Miss Lind's best known triumphs, but she is coming to New York next season with "The Artist's Model," and those who have heard so much about her, but have not yet seen her, will have an opportunity of praising or condemning her, as their tastes dictate.



A MODEL POSING FOR THE ART CLASS OF A SMALL ART SCHOOL.

IN NEW YORK STUDIOS.

By William Champney.

ARTISTS and their studios are always matters of interest to those who know very little of either, because there are so many features connected with them that are of a mysterious nature to outsiders. For instance, there are many persons who are under the firm impression that an artist's studio is frequently the scene of unspeakable deviltry, where Bohemians of both sexes congregate, and where drinking in excess is common and self-restraint is not considered the proper caper. As

a matter of practical fact, the studio of a hard-working and conscientious artist is the abode of anything except that which approaches an orgy, and the suggestion of such a thing would move the artist, if he be good-natured, to a smile, and, if he be otherwise, to a sharp reproof. Nevertheless let it be known to a shocked world that all artists are not uniformly hard working nor conscientious, so that, after all, the outsider is likely as not to be in the right.

The centre of interest in an artist's



COLGATE'S FAVORITE MODEL.

studio is his female model. Were he supposed to work without models, and to bring out his anatomic effects from his brain or out of his inner consciousness, he would excite no more interest than an architect does. But the model is a human element, and as models are, from the nature of their occupation, graceful and pretty, small wonder is it that artists' studios receive so much attention.

What are the requisites of a good model? That depends on the subject for which she is wanted. If the picture contains a group of women in classic attire, the model must, of course, be graceful; or if a pretty face is wanted, with which to make what is known as a "study," the model must answer accordingly. Very often two models are used for one figure. One may have a highly desirable form—there are some artists so lost to the sense of dignity as to designate this quality as "shape"—but possess an unattractive face, and

another may be blessed with beautiful features while her figure is ungainly and awkward. In such a case the artist uses both models for their respective attractions.

Painting from the nude is a branch that probably no artist has entirely ignored. In the first place, constant study in it enables him to perfect himself in human anatomy, which is invaluable to him. Indeed, a course in a medical school is considered necessary by many masters for their pupils, and the artists go through a curriculum that is common to men who aspire to be surgeons. Sometimes, however, a special course apart from the latter is arranged for art students. In the second place, this branch possesses attractive elements for artists, which will be understood by any one who appreciates what is beautiful. The human form has been rightly called divine; we are fearfully and wonderfully made, and one of the higher laws is, "Know thy-



FOR THE SHOULDERS ONLY.

self." The study of the human body is enthralling, and the more we know of it the more do we recognize the beauty, not only of its mechanism, but also of its outward form.

There is nothing that has not its detractors, and painting from the nude has a host of objectors. The common way of disposing of such is to simply term them cranks, but that is not sufficiently explicit. The man or woman who decries the painting of a nude woman—it being understood, of course, that the painting is a work of art and nothing else—is an evil-minded individual. Evil minds do not feed on themselves. They scatter seeds that do more harm than a perverted artist could do with an objectionable painting.

Another question often asked is whether artists fall in love with their models. That can be unhesitatingly answered with a general but decided

negative. It may be stated that an artist does not think of his model as anything but so much *material*, from which he gets the best results. To the artist the model is merely a lay figure. Besides, he cannot afford to regard her in any other way. It is likely to unnerve him, divert his thoughts, and deteriorate the value of his picture. Exceptions to this will naturally occur to many of us, but the general rule holds good. A remarkable exception in ancient history is that of the Greek painter and one of the concubines of Alexander the Great. The artist became so enraptured with his model, whom the monarch had commissioned him to portray nude, that he was rendered unfit for work, and Alexander, in his generosity, gave him the maiden to wife. This story has a modern parallel. Some years ago one of the most eminent of English painters fell in love



A LITTLE MUSIC BETWEEN POSES.

Mandolins and other musical instruments are to be found in most well-appointed studios, and when opportunity offers the models are not backward in showing how well or how poorly they can play.

with the wife of an art master—the names are too well known to repeat—and the latter, finding the infatuation reciprocated, made himself a party to a divorce between himself and his wife in order that she might marry her adorer. This was done, and the artist lives happily yet with the twice-wedded woman. He is now a Royal Academician.

Besides the different qualities for which models are employed, they may be divided into two other classes—the dull and the bright. It is sad to say that a great number of the girls who pose as models amount, so far as intellect goes, to absolutely nothing. They have to be instructed in the minutest details; everything has to be drilled into



A MODEL WHO POSES FOR THE SHOULDERS
AND ARMS.

them. One would suppose that constant practice would enable any girl to cultivate the knowledge of the values of different poses. But this is not so. They are mere animals. They cannot be dispensed with, however, for their faces or their figures are excellent, and if the artist have the patience he can get the necessary results after much labor. But there the usefulness of the model ends. Others, however—the bright ones—seem to know by instinct what is required of them. Many a girl with only passable features or form gets plenty of work to do simply because she exercises her brain as well as her body and meets the artist's requirements half-way, or because she unconsciously falls into a graceful and artistic pose.

The bright model is generally bright to the verge of frivolity. When she is young and gay she longs for fun. If

she cannot get the artist to join in her gay pranks she can find many kindred spirits among others of her class. And the maidens dearly love the "larks" they perpetrate in the studios when the artists are away. They will sometimes go to the length of examining their employer's correspondence, but, as he may entertain exalted notions on the subject, they refrain from causing him pain by acquainting him with the fact. They are frequently musical, too, and proceed to prove it by keeping his piano, or guitar, or banjo, or mandolin in tune with classic selections from the latest street songs and dances. An artist's model's dance is more like that of a street boy than of a *première danseuse*.

It is a mistake to suppose that a girl becomes an artist's model because she has failed to earn a living in other ways or because she is of a wanton disposition. In truth, it is the greatest mistake of all to imagine that an artist's model differs from her more conventional sisters as



SHE IS AN ESPECIALLY GOOD MODEL FOR
GREEK SUBJECTS.



A FRENCH MODEL WHO IS WELL KNOWN IN NEW YORK STUDIOS.

regards virtue. The occupation is an honorable one and has honorable followers. When a girl wishes to become a model she makes a call upon an artist and seeks an engagement. She seeks until she finds, and when she secures employment her advance and clientage depend upon herself. They are sure to be hers if she is a good model. If not, she had better return home or to the dry-goods counter.

The usual recompense is only fifty

cents an hour; and "waiting," of course, is charged for, just as a cabman charges—as vigorously, but with less vehemence.

Taken altogether, the relation between the artist and his model in his studio is a cordial one. The engagement is entirely a business one, but friendships grow up, and as long as they remain platonic, as they nearly always do, the institution is never in danger. It is one worth study.

WHICH WILL WIN?

"VALKYRIE III." AND "DEFENDER" COMPARED.

By H. C. Ross.

INTEREST in the coming International Yacht Race, in September next, increases as the time for that event approaches. There is a wide divergence of opinion as to the capabilities

of the two yachts that have been specially designed to take part in this struggle for the America's Cup, and predictions of defeat for the American boat are heard among native yachts-



From Black and White.

VALKYRIE III.

The new yacht that is almost a daily topic of discussion on two continents.

men whose opinions are well worth consideration. When George Gould made up his mind to achieve social eminence, and also general popularity among the American people, by purchasing the *Vigilant* and taking her to British waters to compete with the best type of yachts to be found on the other side of the Atlantic, he gave our British cousins the opportunity they had long desired of getting an accurate line upon a boat that had defeated their fastest yacht on three successive occasions in American waters, and each time under widely differing weather conditions. Mr. Gould's desire to win favor with the Prince of Wales and his set, however, was so great that he entered the *Vigilant* in races against the *Britannia* (by many yachtsmen looked upon as the best specimen of British yacht construction) over courses that were full of short turns and abounding in tidal currents, the force and direction of which were serviceable only to the knowing

British skippers, and in land-locked harbors where light and shifting winds alternated with periods of total calm. The *Britannia* was known to be quicker in stays than the *Vigilant*, and every turn in the course meant a gain of a few seconds for the English boat. In drifting and in very light winds the *Britannia* also proved to be superior to the American.

The comparative merits of the two boats, each representative of the best types of native designers, were studied by the English yachtsmen under every possible condition of wind and water. The result of this study, if we can accept the lines of *Valkyrie III.* as recently published in this country, is a most astonishing departure from former British models. A view of the midship section of *Valkyrie III.* shows a construction that approaches the long since discarded "skimming dish" type of boat. English prejudice would not allow the introduction of a centreboard,

but the draught of the new boat is thirteen inches greater than that of *Valkyrie II*, while the extreme beam is nearly five feet more than that of the last English cup contestant. The Englishmen do not propose to be outdone in the matter of sail area this time. The *Vigilant* carried nearly one thousand square feet more than *Valkyrie II*, but the new *Valkyrie* has a sail spread nearly one-third greater than that of *Valkyrie II*, and will exceed the area of the *Defender's* sails by one thousand two hundred feet. This is an enormous increase in the matter of canvas, but the English designers evidently rely upon increased draught and a good many additional tons of lead on the keel to keep the boat stiff in strong breezes.

The American yacht presents a still more striking variation from former

types of cup racers. The much-debated centreboard, which has always been a distinctive feature of American cup defenders, has been done away with altogether, and we have a boat built more in accordance with what has generally been considered the English style of construction than the English yacht which is designed to meet her. It hardly seems possible that two yachts constructed on such widely divergent lines as *Valkyrie III* and *Defender* can sail over a thirty-mile course without one of them proving to be vastly superior to the other. The question that is being asked with much concern by the yachtsmen of both countries is, Which of the two boats will prove to be the better, when they meet to determine the possession of the America's Cup? Two continents are awaiting the answer.



THE BICYCLE STABLE AT CLAREMONT, WHERE SOCIETY'S WHEELS ARE STACKED WHILE SOCIETY EATS AND DRINKS.

NEW YORK SOCIETY AND THE WHEEL.

By John S. Clarke.

SOCIETY has taken up the wheel. This is not only gratifying in itself, but it is an increased source of joy to the makers of bicycles, for they

are now assured of an added boom to their trade, which, although it was certainly nothing to grumble at previous to the arrival of this new patron, will now



DRINKING TEA UNDER THE TREES.

undoubtedly spread further and wider than before, to say nothing of the dignity that is conferred by the stamp of approval from the Aristocracy of the United States.

There may be many who jibe at this approval, saying in scornful accents that it is naught, that it maketh tired the heart of man, and that the whole thing is buncombe; but such cries do not come from the manufacturers of machines. They are glad that society has taken up the wheel.

What is society? We might, with this question before us, go into interminable dissertation on the subject, arguing *pro* and *con*; but when we speak of society we certainly include, with but few exceptions, the best of those well-known persons who are sufficiently wealthy to do what they please with their time, and who do so, spending it generally in pleasure. These, then, are the interesting individuals who have turned their attention to the bicycle.

The principal objective point for that part of New York society which wheels is Claremont. New Yorkers know all about Claremont and its history. They are interested at present also in the fact that the wicked Stokes—E. S. of that

ilk—is the proprietor, and that he has had some trouble with the authorities about the lease thereof; but that is *en passant*. Claremont is a hotel in the neighborhood of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, and fronts upon the Hudson River. It is the Mecca of nearly all bicyclists who can afford to refresh themselves at a somewhat expensive hostelry. Last month there was a great cycle gathering there. Society does very little nowadays without the presence of tea. This is not because there is a secret sense of enjoyment in tea-drinking that belongs to society people alone, but because the English are fond of tea, and English afternoon teas are peculiarly national. New York society is nothing if not English, and hence this predilection for tea. Accordingly there was a stern determination at this recent cycle gathering to do nothing without tea. After everybody had gotten off the bicycle they made a tumultuous dash for the tea tables, and commenced to drink that beverage at a rate that would have startled the elder Mr. Weller.

The cycles were supposed to be stabled, but they were really stacked up against the wall of an outhouse ad-



A VIEW OF THE CLAREMONT LAWN, LOOKING WEST FROM RIVERSIDE DRIVE.

joining Claremont Hotel, and as long as the rain kept absent they were perfectly safe. There are no bicycle thieves in society—at least none that we have heard of. New York society has not yet become so thoroughly English as all that.

Among the matchmakers in society cycling comes as a welcome aid to their machinations. It leads to serious engagements, and it is too enthralling a pastime to allow of promiscuous flirtation. When a youth undertakes to teach a maiden how to ride a bicycle, he has no opportunity to cast sheep's eyes at his pupil, and all that he can do is to squeeze her hand every now and then. This he probably does pretty often, but there his chances end. The rest is seriousness.

Are there any important consequences likely to result from this new craze of society? Will the institution of bicycling be affected one way or another because of the new patronage? There

have been certain plain-spoken people who have not hesitated to declare that society, if it takes up the wheel in earnest, will surely do injury to the sport, and that the ordinary people will cease to care for the amusement as much as formerly. This is pure nonsense. What do the ordinary people care about the amusements of society? Society may take it into its head that it shall become fashionable to stand upon one's head, and a few East-side girls might immediately follow that custom, as usually happens, but there it would end. As a nation we have no use for society at all. We do not respect it, and its gambols generally bring the smile of tolerant disdain to our lips. The bicycle became popular long before society gave its official sanction to the sport.

Let society, then, enjoy its craze. It is likely to be a lasting one, for the bicycle is too good to be ephemeral. At any rate, it will probably outlast our society as at present constituted.



THE STRONG MAN EXERCISING SO AS TO STRENGTHEN THE MUSCLES OF HIS BACK.

STRONGER THAN SANDOW.

By J. D. Lenz.

THERE is a man who says that he is stronger than Sandow. To Sandow himself this assertion seems the height of presumptuous folly, for he has been under the pleasing impression for some years that his thews and sinews were incomparable for beauty and muscular force. But, in spite of the indignation of Jove, the rival persists in his statements; and not only that, but he offers to make any test of strength before anybody, at any time,

with the champion, in order that all may see and compare the prowess of both. So far Sandow has treated this offer with silent scorn, but doubtless the other thinks that a time will come, and that it is only a matter of a few months before the championship is wrested from its present holder.

In the meantime the two strong men are airing most of their acrimony by means of interviews, and are freely expressing themselves as to the other's



DEVELOPING THE MUSCLES OF THE FOREARM.

being imitation strong men. Prime donne could hardly display more acidity, and heaven only knows what would happen should these large-muscled gentlemen meet upon the highway. It would need a Homer to describe the encounter that would probably take place. Law-abiding citizens are warned to keep to their homes, as the government will not be responsible for the wholesale carnage of innocent spectators in case of a general slaughter or in the event of the fall of buildings.

A representative of the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE was invited by the new Hercules to witness some of his exercises, and in response to the invitation

called upon him in his private gymnasium. The accompanying illustrations were taken while he was engaged in these exercises, and not while he was performing feats of strength, as the former showed off the muscles of the man to better advantage. The strong man was dressed in a light, thin vest and a loin-girdler. His costume was completed by a pair of slippers, but he was otherwise not bothered by conventional wearing apparel.

Seizing a pair of ropes with handles attached to them, he stretched them to their full length and stood erect. Every muscle on the upper surface of his frame came out boldly. He seemed a



THE FULL ARM MOVEMENT.

mountainous mass of muscle. Suddenly changing his attitude, he seated himself upon a low ottoman, still retaining his hold upon the ropes, which he seemed to know quite well. Thereupon the muscles of his legs appeared in the same way. Other exercises were gone through in like manner.

Sandow's rival is not altogether unlike Sandow himself in appearance, except that his complexion is somewhat dark, while Sandow is very fair and has cunning little curls all around his head which the other cannot boast of sporting. That this is a source of chagrin to the other would be rather an extravagant statement, but it is certain that he does

not wish Sandow to possess any advantages that he himself cannot hope to obtain. Perhaps Sandow's secret lies in his hair, even as Samson's of old did. However, perhaps Sandow knows this well enough; for, to judge by the books that have been published with his name on the front page as the author thereof, he must be an erudite and intellectual person. His opponent need not say, "Oh, that mine enemy should write a book!"

This rival of Sandow's finds much amusement in gently guying the performances of his enemy, because of the manner in which he allows himself to be handed round to the audience.



CAMILLE D'ARVILLE,

In a scene from "A Daughter of the Revolution," the latest comic opera produced in New York.

THIRTY DAYS OF THE STAGE.

ANOTHER theatrical season is over, and for two months to come there will be little of interest to theatre-goers beyond announcements of coming productions and accounts of rehearsals of pieces to be produced in the autumn. The close of the past season was, however, full of interest to the public.

Camille D'Arville has made her appearance in a new opera, and, as usual, her energy and conscientious work has done what genius sometimes does not do for other comic-opera stars. Miss D'Arville has occupied a prominent position on the comic-opera stage for years, and she is one of the few who have relied entirely upon talent and hard work for advancement. She has not sought the divorce court or a press

agent for fame, and the public has become so tired of this sort of thing that it has accepted her as something entirely unique and refreshing. During the month she has been appearing in "A Daughter of the Revolution" at the Broadway Theatre. The piece itself is not remarkable for either its score or libretto. With a less painstaking artist than Miss D'Arville in the principal rôle, it is doubtful if it would have been acceptable to New Yorkers.

Patoret is a Frenchwoman. She has been much discussed during the month in Paris on account of her predilection for notoriety. She has been the heroine of more press-agent escapades than any woman on the French stage. She has lost her diamonds, has eloped, been drugged by a jealous rival, received an



BESSIE TYREE.



MLLE. PATORET,

A popular actress of the Parisian stage.

infernal machine by mail, and in various other ways has been the victim of cruel and cunning machinations. She has, however, turned up serenely after each harrowing experience, and now Parisians are disappointed if she doesn't furnish them with a sensation at least once a week.

Theodora deGillert is a ballet dancer.

She is also imbued with the idea that she is a tragedienne of great talent and originality. For this latter reason it has been announced that she would retire from the ballet dance and come out as a full-fledged *Camille*. The jump from ballet skirts to *Camille* is a considerable one, and Miss DeGillert will be watched with a great deal of interest



* MISS DeGILLERT.

She is best known as a ballet dancer, but it is said that she has a yearning desire to become a tragedienne and that she will attempt to play Camille next year.



ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN,

The successor of Calvé at the Metropolitan Opera House.

by those who know her. Miss DeGillert is a very handsome woman of the French type, and has appeared in some of Kiralfy's greatest spectacular pieces.

Zélie de Lussan will be remembered by those who have been regular attendants at the grand opera performances at the Metropolitan Opera House during the past season. She is a great favorite

in New York, and the rumor that it was her intention to retire from the stage in the near future was heard with regret by her admirers. Miss De Lussan is an artist from the top of her pretty head to the tips of her dainty feet. She makes a very graceful and pleasing figure in grand opera, and most people contend that grand opera has such a compara-

tively small number of dainty figures in its ranks that Miss De Lussan cannot be well spared.

Sadie Martinot, once a prominent figure at the Casino in New York, ended her season in a rather unsatisfactory manner. When she first produced her play, "The Passport," at the Bijou Theatre in New York, Archibald Gunter, the novelist, endeavored to enjoin

suitable piece. Miss Martinot is one of the prettiest women on the American stage, and her place is with some first-class comic opera company. Some months ago she married Max Figman, an actor who displays a certain amount of talent in character parts, and who supported her during her travels on the road.

Madge Lessing is to star again, or at



SADIE MARTINOT AND HER HUSBAND, MAX FIGMAN, IN THE THIRD ACT OF "THE PASSPORT."

her from presenting it, claiming that it was an infringement on his own piece, "His Official Wife." Pending the settlement of this question she had trouble with her company, which disbanded, and there was much talk about unpaid salaries and other unpleasant things. It is too bad that such a pretty woman as Miss Martinot undoubtedly is should take it into her head to star without a

least so say some of her friends. She tried starring two seasons ago with Frederick Solomon, but their success was not so phenomenal as to encourage them to repeat the trial last year. Miss Lessing has been one of the principals in "The Passing Show," but, if we are to believe a young New York composer, she is to appear next season in a new comic opera especially written for her.



A DANCING SOUBRETTE OF THE ROOF GARDENS.

From *The Sketch*.

SIR HENRY IRVING
As a real live baronet.

Henry Irving has been knighted by Queen Victoria and is now Sir Henry Irving. Mr. Irving is one of the few actors of the present day whom people consider good enough for any honor that may be conferred upon him. He is without doubt the most illustrious of living actors, and at the present time there seems to be no one to fill his shoes should he die in the near future. Mr. Irving has made a great artistic success with "Don Quixote," the latest play in which he has appeared, and in which he will be seen when he comes to this country next year.

From *The Sketch*.

SIR HENRY IRVING
As *Don Quixote* in the play of that name.

Cable despatches have announced that Duse, the great Italian tragedienne, who created such an impression in this country two seasons ago, is dying of consumption. As a matter of fact, Duse is dying of a broken heart, and this fact is well known to those who are fortunate enough to be intimate with one of the most wonderful women of our times. Duse possesses a nature that is remarkable for its intensity, and to a woman of her temperament every heartache is a knife thrust at her very life. When Duse first came to this country she was in love with a hand-



JULIE MACKEY

The American girl with a baritone voice who has gone to England to sing in London music halls.

some actor in her company, and it was generally understood that they were to be married. Then a great and heart-breaking trouble came to her, and, to add to her anguish, the man who was to have married her firmly stated that he did not think she should hold him to his promise. She released him. This left Duse a broken-down woman, and she returned to her native land only to fade away. The doctors have called it consumption, but others know it to be something unutterably sad. It is a pathetic case. Poor Duse!

Julie Mackey is a young American

girl who has gone to London to make a place for herself on the concert and music-hall stage in that city. Miss Mackey does not look at all mannish, but notwithstanding that fact her voice is a rich baritone. She can also sing contralto, but the pitch makes it a baritone of fine quality. Miss Mackey has been singing in this country for a number of seasons.

Grace Wallace Belasco is a very imposing name, and its owner is also a somewhat imposing personage. She has appeared in "Little Christopher" during the run of that piece in New York.



A HEROINE OF BURLESQUE.

Her costume was noticeable more for its fit than for its amplitude. Miss Wallace—who, by the way, is not quite a Miss, as she happens to be the wife of dramatist David Belasco's brother—is said to have received more notes and flowers from anonymous admirers during her recent engagement than any woman who has played on a New York

stage for years. She has not courted these favors, to be sure, but they were hers without the asking. Of course, this does not prove that Miss—or Mrs.—Belasco is a great actress, but it certainly goes to show that the New York Johnnie sometimes displays excellent taste.

Birdie Sutherland's name has been on the lips of every London clubman



From photograph by Messrs Bassano, London.

"BIRDIE" SUTHERLAND,

An English music-hall singer, who has been suing Dudley Majoribanks, son of Lord Tweedmouth, for breach of promise.

during the last thirty days. "Birdie" wished to join the ranks of nobility with May Yohe and other stage sisters who had made sudden jumps into titles. It was said that she was engaged to Dudley Majoribanks, a son of Lord Tweedmouth, but the young man's

father would not hear of it and ordered his son off to America. Then Miss "Birdie," who is a music-hall singer, brought a suit for breach of promise, and it is said that Lord Tweedmouth is very willing to compromise for a handsome sum.

NEWPORT'S SUMMER COLONY.

HOW AMERICA'S MOST FASHIONABLE SET ENJOY THEMSELVES AT THE FAMOUS WATERING-PLACE—THEIR SPORTS AND THEIR DIVERSIONS.

By Arthur Harland.

WHEN the word Newport is uttered or seen in print, the mind immediately conjures up visions of the best of good times enjoyed by the best of good people, for Newport is the ideal summer resort. It is there that all the pleasures and relaxations possible in the hottest part of the year are indulged in, and are pursued by those who have the means of pursuing them with the greatest advantages.

Newport is the most southerly point of the State of Rhode Island. It is one of the prettiest places in the United States—the very prettiest to those whose perambulations do not extend beyond the spots most patronized by American society. It comprises about one hundred square miles, and lying immediately beyond it in the ocean are dozens of little islands, which present the appearance of dazzling gems in the late



A YACHTING PARTY IN THE BAY.

Most wealthy Newporters own their yachts, and it is estimated that at times during the season the value of yachts anchored at one time in the harbors amounts to over two million dollars. Newport girls are fonder of yachting than of any other summer sport, except, perhaps, coaching.



A COACHING PARTY AT JAMESTOWN.

It is a pleasant drive from Newport to Jamestown, which is really a Newport settlement. The coach shown in this picture is the property of John Jacob Astor, and is much driven by him.

afternoon when the golden sun shines upon them before that luminary retires to rest. The streets are laid out in the most clean-cut and approved manner, and the gardens, public and private, are veritable joys to the eye. It is because of these natural advantages that Newport has been chosen by society people of New York, and even of the West, as a pleasure ground during the months of June, July, August, and the beginning of September. To the gifts which Nature has showered upon Newport the combined wealth and resources of its visitors have added fresh beauties, to such a degree and with so lavish a hand that one's sense of the artistic seems to be absolutely and entirely gratified, and one turns from it to the buzz of metropolitan life with almost a murmur of discontent. Spenser must have had such a place as Newport in his mind when he describes the Bower of Bliss in "The Faery Queen."

The sports and the pastimes of the summer colony at Newport are many and various, but their way of enjoying them is always the same. It is to get as much fun out of the present as possible, and to be as social as may be to all those with whom each person comes into contact. With such a standard before one as that it is easy to imagine one's self the member of an ideal commonwealth. An ideal commonwealth is precisely what society presumes itself to be. There are many who think exactly the opposite of this, and, while their ideas deserve respect, we need not consider them for our present purpose.

One would think that as Newport is a seaside town the general amusement consisted of bathing. That, however, is not so. In all probability bathing is one of the least pursued pleasures there. Coaching and driving lead the list of amusements, which is filled with such other diversions as yachting, tennis,



A TENNIS PLAYER ON THE CASINO COURTS.

Tennis has been dying out for the past five years, but it still has a number of devotees among the summer residents of Newport.

bowling, bicycling, and golfing, with bathing to come in a good last. This does not mean that bathing is not considered fashionable, nor that it is uncommon. Newport people, nevertheless, do not go there for the pleasures of the sea as much as for the pleasures of the land, and even the royal sport of yachting does not claim the attention of as many people as might be imagined. But it is a matter of difficulty to make a comparative list of the amusements of Newport, because the number of people there is so large, and amusement, after all, is simply a matter of personal preference.

A coaching party always arouses considerable enthusiasm, especially as it is

the sport patronized by the most sportsmanlike of the visitors, and names like those of John Jacob Astor, William K. Vanderbilt, George Gould, Messrs. Sloane, Whitney, Twombly, Fearing, and others not so familiar to the readers of newspapers, are continually associated with coaching parties. No gayer crowd of people is ever seen than that on the top of an easy-going and immense coach, with the horn blowing merrily, and the chatter of the passengers, seeing fun in everything that meets the eye. When the coach is crowded with both boys and girls there is much more jollity to be had than when it is simply a party of men in a four-in-hand—although there be some who



A FAMILY DRIVING PARTY.

There is an amazing assortment of traps of all kinds to be found on the streets of Newport in and out of season, and many excellent whips are to be found among the women sojourners.

do not think so, and go so far as to say that women on a coach are more trouble than they are worth.

Driving is another sport that the girls like to indulge in by themselves, and often is a quartette of bright maidens in a dog-cart seen pattering through the streets of Newport to get out into the open country. The girls as a rule know

how to drive as well as the men—some of them infinitely better—and many is the excellent whip that has been led to the altar after the season on account of the manner in which she was seen to handle the “ribbons.”

Yachting comes next as the favorite amusement. 'Tis here, too, that the girls have become great adepts, and



WOMEN CYCLERS AS ROAD RIDERS.

Newport has taken up cycling with a vengeance, and cycling is the most popular sport after yachting.

they generally insist on managing the rudder when a spanking sail is taken out in the ocean, or a cruise between the many islands that flank the shore. It has been stated by the summer correspondent that more drinking, by both men and women, is in-



SHE KNOWS THE TRICKS OF THE WHEEL.

dulged in on board the yachts than at the dinner table, and there is some truth in this. A yacht is one of the most expensive things to own, and that is a further attraction in the sight of the seasoned Newporter, who is delighted to spend money on every pos-



PLAYING GOLF IN REGULATION GOLFING COSTUME.

Golf, like cricket, has failed to make much of an impression on Americans, but it is played to some extent at Newport.

sible occasion, unless the spender is the actual earner of it, when things sometimes assume a different complexion.

Bowling is a game that is far from sinking yet into the deeps of oblivion. It has been said before now that bowl-

ing is as old and out of date as croquet, and nothing harsher could be said of anything; but the fact is not so. Still there are less men who take part in this diversion, and the game has been left more to the girls than it used to be.



A BAD MISS AT GOLF.

This is one of the reasons why golf is not popular. It is the most vexing game in the calendar, and sometimes after a hard hour's work little or no progress has been made.

This is odd, too, when one considers that it is a favorite recreation of the Princess of Wales, but even that allure-ment has not brightened its prospects as much as might be supposed. One of

the principal reasons that girls are taken with bowling may be said to be that the exercise brings out the figure nicely, and a girl with a shapely form knows that the good points of her



THREE NEWPORT GIRLS BATHING NOT TOO FAR FROM THE SHORE.



RETURNING FROM A DIP IN THE OCEAN.

Some of the Newport property owners have elaborate bath-houses with tiled floors and decorated walls, and otherwise as elaborate as an ordinary dwelling.

figure will be intensified when she sends the huge sphere rattling along the hardwood floors.

While tennis is not an all-round recreation in Newport, the people there have their clubs and their different sets, which also play sets with more or less brilliancy. Although some of the play is distinctly good, the lawns are seldom crowded to inconvenience, unless a game takes place between some visitors of international fame. The tennis championships at the Casino have for years been prominent society events in Newport's season of gayety.

As for bathing, that has already been touched upon. The bathing girl of Newport has her marvellous costume,

but the student of the New Girl will not find much material for his essay there. 'He will go to Narragansett, Atlantic City, Cape May, and other more plebeian spots, for the Newport bathing girl is much the same as she used to be. That was always charming, even while it was not original. The student of costume for the ocean will, however, find something to delight him at Newport. He will see little that is blatant; it will be tasteful. As for feats of swimming, it would be flattery to say that much of that is tried at Newport.

Golfing has taken a certain hold upon society, and links have been provided at Newport where the new sport will be pursued this season. Already it has



A SWING UNDER THE TREES.

Newport is noted for the number of trees within its limits. It is one of the best shaded cities in the United States.

secured a foothold there, and although its votaries know but little about the game, that fact does not dampen their cheerfulness. The men are studying up Andrew Lang and other well-known writers on the subject, and in two or three years, if golfing keeps up the in-

terest already excited, there will be many excellent players at Newport. At present, however, it is graced with but perfunctory attendance, except by those vitally interested. The girls like it as another means of displaying their figures.



LONE WOMEN ON A ROOF GARDEN.

Men occasionally try to strike up an acquaintance, but they are usually squelched.

LONE WOMEN IN NEW YORK.

By J. S.

ONE of the principal attributes of the New Woman, as announced by herself in ringing tones, is her ability to take good care of herself, no matter in what circumstances she may be found. She asserts that the male escort is out of date, and not only that, but that she will have none of it, for she deems it a nuisance and a bore. That this is so is clearly absurd; we do not notice any diminution in the attendance of women at theatres and other public places by the masculine gender, so if there really be any falling off in male escort it must be of such a

small quantity that it is undiscernible.

However, in New York there are plenty of women who have started a life of single-blessedness as far as the companionship of man is concerned, and they make it a point to be present at all the amusements of the hour with an air that is suggestive of absolute indifference to criticism. One of the places most affected by the what may be called the "Lone Woman" in New York is the roof garden. Roof gardens are undoubtedly the best places for a woman who wants to be alone or to go



LONE WOMEN IN A BROADWAY SMOKING ROOM.

This room is not exclusively for women, but they monopolize it almost entirely during the hours of the day.

without male escort. She can retire to a table set apart for herself alone or with her feminine friends, and can order all the refreshment that her soul craves



LONE WOMEN IN THE SMOKING ROOM OF A FASHIONABLE HOTEL.

This room is set aside for its women guests and their friends. It is sumptuously furnished and is very popular with New York women.

without the prospect of being stared at by curious people. Should some indiscreet person of the male gender advance to the table and attempt to cast the alluring mantle of friendship over the

chance meeting, the Lone Woman knows how to squelch him as utterly as if he had been passed under a huge clothes wringer. To the observer of life and morals in New York this is one



A LONE WOMAN

Who goes to the theatre alone, and who is not afraid to go home in the same way.

of the most amusing sights to be witnessed, and it fills him with more or less admiration for the Lone Woman.

This emancipated woman likes to smoke rather better than she likes to do anything else. In response to her demand smoking rooms for women have been opened in various parts of the city, the most celebrated being one in an up-

town hotel, which is fitted up with lavish expenditure. Thither do the Lone Women congregate and puff the scented cigarette or draw huge draughts of inspiration and tobacco smoke from the Oriental nargileh. So much curiosity has been aroused on the question of women smoking that a woman reporter recently asked these women smokers



THREE LONE WOMEN OF THE STAGE

Hurrying home from the theatre after the performance.

point-blank whether they really enjoyed the fumes of tobacco, or whether they smoked because they wished to show the world that there was nothing that man did that they themselves could not do. They replied with unanimity and fervor that they really did enjoy the aroma of tobacco and that they would not give up their cigarettes or Turkish pipes for the world. They may have been truthful in their answers, but it is a curious fact that none of the smoking women so far have taken up with the corn-cob or brier pipe, nor have they

pulled at the Perfecto nor absorbed the Intimidad. They prefer at present to kill themselves with the deadly cigarette. Another stamping ground for smoking women is a little den on Broadway in the Tenderloin district; and while the fittings are not as luxurious as those of the hotel room, the style of place is much more free and easy. This style suits the Lone Woman in some respects, although of course we do not mean that the ease of manner is anything but the staidest decorum

One of the most daring and extrava-

gant forms of amusement for the Lone Woman in New York is to go to the theatre alone and unattended. There are exceedingly few of them at present who can screw their courage up to the sticking point to accomplish this feat, but when they get as far as that the rest is easy. The Lone Woman who has gone to the theatre without protection is not too afraid to get home by herself. She may receive insult here and there, but that kind of thoughtlessness is becoming rarer every day, and so she is enabled to arrive at her destination without any undue adventure.

There are other women who go home from the theatre every night alone and do not think that they are inaugurating a new era nor that they are doing any-

thing wonderful. They are actresses, and part of their duty is to get home after the performance without delay, as they are generally tired out. Nevertheless, these actresses are Lone Women in one sense of the appellation, for their profession renders them independent of the male sex, and they learn early in their theatrical lives to shift for themselves.

There will always be a limit to the number of Lone Women in New York because the men are not the kind to put up with being snubbed in such a wholesale manner; but the few women that pursue their business and their pleasures alone are interesting, and would that there were more space at disposal to amplify the subject.



NATURAL ENOUGH.

MISS BROWN (*severely*)—I understand you were arrested for kissing a girl in the street the other day, Mr. Weal. I'm surprised at you!

MR. WEAL (*cheerfully*)—Oh, it's all right. I told the Justice that she was in bicycle bloomers and I mistook her for my brother, and he immediately discharged me with apologies.



REFUSED TO PERMIT IT.

SHE—No, you can't come in, Cholly; it's against the manager's rules.

HE—Oh, the manager won't hear of it.

SHE—Just exactly what the manager says himself.

AN OFFER.

THE auction room was crowded, and the collection of furniture, art, and bric-à-brac being unusually choice, the bidding had been very spirited. During an interval of the sale a man with a pale and agitated countenance pushed his way to the auctioneer's side and engaged him in a whispered conversation. Presently he stood aside, and the

auctioneer rapped attention with his hammer.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, in a loud voice, "I have to inform you that a gentleman present has lost his pocketbook containing \$1,500. He offers \$200 for its return."

Instantly a small man in the background sprang upon a chair and cried, excitedly :

"I'll give \$250 for it."



BUSINESS-LIKE.

You may think she's a slouch,
As she lies on the couch,
But if so you have made a wrong call;

She's not dreaming in dozes,
But's practising poses
For new photographs—that is all.



APPRECIATED HIS TALENTS.

LORD DE STRANDE—I say, Dolly, I fancy it would be a good idea if we were to go to an eating house, you know, and have a broiled lobster and two quart bottles of champagne. What do you say?

DOLLY (of the Tinkletink company, resting)—What do I say? Old boy, you're too good for an Englishman. You ought to be an American.



NO NONSENSE.

SAILOR'S SWEETHEART (to herself)—I wonder what Jack meant when he said, before he went away, that his heart was true to Poll! If I find him gallivanting after any Poll I'll sue him for breach of promise, so there!



AN INFERENCE.

HE (*popular author*)—No. I don't mind the hot weather at all. In fact, the hotter it is the better I write.
 SHE—What wonderful works you will turn out after you die!

HARDENED.

"So you think you can stand the arduous duties of a variety actor? You know in our play we find occasion to throw you down a thirty-foot flight of stairs into a barrel of rain-water."

"I think I can stand it," said the hungry man. "I was a tax-collector for three years."

A GROWING EVIL.

MRS. BIGGS—You remember that organ grinder you gave a nickel to a week ago if he would stop playing? Well, he came round to day and wanted thirty-five cents.

BIGGS—Great Scott! What for?

MRS. BIGGS—He said he hadn't been here for a week!



ALTERNATIVES.

THE MAN—Well, well! Eating and drinking—especially drinking! I guess that's all you girls think about!

THE GIRL—Why not? They won't open a betting ring here, and something's got to be opened. So what's the matter with a few cold bottles?

JUSTIFICATION.

JONES—Have you heard that Smith is trying to get a divorce from his wife?

BROWN—No; on what grounds?

“He claims she eats biscuits in bed.”



HE FELT OUTRAGED.

THE NEW MAN (*feeling in his wife's bloomers while she is asleep*)—The wretch hasn't a cent in her pockets! This is the last time I allow Matilda to attend any more of those meetings of the Corset Club. There's too much poker played there!

A WISE COUNSELLOR.

DOCTOR—You mustn't stay out late at night.

PATIENT (*a married man*)—Is the night air bad for me?

DOCTOR—No, it's the excitement after getting home that hurts you.



PROBABLE ENOUGH.

TOMMY—What is that boat out there, mamma?

MAMMA—That is a smack, dear.

TOMMY—Is that the kind that has a spanker?



HE WASN'T UP IN THE FRENCH DISHES.

MISS GOTHAM—Won't you come up and dine to-night, Colonel? We are going to have a filet, and it's delicious.

COL. WARASH (*from Chicago*)—A fl'y-bur-r! Do you think that horse meat is proper for ladies, Miss Gotham?

VENGEANCE.

HER FATHER—I'd like to know of some way in which I could pay that young rascal out.

HERSELF (*dutifully*)—Let me marry him.

GIVING HIMSELF AWAY.

"To my mind, Robinson is a downright ass."

"Excuse me, I can't allow you to say one word against him; he lent me \$50 only the other day."

"Well, you see I'm right, after all."

Silence may be golden, but not while the silver craze is to be defeated.

New York Society Ladies
... Endorse ...
Mme. A. Ruppert's

FACE BLEACH

LOVELY COMPLEXIONS. CLEAR, WHITE SKIN.

Nothing will CURE, CLEAR and WHITEN the SKIN so quickly and permanently as Madame A. Ruppert's World-Renowned Face Bleach.



FACE BLEACH is not a new, untried remedy, but has been used by the best people for years, and for dissolving and removing FOREVER Tan, SUNBURN, Moth, FRECKLES, Sallowiness, BLACKHEADS, Eczema, PIMPLES, Redness, etc., and bleaching, brightening and beautifying the complexion it has no equal.

THERE NEVER WAS ANYTHING LIKE IT.—Its merits are known everywhere. FACE BLEACH is used and endorsed by the entire theatrical profession, leading actresses, professional beauties, society ladies and people of refinement everywhere eagerly uniting in its praise. It is absolutely harmless to the most delicate skin. The marvelous improvement after a few applications will surprise and delight you, for the skin will become as nature intended it should be—smooth, clear and white—free from every impurity or blemish. IT CANNOT FAIL, for its action is such that it draws the impurities out of the skin and does not cover up. This is the only thorough and PERMANENT way.

LIVING EXAMPLES.—Mme. Ruppert has proven the effectiveness of her FACE BLEACH by having patients at her office with but one side of the face cleared at a time, showing the remarkable difference between the side cleared and the side as it was before the application of Face Bleach. The likeness of Miss Hattie Turner,

shown herewith, is a fac-simile of a photograph of that young lady, who is now on exhibition at Mme. Ruppert's Parlors, 6 East Fourteenth Street, New York City. She has very dark, deep-set skin freckles, which FACE BLEACH has removed entirely from one side of face, leaving the other side as it originally was, showing precisely what Face Bleach can do. Thousands of The Metropolitan readers cannot, of course, call to see this living example, but if they have any friends in New York City write them to call and see for you, and they will testify to the absolute truth of this statement. Mme. A. Ruppert is the Pioneer in the Art of treating the complexion at your homes by means of FACE BLEACH. No massaging, face steaming or operations are necessary, simply the application of Face Bleach, which is absolutely invisible, as it is not a cosmetic to COVER UP, but a CURE, most effective in its results. No discomforts are felt by its use, and a cure is obtained without the slightest annoyance.

A GRAND OFFER.—The price of the Face Bleach is \$2.00 per bottle, or three bottles (usually required to effect a permanent cure) \$5.00. Every Metropolitan reader of this month, who purchases a \$2.00 bottle, will receive FREE a bar of my exquisite Almond Oil Complexion Soap, also a coupon entitling them to the two remaining bottles for \$3.00. **THIS IS INDEED A GENEROUS OFFER.** Remit only by P. O. Money Order, Express or Registered Letter. Face Bleach is sent securely packed in plain wrapper, free from observation, to any part of the world on receipt of price. Safe delivery guaranteed. Correspondence Cordially Solicited. Send for Book on "HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL"—FREE.



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now on exhibition at Mme A.
Ruppert's Parlors, with one
side of face bleached.

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BY VIRTUE OF ITS OFFICE.

The mirror can do what no man can
dare do
Without meeting indignant objec-
tion;
Of this haughty young maid all her
friends are afraid,
But the mirror can cast a reflection.



THEN HE HUGGED HER.

SHE—Do you hold fast to your ideals?
HE—I would if I had a chance. You are mine.



JUST WHAT SHE WANTED.

"Why do you bring out that dog? It
makes us so horribly conspicuous."

"My dear girl—to quote the famous
words of a hoodle alderman—'what are we
here for?'"

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

A PROMISING young merchant recently
presented his better-half with a handsome
piano lamp on her birthday anniversary.
He was much flattered when she told him
she intended to give it his name, until
he asked her reasons for so peculiar a
proceeding.

"Well," said she, "you know, dear, it
has a good deal of brass about it, it is hand-
some to look at, requires a good deal of
attention, is remarkably brilliant, is some-
times unsteady on its legs, liable to
explode when only half full, flares up
occasionally, it is always out at bedtime,
and is bound to smoke."

AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S.

"I hope that I shall make a good pic-
ture."

"Why, madam, I will make it so pretty
that you won't know yourself."

NARCOTI-CURE

CURES THE TOBACCO HABIT

In 4 to 10 Days, or Money Refunded.

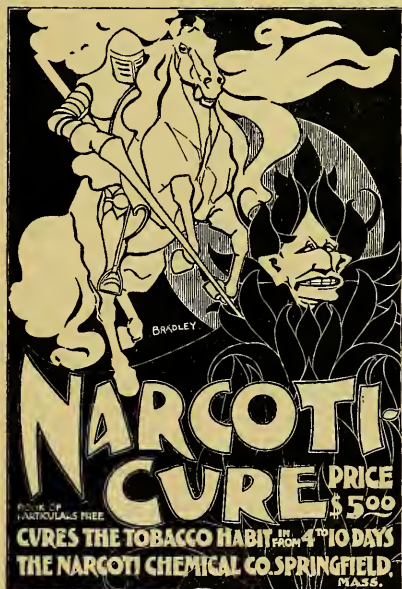
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NARCOTI-CURE is the only scientific discovery of its kind in the world. It is popular because it allows patients to use all the tobacco they want till their "craving" and "hankering" are gone.

It drives out the nicotine and builds up the nervous system. Not only does this marvelous cure take away the appetite for tobacco, but it so acts on the system that the patient's health improves the moment he commences treatment.

NARCOTI-CURE is sold by all live druggists at \$5.00 a bottle, guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Mailed direct on receipt of price if your dealer does not keep it.

Send for Narcoti Book giving full particulars and the testimony of public people who have been cured.



Send 4 cents in stamps to the NARCOTI CHEMICAL CO., Springfield, Mass., for above Art Poster in 3 colors. Every collector wants one.

UP-TO-DATE TESTIMONY.

PROF. W. N. WAITE,
Of Amherst, Mass., Chewed Tobacco for 46
Years, and Was Cured by Narcoti-Cure.

AMHERST, MASS., February 8, 1895.
THE NARCOTI CHEMICAL CO.,
Springfield, Mass.

Gentlemen—Replying to yours of the 1st, would say that I have used tobacco for 46 years, and of late have consumed a 10-cent plug a day, besides smoking considerably. I commenced to use tobacco when I was only 21 years old, and have never been able to give up the habit until I took Narcoti-Cure, although I have tried other so-called remedies without effect. After using your remedy four days, all "hankering" for chewing disappeared, and in four days more smoking became unpleasant. I have no further desire for the weed, and experienced no bad effects, whatever. I am gaining in flesh, and feel better than I have for a long time. To all who wish to be free from the tobacco habit I would say, use Narcoti-Cure.

Yours truly, W. N. WAITE.

GALENA, KAN., November 10, 1894.
THE NARCOTI CHEMICAL CO.,
Springfield, Mass.

Gentlemen—Replying to yours in regard to the results obtained from the use of the NARCOTI-CURE for the tobacco habit, will say that I have been a constant chewer of tobacco for 47 years, and I have used less than one-half bottle of the remedy and I consider that I am forever through with the use of tobacco, as I do not want it as I used to. The taste for tobacco has entirely left me. I can say in truth that it is the only remedy that has ever affected me in the least. I consider myself cured of the filthy habit entirely.

Yours truly, C. A. WHITE.

Mr. Frank H. Morton, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., late Inspector of Public Buildings for Massachusetts, says:—

I used tobacco for twenty-five years, and was a confirmed smoker. In just eight days' treatment with Narcoti-Cure I was through with tobacco, in fact the desire for tobacco vanished like a dream.

Very respectfully,
FRANK H. MORTON.



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One Million Men
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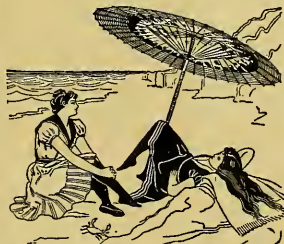
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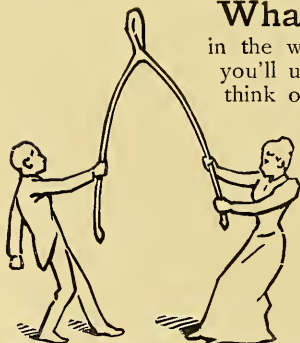
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and it back.

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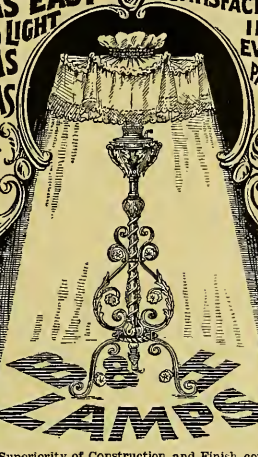
THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE,

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

AS EASY
To LIGHT
AS GAS

SATISFACTORY
IN EVERY
PARTICULAR

BEAUTY
STYLE



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Superiority of Construction and Finish commend Our Products to all Purchasers. They are sold by Leading Dealers everywhere. *Little Book of information sent Free.* Fine Art Metal Goods, Gas and Electric Fixtures, &c.

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For The Skin. Scalp. And Complexion.



The result of 20 years' practical experience treating the skin.

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Attention! Dyspeptics!

A trial will convince the most skeptical, and do all we claim.

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AWARDED GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXHIBITION 1889.
 MAKE SURE OF THE BIRD'S SPIRIT CORSET.



SO popular with the Ladies for rendering their teeth pearly white. With the Gentlemen for cleansing their teeth and perfuming the breath. It removes all traces of tobacco smoke. Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the taste. Sent by mail for 25¢. At all dealers. Send 2c. stamp for sample to

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FAT FOLKS REDUCED
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DR. SNYDER,
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DOES SHE WEAR GARTERS?



But of course you don't know. It is certain, however, that she would like to, if they were very pretty. Now, here are some beauties. Notice the variety in color, and the delicate designs, and happy wording of the elasp. Sent by mail for \$1.00 for any motto and color you choose.

MOTTOES.—Hands Off, Private Grounds, A Little Fly, Under Shelter, Forbidden Fruit, Out of Sight.

COLORS.—Nile Green, Black, White, Yellow, Pink, Red, Blue.

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FREE A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any \$25.00 gold watch pay our sample price, \$2.75, and it is yours. We stand with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you One Free. Write at once, as we shall send out samples for 60 days only. Address
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BOTH

Two Safe Things.

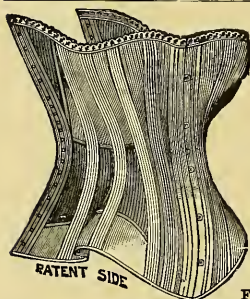
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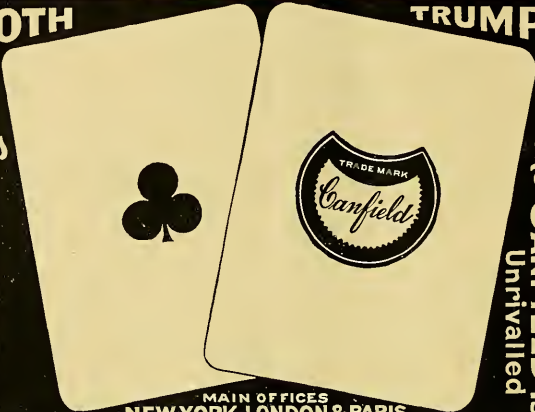
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Out and send it to us with your name and address and we will send to you by express for examination this genuine 18k gold plated watch (equal in appearance to solid gold) and a box of 50 of our very finest cigars. You examine them at the express office and if satisfactory pay the agent \$2.98 and they are yours. This is a special offer to introduce our cigars, and only one watch and one box of cigars will be sent to each person ordering at this price. The watch is a beauty and would cost you in a retail store twice as much as we offer the cigars and watch together for. Mention in your letter whether you want 'gent's' or 'ladies' size watch and write to-day as this will not appear again. Address

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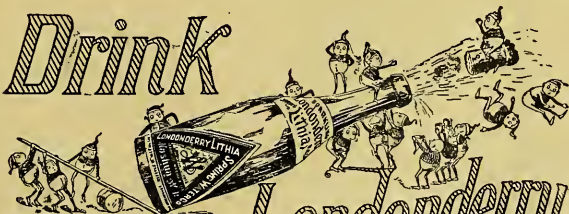
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*Drink*



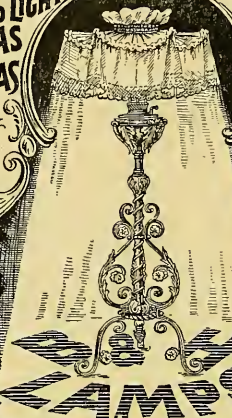
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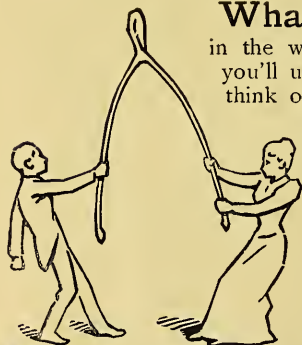
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A trial will convince the most skeptical, and do all we claim.

HEARTBURN in 5 minutes.  
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But of course you don't know. It is certain, however, that she would like to, if they were very pretty. Now, here are some beauties. Notice the variety in color, and the delicate designs, and happy wording of the clasps. Sent by mail for \$1.00 for any motto and color you choose.

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SO popular with the Ladies for rendering their teeth pearly white. With the Gentlemen for cleansing their teeth and perfuming the breath. It removes all traces of tobacco smoke. Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the taste. Sent by mail for 25c. At all dealers. Send 2c. stamp for sample to

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A skin corrector, it heals pimples, eruptions, and blackheads, removes freckles and sunburn.

Price 50cts. at Druggists, by mail, 55cts.

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and there are no bunches or perceptible seams in them. They are the only stockings constructed in accordance with the shape of the human foot.

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## THE ADVERTISING DESK CO.—Continued.

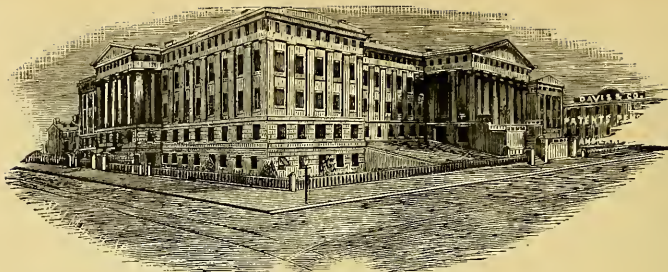
They are placed in offices of every character, and sell for an astonishingly small price. In these days when advertising matter is found everywhere, and when in the most exclusive offices the telephone is surrounded by advertising bulletins of various sorts, a handsomely finished desk, the roll of which is inlaid with white celluloid artistically lettered and highly polished, is an acquisition, especially if it can be obtained at one-quarter the ordinary price.

Full particulars of this ingenious and effective plan of advertising can be had by addressing or applying in person to

## THE ADVERTISING DESK CO.,

Nos. 39 & 41 CORTLANDT STREET,

 NEW YORK, N. Y.



U. S. PATENT OFFICE.

**Information  
useful  
to those interested  
in Patents.**

**DAVIS & CO.,**  
Solicitors,  
605 & 607 7th St.,  
Opp.  
U. S. Patent Office,  
Washington, D. C.

**New York Office,**  
96-102  
**Church Street,**  
Cor. Barclay St.

**MODEL MAKING.**—In connection with our New York Office we have thoroughly equipped a machine shop for the making of models and general experimental work. Our charge for machine work is 50 cents per hour, and we guarantee entire satisfaction.  
... Further Information cheerfully furnished upon application.

*Patents are granted for any new and useful art, machine, manufacture, or composition of matter, or any new and useful addition or improvement thereof, provided the same has not been previously known nor patented by others, nor been in public use or on sale for more than two years prior to your application for patent, unless the public use in such case has been merely for experiment or test. Patents are also granted for any new and original design for the printing of fabrics, any new and original impression, ornament, print or picture, or any new, useful and original shape or configuration, or any article of manufacture, subject to the conditions aforesaid.*

*Preliminary examination or search.* As a first and precautionary step, and with a view of saving subsequent expense, we recommend that those contemplating applying for a patent employ us to make a thorough and exhaustive preliminary examination of the records of the patent office to ascertain whether or not the invention is new. For such a search we make a charge of \$5. In cases where the invention is known to be new of course this expenditure is unnecessary. Send rough sketch and description of the invention.

*Free searches.* Some attorneys advertise to make preliminary examinations *free*, but such searches are unreliable and if made at all they only include a class or brief examination consuming about thirty minutes time, whereas a thorough search generally takes a competent attorney a full day to make, and for which we charge only \$5. We make brief searches *free* but do not warrant their reliability.


*In order to apply for a Patent*, first send us either a rough sketch or model of the invention, together with a description of the merits and workings of the same, giving the inventor's full name, nationality and residence; also remit \$15. on account. We will then prepare the official drawings and specification, and send the latter for your examination, with full directions as to the manner of executing the same. Upon returning the papers properly signed, you should remit the first Government fee of \$15. and balance of our fee. The case is then filed by us in the Patent Office, and we thereafter keep you advised of anything important which may arise.

*Our fee for preparing an ordinary U. S. Patent application*, including petition, oath and specification, and for prosecuting the application before the United States Patent Office, is \$25., drawings extra. For complicated cases a slight additional charge is made.


*Official Drawings* are prepared by our draughtsmen under our supervision at a cost of \$5. per sheet, or we will accept from clients, drawings meeting the requirements of the Patent Office. The majority of cases require but one sheet of drawings.

*The Total Cost of a Patent*, as above enumerated, is \$65., being \$25 for our fee, \$5. for drawings and \$35. Government fees, of which \$20. is not payable until six months after allowance of patent. This does not include charge for a preliminary examination.

# The Advertising Desk Co.



A NEW departure in advertising has been brought prominently into notice by a company organized to supply roller-top desks in New York City and throughout the United States and Canada at a low cost, by the placing of advertisements on the reeds of the roll-top. The advertisements are of celluloid, inlaid in the wood of the reeds, and are of uniform size, occupying a space of 9 inches in length by  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches in width, giving ample space for a fine display and the use of a cut where desired.



They form a pleasing contrast to the oak finish of the wood, making in reality a combination of white and gold. Only a limited number of advertisements are placed on each desk, and only one advertiser in any line of business.

These advertisements last, of course, as long as the desks, and are seen daily,

## THE ADVERTISING DESK CO.—Continued.



not only by the person owning the desk, but also by all who frequent his office, making a continuous impression that is far more effective than calendar or booklet advertising, since it is always in evidence, and at the time when business men are influenced, if ever, by printer's ink—viz., when they are at their desks giving orders and making contracts and purchases. By the plan of the Advertising Desk Co., these advertisements, though having greater permanency than those of any other form, are much cheaper. A card of the size indicated, lasting for many years, costs less than the price of a single agate line in one publication of ordinary circulation one time, only a small proportion of which may be effective, and then only for a period of a day, a week, or a month.

The desks are of standard make, of oak, well finished, and of the same quality as those which retail everywhere for forty dollars.



# ED. PINAUD'S SELS ROMAINS.

(Roman Salts.)

THE NEW  
SMELLING · SALTS,  
IN FANCY COLORS.



Unlike any now on the market, and unequalled for delicacy of odor, Permanency, Pungency, Elegance.

They immediately change the atmosphere of a sick room, refresh the patient, and remove lassitude.

Useful for headache and fatigue.

The salts are cubical, novel and attractive in appearance, and the perfumes such as have made the name of "ED. PINAUD" world renowned.

|                    |                     |                 |                |
|--------------------|---------------------|-----------------|----------------|
| <i>Lavender,</i>   | <i>Rose,</i>        | <i>Lilas,</i>   | <i>Jasmin,</i> |
| <i>Heliotrope,</i> | <i>Royal Peach,</i> | <i>Menthe,</i>  |                |
| <i>Violet,</i>     | <i>Verveine,</i>    | <i>Bouquet.</i> |                |

New York Importation Office,  
42 EAST 14<sup>TH</sup> STREET.

# “Clensit.”



A discovery in cleansing fluids that tailors and clothing renovators indorse. Takes out stains and grease spots in half the time required by any other preparation without discoloring the most delicate fabrics. Scientifically prepared. Pint bottles, 50 cents; quarts, \$1.00. Address, Clensit Fluid Co., 170 Western Ave., Albany, N. Y.

# Stop Naturally!

Tobacco's done you in enough. Call a halt, but do it in the right way. NO-TO-BAC will destroy the nerve craving and eliminate the nicotine from your system.

Think a moment of your state of body. Run a few steps and you pant, perspire and are totally exhausted.

**THAT'S TOBACCO AT WORK ON YOUR HEART.**

Hold out your hand and watch it tremble. Think how trifles irritate you.

**THAT'S TOBACCO AT WORK ON YOUR NERVES.**

Your vigor—your right to be called a man is slipping away from you.

**THAT'S TOBACCO AT WORK ON YOUR MANHOOD.**

**DON'T TOBACCO  
SPIT AND SMOKE  
YOUR LIFE AWAY.**

Thousands of tobacco users WANT TO STOP AND CAN'T FOR A DAY without actually suffering. To them we repeat the truthful message:

## NO-TO-BAC KILLS TOBACCO

You ask for proof? Test No-To-Bac under our absolute guarantee. Feel how quickly No-To-Bac kills the desire for tobacco, steadies the nerves, increases weight, makes the blood pure and rich, tingling with new life and energy. Gloomy days will be gone; the sunshine will be brighter. The old man in feeling is made young again and happy.

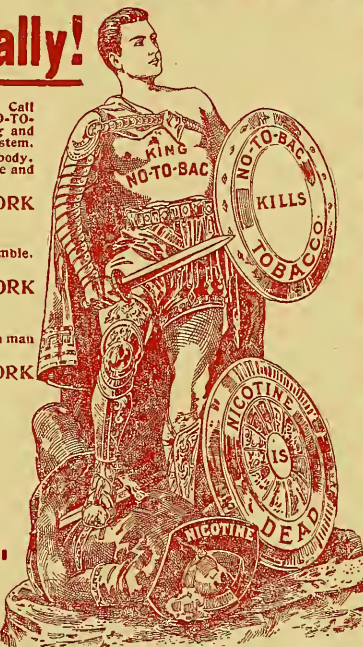
**OUR GUARANTEE IS PLAIN AND TO THE POINT:** One box \$1; three boxes, thirty days' treatment, \$2.50, IS GUARANTEED TO CURE THE TOBACCO HABIT in any form, or money refunded. We don't claim to cure everyone, but the percentage is so large, we can better afford to have the good will of an occasional failure, than his money. **WE HAVE FAITH IN NO-TO-BAC.** If you try No-To-Bac, you will find that it is to you.

### PUBLISHER'S

We, the publishers of this paper, know the S. R. Co. to be reliable and do as they agree. This we

**GUARANTEE.**

Buy No-To-Bac from druggists, or mailed for price. Add: THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, 45 Randolph St.; N. Y., 10 Spruce St.; Laboratory, Indiana Mineral Springs, Indiana.



**WORTH ITS  
WEIGHT IN GOLD**

You desire to  
be Stylish

We will tell  
you How—

*Interline the Puffed  
Sleeves and Skirt of  
your Spring and  
Summer Costume  
with*

## FIBRE CHAMOIS

*and the result will be a realization  
of your desire.*

**COMES IN THREE WEIGHTS.**

No. 10 light; No. 20 medium; No. 30 heavy.

See that what you buy is stamped FIBRE CHAMOIS.

### Puffed Sleeves and Skirts

Will not lose their shape if lined with **Fibre Cham-**  
**ois**—unaffected by dampness—indorsed by all lead-  
ing modistes.

*To be found at the Lining Counter of all lead-  
ing Dry Goods Stores.*



Save  
Hundreds



Only  
\$8.50

The  
Champion

**Check Protector**

Perforate your checks with this Protector—they cannot be raised.

**GEO. A. POWERS, 729 E. 139th Street, N. Y.**



(SAMPLE OF PERFORATIONS.)

AGENTS WANTED—Liberal Discounts



# CELEBRATED HATS



AND

THE DUNLAP SILK UMBRELLA.

178 AND 180 FIFTH AVENUE, between 22d and 23d Streets, } **NEW YORK.**  
181 BROADWAY, near Cortlandt Street,

PALMER HOUSE, CHICAGO.

914 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

 Accredited Agencies in all Principal Cities. 



New York Society Ladies

.. Endorse ..

Mme. A. Ruppert's

# FACE BLEACH

LOVELY COMPLEXIONS. CLEAR, WHITE SKIN.

Nothing will CURE, CLEAR and WHITEN the SKIN so quickly and permanently as Madame A. Ruppert's World-Renowned Face Bleach.



FACE BLEACH is not a new, untried remedy, but has been used by the best people for years, and for dissolving and removing FOREVER tan, SUNBURN, Moth, FRECKLES, Sallowiness, BLACKHEADS, Eczema, PIMPLES, Redness, etc., and bleaching, brightening and beautifying the complexion it has no equal.

**THERE NEVER WAS ANYTHING LIKE IT.**—Its merits are known everywhere. FACE BLEACH is used and endorsed by the entire theatrical profession, leading actresses, professional beauties, society ladies and people of refinement everywhere eagerly uniting in its praise. It is absolutely harmless to the most delicate skin. The marvelous improvement after a few applications will surprise and delight you, for the skin will become as nature intended it should be—smooth, clear and white—free from every impurity or blemish. IT CANNOT FAIL, for its action is such that it draws the impurities out of the skin and does not cover up. This is the only thorough and PERMANENT way.

**LIVING EXAMPLES.**—Mme. Ruppert has proven the effectiveness of her FACE BLEACH by having patients at her office with but one side of the face cleared at a time, showing the remarkable difference between the side cleared and the side as it was before the application of Face Bleach. The likeness of Miss Hattie Turner,

shown herewith, is a fac-simile of a photograph of that young lady, who is now on exhibition at Mme. Ruppert's Parlors, 6 East Fourteenth Street, New York City. She has very dark, deep-set skin freckles, which FACE BLEACH has removed entirely from one side of face, leaving the other side as it originally was, showing precisely what Face Bleach can do. Thousands of The Metropolitan readers cannot, of course, call to see this living example, but if they have any friends in New York City write them to call and see for you, and they will testify to the absolute truth of this statement. Mme. A. Ruppert is the Pioneer in the Art of treating the complexion at your homes by means of FACE BLEACH. No massaging, face steaming or operations are necessary, simply the application of Face Bleach, which is absolutely invisible, as it is not a cosmetic to COVER UP, but a CURE, most effective in its results. No discomforts are felt by its use, and a cure is obtained without the slightest annoyance.

**A GRAND OFFER.**—The price of the Face Bleach is \$2 00 per bottle, or three bottles (usually required to effect a permanent cure) \$5.00. Every Metropolitan reader of this month, who purchases a \$2 00 bottle, will receive FREE a bar of my exquisite Almond Oil Complexion Soap, also a coupon entitling them to the two remaining bottles for \$3.00. **THIS IS INDEED A GENEROUS OFFER.** Remit only by P. O. Money Order, Express, or Registered Letter. Face Bleach is sent securely packed in plain wrapper, free from observation, to any part of the world on receipt of price. Safe delivery guaranteed. Correspondence Cordially Solicited. Send for Book on "HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL"—FREE.



MISS HATTIE TURNER,

now on exhibition at Mme A. Ruppert's Parlors, with one side of face bleached.

## MME. A. RUPPERT,

COMPLEXION SPECIALIST,

6 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET,

NEW YORK.

Western Office, 235 State Street, Chicago, Ills.

# A trifle vain

but commendable—is pride in looking well, making and keeping the skin beautiful.

The skin food Milk Weed Cream is found in every beautiful woman's toilet. Its effect is positive and unerring, effaces wrinkles, restores the tissue making the flesh firm and plump.

A skin corrector, it heals pimples, eruptions, and blackheads, removes freckles and sunburn.

Price 50cts. at Druggists, by mail, 55cts.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

BEAUTY  
IS  
POWER.

## DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Purifies as well as beautifies the skin. No other cosmetic will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 46 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept on counterfeits of similar name.

Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada and Europe. FRED. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r 87 Great Jones St., N. Y.

# Union Crackajack

Once Tried,  
Always Ridden.



20-LB. ROADSTER, \$100.

UNIONS HOLD MANY WORLD'S RECORDS.

Our reputation is derived from the thoroughness and excellence of our work.

If nothing but the BEST is good enough for you, you want the CRACKAJACK.

Agencies everywhere, or write to us.

CATALOGUE FREE ON DEMAND.

UNION CYCLE MFG. CO.,  
239-243 Columbus Avenue, Boston Mass.

## AGENTS \$75 A WEEK



using or selling **PRACTICAL PLATING DYNAMO**. The modern method, used in all factories to plate new goods. Plates gold, silver, nickel, etc., on watches, jewelry, table-ware, bicycles and all metal goods; fine outfit for agents; different sizes; always ready; no better; no toy; no experience; no limit to plating needed; a great money maker.

W. P. HARRISON & CO., Clerk No. 15, Columbus, Ohio.



## LIVING PICTURES

Photographic Transparencies. Out of sight to the naked eye, but shown by the **Photoscope**. A panoramic **Souvenir** for the million. The **Photoscope** with seven pictures mailed for 50c in stamps. Additional views, scenery, works of art, etc. The marvel of the age.

Agents wanted.

THE PHOTOSCOPE CO.,  
234 1-2 Broadway, N. Y.



## WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion, the result of 20 years experience treating the skin. A book on dermatology with every cake. Druggists sell it. John H. Woodbury, Dermatologist, 127 W. 42d St. N. Y. City. Send 10c. for sample soap and 150 page book.

# MENNEN'S Borated Talcum Toilet Powder



Approved by Highest Medical Authorities as a Perfect Sanitary Toilet Preparation for infants and adults.

Delightful after shaving. Positively Relieves Prickly Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, etc. Removes Blotches, Pimples, Tan, makes the skin smooth and healthy. Decorated Tin Box, Sprinkler Top. Sold by Druggists or mailed for 25 cents.

Send for Free Sample. (Name this paper.)

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Nework, N. J.

## Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away

is the truthful, startling title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up nicotineized nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison, makes weak men gain strength, vigor and manhood. You run no physical or financial risk, as No-To-Bac is sold by Druggists everywhere, under a guarantee to cure or money refunded. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

Rob Roy.



Fit,  
Style,  
Comfort,  
DURABILITY.

Latest Shape,  
Extension Soles,  
In Imported Russia Leather  
and French Calf-Skin.

One Million Men

are wearing  
them.

WHAT?

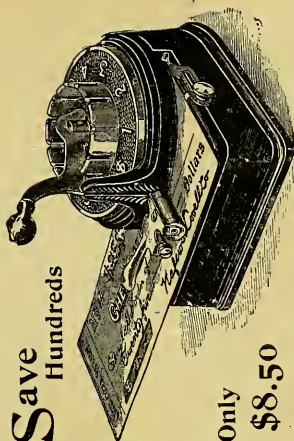
Karl's \$3 Shoes.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

KARL'S,

125 & 127 Nassau St.,

New York.



Save  
Hundreds

Only  
\$8.50

The  
Champion  
Check Protector

Perforate your checks with this Protector—they cannot be raised.

GEO. A. POWERS, 729 E. 139th Street, N. Y.

\$1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

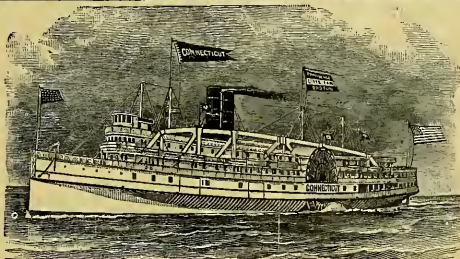
(SAMPLE OF PERFORATIONS.)

AGENTS WANTED—Liberal Discounts.

Sent C. O. D. Examination allowed.

The luxury of  
Summer Travel  
on the Sound,  
between

NEW YORK  
and BOSTON,  
all New England  
points and the  
White Mountains,



attains its highest expression on the superb steamers of the

**PROVIDENCE LINE**

Palatial in every appointment; splendid orchestra; cuisine equal to any in the country, to which is added the advantage of a regular cafe, where passengers can, while listening to the orchestra, enjoy privileges equal to any restaurant or first-class club; advantage of a full night's rest; shortest rail ride of any of the Sound steamers.

Steamers CONNECTICUT and MASSACHUSETTS, commencing June 3d,

Leave NEW YORK, New Pier 36, North River, | Leave BOSTON, Park Square Station, daily, except  
daily, except Sunday, at 5 30 P. M. | Sunday, at 6 30 P. M. Steamboat express train.

Send to W. DE W. DIMOCK, A. G. P. A., New Pier 36, North River, for

**"SUMMER TOURS,"** A Book giving routes and rates to all points in New England  
and the White Mountains. Sent on receipt of 2c. in stamps.

J. W. MILLER, President. W. DE W. DIMOCK, A. G. P. A. O. H. BRIGGS, G. P. A.  
Please mention Metropolitan Magazine.

THE ERIE CANAL was, when first completed, considered a wonder by our forefathers, who took great pride in slow progress on it. To-day we scarcely even think of it as our beau ideal method of travel, for have we not the "ERIE" Bicycle to mount, touch, fly almost, and we are there—no fatigue to dim our exultant feelings at distancing other wheels. Their riders all envy us the "Erie." Of all 1895 models it excels. Everything *and* the price is right. If you want the best for the least write for our catalogue, free, and we'll do the rest.

QUEEN CITY CYCLE CO.,

Buffalo, N. Y.





HEADWATERS OF THE STEHEKIN. LAKE CHELAN, WASHINGTON.

Do you realize the  
Nature of its Charm?

The Paragon of  
Summer Tours.

*"So much to see!  
Such joys to feel!  
Where all is new, and fresh and wild!"*

#### ITS NOVELTY.

From Buffalo to Duluth through the "unsalted seas," via the **Northern Steamship Line**—the one really great fresh-water journey that the wide world affords.

#### ITS BEAUTY.

Thence via the Great Northern Railway, through the Minnesota Park Region—an out-door Paradise shimmering with a thousand limpid lakes and streams—romantic, healthful, healing, and "mighty good fishing."

Just the country, too, for summer schools.

#### ITS GRANDEUR.

Afterward, through the incomparable sublimity of scenery afforded by the Rocky Mountains of Montana, and the Cascade Mountains of Washington, amid which the lover of Nature stands with bated breath, the artist is entranced, and everybody filled with wonder and delight.

#### ITS EXTENT.

The trip may be continued indefinitely to Alaska, Hawaii, China, or Japan (tickets to be had of your home ticket agent). Via

# GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY,

The Rock=ballasted, No=dust, Across=the=continent Route

**HARVEY'S PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOURS** save all worry as to tickets, baggage, transfers, etc. For full particulars, address A. C. HARVEY, 211 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

**BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED PRINTED MATTER**, and all requisite information cheerfully furnished by addressing F. I. WHITNEY, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

# A Clever Idea



Is often wasted because the originator didn't develop it commercially, and protect it by letters patent.

Many fortunes have been made, even in little things, through the assistance of a capable patent attorney.

It costs but a small sum to fully protect an invention.

For *Five Dollars* we will make a search which will determine whether your idea is patentable. If not, we will tell you so, and you need go no further. If, on the contrary, your idea is a good one, we will develop it for you as cheaply as any honest attorney can.

We have handled many valuable inventions; developed them in our own large private workshop, and, in some cases, placed them successfully with capitalists.

Our *record* with the *Patent Department* at Washington and with our many *clients* is your best guarantee of satisfactory service.

Your letter of inquiry will bring full information, with helpful hints.

All charges specified in advance.

You do not have to take a single step in the dark.

If you have a good idea and a little, a very little, ready money write us.

## DAVIS & CO.,

605-607 7th St.,

Washington, D. C.,

Opp. Patent Office,

Address: New York Office, 96-102 Church St.,

Cor. Barclay, N. Y.

# THE Monarch



— LIGHT, GRACEFUL, STRONG, SPEEDY.  
BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED, EXQUISITELY DESIGNED.

**FOUR MODELS, \$85 & \$100**

Elegant 40-page catalogue sent for postage.

---

**MONARCH CYCLE CO.**

*Factory and Main Office, Lake and Halsted Sts.      Eastern Warehouse, 79 Reade St., N. Y.  
Retail Salesroom, 280 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.      The C. F. GUYON CO., Ltd., Managers.  
Branches: San Francisco, Portland, Salt Lake City, Denver, Memphis, Detroit, Toronto,*

THE LATEST PARISIAN NOVELTY.

# ED. PINAUD'S ROMAN - SALTS -

(SELS ROMAINS)

The New, Fancy Colored

SMELLING SALTS.



Superior to and unlike any now on the market, unequalled for delicacy of odor, Permanency, Pungency, and Elegance.

They immediately change the atmosphere of a sick room, refresh the patient, and remove lassitude.

Useful for headache and fatigue. Don't fail to take a bottle for use on the cars and in the country.

The salts are cubical, novel, and attractive in appearance, and the perfumes such as have made the name of "ED. PINAUD" world renowned.

Muguet (Lily of the Valley.)

Lavender.

Lilac.

Heliotrope.

Iris.

Violet.

Rose.

Jasmin.

Royal Peach.

Verveine.

Peau d'Espagne.

Where not sold by your dealer, we will send, securely packed (all charges paid), any of above odors on receipt of **70 cents**.

Roman Liquid for filling up the salt bottles twice after evaporation, per bottle, charges prepaid, **50 cents**.

ROMAN FACE POWDER

THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

VIOLETTE REINE.

The most exquisite **Violet Essence**, now the European fad. Used by the nobility and gentry generally throughout the continent.

New York Importation Office, 46 E. 14th St., N. Y.





# Stop Naturally!

Tobacco's done you harm enough. Call a halt, but do it in the right way. NO-TO-BAC will destroy the nerve craving and eliminate the nicotine from your system. Think a moment of your state of body. Run a few steps and you pant, perspire and are totally exhausted.

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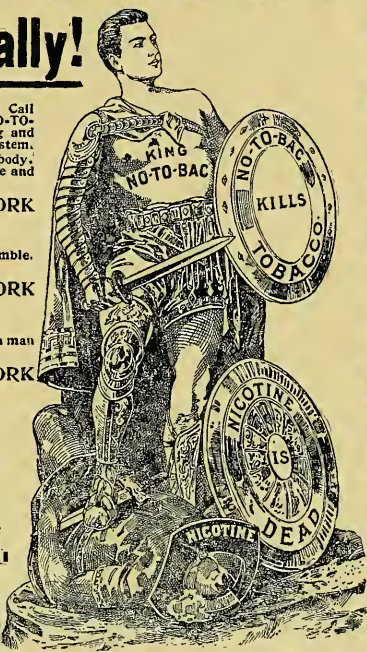
## PUBLISHER'S

We, the publishers of this paper, know the S. R. Co. to be reliable and do as they agree. This we

## GUARANTEE.

Buy No-To-Bac from druggists, or mailed for price. Add: THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, 45 Randolph St.; N. Y., 10 Spruce St.; Laboratory, Indiana Mineral Springs, Indiana.

**WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD**



You desire to  
be Stylish  
We will tell  
you How—

*Interline the Puffed  
Sleeves and Skirt of  
your Spring and  
Summer Costume  
with*

## FIBRE CHAMOIS

*and the result will be a realization  
of your desire.*

**COMES IN THREE WEIGHTS.**

No. 10 light; No. 20 medium; No. 30 heavy.

**See that what you buy is stamped FIBRE CHAMOIS.**

### Puffed Sleeves and Skirts

Will not lose their shape if lined with **Fibre Cham-  
ois**—unaffected by dampness—indorsed by all lead-  
ing modistes.

**To be found at the Lining Counter of all lead-  
ing Dry Goods Stores.**



I will qualify you **AT YOUR OWN HOME** with  
three weeks' time, and at an expense of **ONE**  
\$3.00, to fill any position where a

## FIRST-CLASS BOOK-KEEPER

may be required. **MONEY RETURNED IF UN-  
SUCCESSFUL!** Could you ask for more? If  
what? Experienced and inexperienced alike benefit

**TAKE A**



**POSTAL CARD.**

Address  
it thus

**J. H. GOODWIN,  
ROOM 935 1215 BROADWAY,  
NEW YORK CITY.**

Turn it over and write on the back the  
following:

Dear Sir:

*Please send me a descriptive  
pamphlet of your "Improved Book-keeping  
and Business Manual," and oblige,*

*Yours truly,*

(Your name).....

(Your address).....

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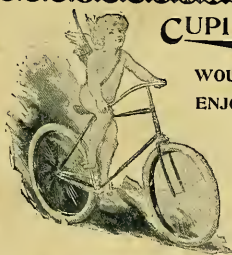
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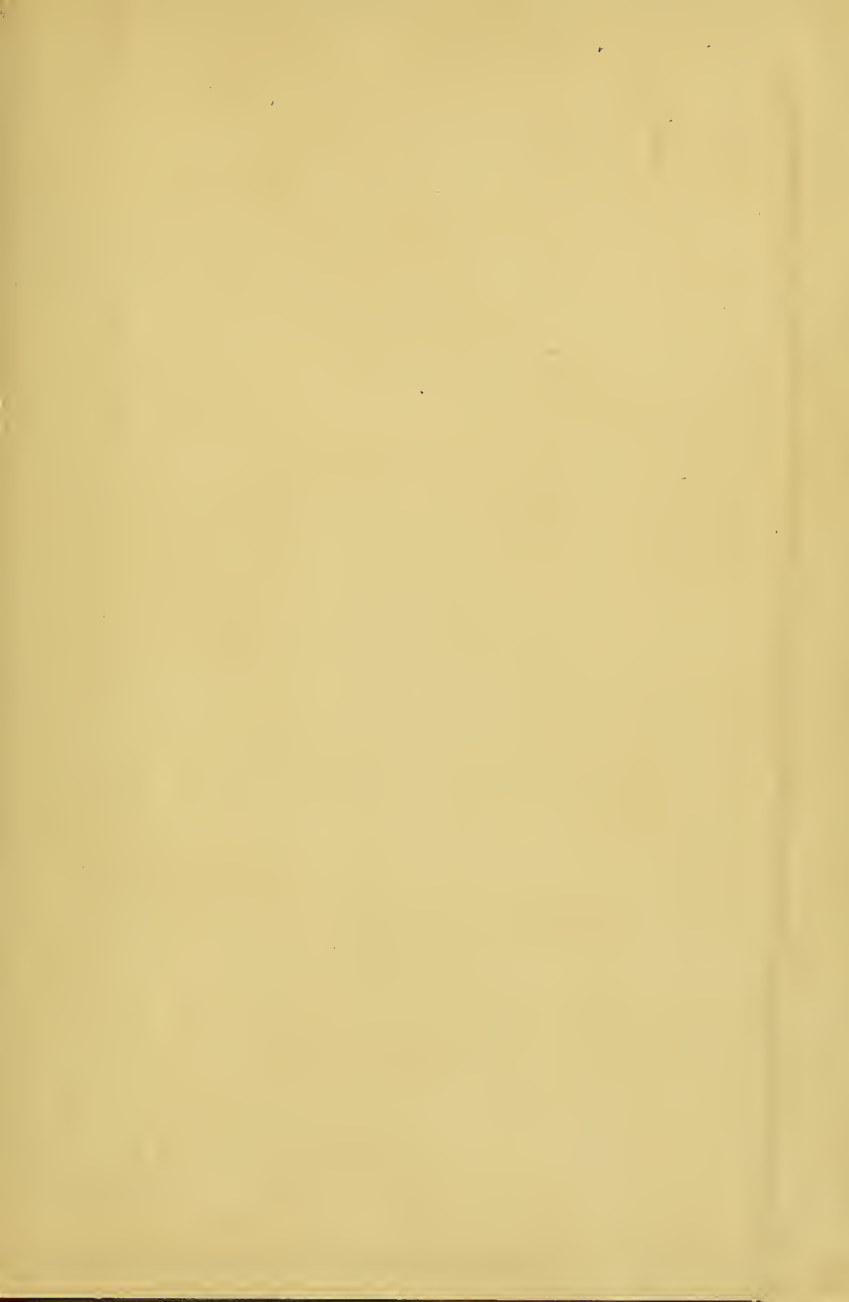












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